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THE

CHANNING CENTENARY

IN

AMERICA, GREAT BRITAIN, AND IRELAND.

A Report of Meetings held in honor of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

EDITED BY

RUSSELL NEVINS BELLOWS.

BOSTON:
GEO. H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
(CHANNING BUILDING).
1881.

GEO. H. ELLIS, PRINTER, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

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No power can die that ever wrought for Truth;
  Thereby a law of Nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
  When he who called it forth is but a name.

Therefore I cannot think thee wholly gone:
  The better part of thee is with us still;
Thy soul its hampering clay aside hath thrown,
  And only freer wrestles with the Ill.

Thou livest in the life of all good things;
  What words thou spak'st for Freedom shall not die;
Thou sleepest not, for now thy Love hath wings
  To soar where hence thy hope could hardly fly.

J. R. Lowell, 1842.

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PREFACE.

Soon after the celebration of the Channing Centenary, I was invited by Mr. Ellis, the publisher of this volume, to prepare for the press some account of the more interesting Channing memorial meetings. I accepted the invitation, and began immediately to collect materials for a book. Soon afterward, it was decided to make the volume somewhat more comprehensive in its plan than had been originally intended. The additional labor made necessary by this decision, the press of regular work, and the absence from home during the summer season of many of those who had taken part in the celebration, occasioned unexpected delays; and the volume now appears nearly a year after the time at first decided upon. While the special enthusiasm awakened by the centenary celebration has long since subsided, there has always been a quiet, steady interest in the study of Dr. Channing's life and writings, and this has probably not declined within the past year.

The width and depth of public interest in the centenary anniversary surpassed the expectation of even Dr. Channing's most faithful disciples and ardent friends. As the anniversary day drew nigh, news came of careful arrangements for the appropriate celebration of the occasion in many of the chief cities and towns not only of America, but also of Great Britain and Ireland, Holland, Germany, France, Italy, Hungary, and other European countries. After the event, the notices of the press revealed the unusual comprehensiveness and catholicity in the plan and spirit of many of the meetings, the high quality of many of the memorial addresses, and a striking array of names of well-known writers and speakers who

had taken part in the proceedings. Seldom before, it seemed, had so many noted and worthy men, of widely divergent religious opinions, joined their voices in a chorus of praise at once so hearty, so generous, so discriminating.

To preserve and present in a form convenient for students, whether of Dr. Channing's life, character, and teachings, or of the present tendencies of liberal religious thought, this somewhat remarkable body of testimony, is the purpose of this volume. It contains reports, more or less complete, of the principal memorial meetings held in America, Great Britain, and Ireland. To have attempted more than this would have involved largely increased expense and more labor of all sorts than the editor could well give to the work. On the other hand, a book made up exclusively of selections from the more interesting addresses would not have served to indicate either the extent or the popular character of the interest in the occasion.

Such a series of reports is inevitably somewhat monotonous in character; but the monotony lies in this instance in the common theme, and not in its treatment, which is singularly rich and varied. Many of the reports plainly bear the marks of hasty preparation for the daily press. It has not been possible in some cases to verify names and dates, and no attempt has been made to correct faults of style. If this volume shall serve in any degree to keep alive or quicken the interest in the study of Dr. Channing's life and teachings which the celebration of his centenary awakened, the editor will feel amply repaid for his pains.

R. N. B.

NEW YORK, May, 1881.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE movement which culminated in the very general observance of the one-hundredth birthday of William Ellery Channing first manifested itself early in the year 1879. For some time previous to this date, the appropriateness of such a celebration had been freely discussed by members of the Unitarian society in Newport, R.I., where Channing was born; but no steps were taken toward carrying out the idea, until the Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, minister-in-charge of the Newport society, happily conceived and successfully executed the plan of a preliminary celebration in Newport of Dr. Channing's ninety-ninth birthday. The purpose of this movement was to arouse public attention, and so secure the widest and best possible celebration of the centennial, a year afterward. The preparations for this preliminary meeting, which was decided upon only a few weeks before the time appointed, were hastily but energetically made by Mr. Schermerhorn; and his efforts were crowned with complete success. The best account of this meeting appeared in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* of April 8, 1879, from which we make the following extracts:—

CELEBRATION OF CHANNING'S NINETY-NINTH BIRTHDAY.

Thanks to the energy and enterprise of the Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, pastor of the Unitarian Church in this city, where the Rev. C. T. Brooks, the great scholar, preached for over a quarter of a century, the meeting

to-night, commemorating the ninety-ninth birthday of William Ellery Channing, the great apostle of Unitarianism, was a complete success The meeting was held in order that the movement for the centennial celebration — one year from to-night — in this, the birthplace of Channing, might be inaugurated under the most favorable auspices. A feature of the services was that all the hymns and anthems were the composition of Unitarian authors: namely, "In the Cross of Christ I glory," by Sir John Bowring; "Nearer, my God, to Thee," by Sarah F. Adams; "The Lord will come, and not be slow," by John Milton; "Thy Kingdom come," by Harriet Martineau; "Star of Bethlehem," by William Cullen Bryant; "Universal Worship," by John Pierpont; "Old and New," by John G. Whittier; and "God of Ages and of Nations," by Samuel Longfellow. The church was crowded, and the floral decorations were very fine, there being a large "C" and the figure "99" in one large piece. The opening prayer was offered by the Rev. A. Manchester, of Providence. After singing, selections of Scripture were read and prayer offered by the Rev. R. R. Shippen, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association of Boston. An anthem was then sung, after which the pastor of the church made introductory remarks, giving the object of the meeting and explaining the matters connected with the centennial anniversary next year. Governor Van Zandt was then asked to preside, the invitation being read by the pastor of the church. The Governor made a few eloquent and appropriate remarks, after which a large number of letters from prominent Unitarians were read by the pastor, and a poem appropriate to the occasion was read by the Rev. C. T. Brooks, and one by John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, N.Y. Mr. Chadwick's poem is as follows: —

"ALWAYS YOUNG FOR LIBERTY."

[Channing's *Memoir*, Vol. III., p. 301.]

Channing, when thou wast living among men,
Thy pulse, that beat not always with the strong,
Full tide of health, when thou didst hear of wrong
O'erthrown, of freedom won, was once again
As quick and warm as in thy childhood, when
Thou heard'st old ocean's mighty thunder-song
Beating familiar cliffs and crags along,
And thou didst glow as ardently as then.
Yes, thou wast always young for liberty;

And, when a hundred years have passed away,
Aye, and a thousand, from thy natal day,
Thy never-dying spirit still shall be
As young for freedom as when here of old
In her great name thou wast the boldest of the bold.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

BROOKLYN, April 3, 1879.

A poem written by the late Judge Green of Rhode Island (author of "Old Grimes"), read on the occasion of the death of Dr. Channing, in Providence, October 12, 1842, was read by the author's son-in-law, Governor Van Zandt.

THE LETTERS.

Several of the letters received are appended: —

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
April 4, 1879.

My dear Sir,— My engagements will prevent me from attending the meeting in honor of William Ellery Channing at Newport on Monday evening next.

His countrymen may well hold the name of Channing in remembrance. By his eloquent speech and his unanimous persuasive writings, he greatly helped to destroy African slavery and to rid Christianity of superstitions with which it had been encumbered. These were good services, which may usefully be commemorated until the evils which Channing combated no longer afflict humanity.

Very truly yours, CHARLES W. ELIOT.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., April 1, 1879.

Rev. M. K. SCHERMERHORN:

Dear Sir,— I thank you for the invitation to take part in the service commemorative of the Rev. Dr. Channing. It will be impossible for me to be present; but it seems to me eminently appropriate that this anniversary shall be celebrated in Newport, which he so loved, and which is identified with his memory.

Very truly yours, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

148 CHARLES STREET, BOSTON, April 1, 1879.

Rev. Mr. SCHERMERHORN, NEWPORT, R.I.:

My dear Sir,— I wish it were in my power to be present next Monday evening, and add a word or two of my testimony of admiration for the character and services of Dr. Channing. The world owes a debt of gratitude to his sacred memory; and, to those of us who knew and loved him, his name will always call up the tenderest recollections. I always think of him in Wordsworth phrase as one

"Attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired";

and the tones of his matchless voice are as fresh in my remembrance as if I heard them yesterday. His words are, indeed, "part and parcel of mankind." I trust your meeting on the 7th will be in every way a successful one.

Cordially yours, JAMES T. FIELDS.

CAMBRIDGE, April 2, 1879.

My dear Sir,— I wish with all my heart I could answer your request favorably, and take some part in your celebration of the birthday of Channing.

Want of time and many pressing engagements render it impossible for me to write anything which would contribute to the interest of the occasion.

I can only assure you of my sympathy and of my deep and lasting reverence for his memory.

Yours sincerely, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

NEW YORK, 232 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET,
April 2, 1879.

My dear Mr. Schermerhorn,— Every year adds to the admiration, reverence, and gratitude that embalm the name of Channing. He treated the greatest of human interests in the greatest manner. There is nothing local, sectarian, or temporary in his writings or influence. He is still before, and not behind, the age, nearly forty years after his decease. He is waiting for fit audience, and not few, from the better future of human-

ity, already adopted into the short calendar of universal saints. His religious genius shines wherever the rarest of human endowments is prized. His peculiarity was to be able to wrest the greatest of themes from the hands of the language of technical theologians, and clothe it in words intelligible to all, while fully sustaining its dignity and its sacredness. Only a soul intimately acquainted with God could have spoken as he speaks. He, like his Master, had the full confidence of his own spiritual vision. He trusted the nature his Maker had given him, and revered it as a part of his reverence for the Creator. He knew no distinction between reason and revelation which could put the human mind into servitude to the written Word. But his reverence for human nature humbled while it exalted him, and was utterly remote from that vain bugbear called "the pride of reason." While he shared in reason the nature of the universal mind, he was under it, and not over it. It was not his reason he honored, but Reason herself, which was God's and man's.

The perfection of his culture and style is the enamel round his thoughts. Seldom has the highest religious thought and feeling found in prose so admirable and imperishable a vehicle. Like Milton's angels, he "can only by annihilating die." His usefulness is alike conservative and progressive. He furnishes both sail and ballast to our rational Christian cause. May God multiply his followers!

Fraternally yours,

H. W. BELLOWS.

NEW YORK, April 5.

My dear Sir,— On my return last evening from an absence of several days, I found your note on my table. It will not be possible for me at this juncture of time to be in Newport to add my tribute toward the debt we all owe to Dr. Channing; and it is too late to write such a letter as would in any degree do justice either to him or to my regard for him. The cause of liberal thinking and human doing in America, and abroad, too, received from him an impulse which is far from being yet exhausted or even comprehended. He builded better than he knew. He was a seer into things invisible,— a prophet of greater times than he himself divined. He was greater than himself. He increased in spiritual proportions while he lived, passing his theological limitations as he advanced, until now we learn that at last he was inclined to adopt Christ

into humanity. One would like to hear what he might have to say on the social questions that vex us. One thing seems to me certain, that his word would be one of hope and faith.

Sincerely yours,
O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

PHILADELPHIA, No. 1426 PINE STREET,
April 2, 1879.

My dear Mr. Schermerhorn,— I thank you for the opportunity and privilege, which your invitation gives me, of paying my tribute to the reverend memory of Dr. Channing. The American Unitarian Association have done no better thing than in taking especial pains to disseminate his writings. Not only nor chiefly because they help to advance the cause of simple Unitarianism, but because their readers imbibe from them, almost unconsciously, principles and modes of thinking at once profoundly religious and perfectly free. A mind that has caught the spirit that pervades his works may be safely left to itself. If we find that he is only uttering our own thoughts, we nevertheless feel the inspiration of his convictions. He once said to me of Waldo Emerson, "I do not know that he tells me anything new, but he inspires me," which is equivalent to the acknowledgment of a greater gift than any mere mode of thought, the gift of the spirit. Mr. Carlyle somewhere says that the writings of Dugald Stewart are an excellent introduction to the study of moral and intellectual philosophy. I have always thought that Dr. Channing's writings discharge a like introductory office to the whole broad domain of religious thought. Much as he has done for our liberal form of faith, he has done far more enduring service for perfect freedom of inquiry. His favorite theme — the dignity of human nature, the priceless sanctity of the human soul — rendered him incapable of imposing any restrictions upon the mind. In his Dudleian lecture, delivered long before the question was started by George Ripley as to the value of miracles as evidences of a visitation, Dr. Channing freely admits that sincere Christians may reject the miracles of the New Testament,— an admission I well remember, as the venerable Dr. Osgood of New York, a stout Calvinist to be sure (my pastor then), wrote on the margin of a copy of the lecture, which I loaned him, against said admission, "This I deny."

When the question arose concerning the miracles (which, by the way,

has had results), Dr. Channing offended near and valued friends by saying that no heresy disturbed him so much as the free and full discussion of doubts and difficulties interested him. He was a free religionist, and pre-eminently a Christian believer, also. I remember his repeating to me, with no hint of dissent, a remark of Lucretia Mott's (who had just paid him a visit, and whom, by the way, we should canonize by and by, were we Catholics). She had expressed to him the hope that the time may come when "a good man" would be higher than "a good Christian,"—a hope which we all may share, if the Christian name is not held to be as broad as humanity itself.

It is not because his influence closed with his brief presence on earth and he is in danger of being forgotten, but for the very opposite reason,—because he is still living and active in the world of religious thought,—that you meet to commemorate him upon the spot which he loved. How pure his style was! As pure and fresh as the midsummer air at Newport. How chaste his fancy! He never pauses to elaborate figures of speech: he only suggests them. He had no literary ambition. Eminent critics might find fault with him. He gave them no heed. And that voice, so exquisitely flexible, quivering to every shade of emotion! Yes, dear friends, cherish him in special and revering remembrance.

Very truly and respectfully,

W. H. FURNESS.

Letters, some quite long, were also read from A. Bronson Alcott, Lloyd Garrison, Dr. Hedge and Dr. Peabody of Harvard College, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Robert Collyer, Dr. Dewey, and the Rev. E. E. Hale. Telegrams were read from George William Curtis and from President White of Cornell University. The following paper was read and adopted. It will show clearly what the Unitarians of Newport propose to do for the centennial celebration:—

At a meeting of the congregation of the First Unitarian Church of Newport, R.I., held on Sunday evening, April 6, 1878, of which William A. Clarke was appointed chairman and Thomas Coggeshall secretary, after due deliberation, the following was ordered to be presented at the close of the services of the ninety-ninth birth-anniversary of William Ellery Channing, to be held on Monday evening, April 1, 1879, and the approval of those present on that occasion solicited thereto:—

First.—It was unanimously voted that we, Unitarians of Newport, R.I., ear-

nestly desiring that the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Ellery Channing may be celebrated in this his native city, and in order that, for this proposed celebration, timely and fitting preparations may be made, do hereby resolve that a committee of twelve be appointed, to be known as *The Channing Centennial Committee of Newport, R.I.*, whose business it shall be to inaugurate and carry out such preparations as may seem to them appropriate and desirable.

Second.— It was unanimously voted that this committee shall consist of the following persons: namely, the Rev. C. T. Brooks, William A. Clarke, John T. Bush, Thomas Coggeshall, F. A. Pratt, William B. Sherman, Edmund Tweedy, John G. Weaver, Mrs. A. P. Baker, Dr. A. F. Squire, Mrs. C. T. Hopkins, Mrs. Henry C. Stevens.

Third.— It was unanimously voted that the Unitarians of Newport, R.I., do hereby cordially invite the Unitarian denomination to join with us on the seventh day of April, 1880, in celebrating, in this his native city, the one hundredth birth-anniversary of William Ellery Channing, offering the hospitalities of our city and homes to all who may be pleased to come, and promising our hearty co-operation in the carrying out of whatever arrangement may be suggested to us as appropriate and wise.

Fourth.— It was unanimously voted that this invitation be presented to the Unitarian public through the hands of the secretary and officers of the American Unitarian Association, accompanied with the information that a local committee of twelve has been appointed in Newport, of which the Rev. C. T. Brooks is chairman, with full power to act in co-operation with any central committee which may be appointed as a committee of the Unitarian denomination at large.

THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION.

NEWPORT, R.I.

Soon after the successful celebration of Dr. Channing's ninety-ninth birthday, the Unitarian society of Newport formally resolved, after due deliberation, to undertake the solicitation of subscriptions for a Channing Memorial Church. Committees were appointed to take the matter in hand; and, after much hard work and a great deal of patient waiting, subscriptions amounting to nearly fifty thousand dollars were secured. Preparations were accordingly made to lay the corner-stone of the proposed edifice on the centennial day. A suitable site, on Pelham Street, opposite the Old Mill, was secured; and the seventh day of April found everything in readiness for the ceremonies which had been carefully arranged.

The celebration began with a meeting on Tuesday evening, April 6, under the auspices of the Channing Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches. A large congregation filled the Unitarian church, which was beautifully dressed with plants and flowers. After an anthem by the

choir and the reading of the Scriptures, the congregation sang Longfellow's hymn, "O Life that maketh all things new!" The Rev. William H. Channing, of London, offered prayer. After a second anthem by the choir, the Rev. Dr. G. W. Hosmer, of Newton, Mass., preached an eloquent sermon from the words, "All my springs are in Thee." In concluding, he said: "It is good for us to be here. Mighty influences are hanging over us like rain-clouds. We are here to-night waiting for inspiration and guidance, as the children of Israel waited at the foot of Sinai for the pattern ideals of duty and life there to be shown them. That revered brother, the prophet of liberal thought, the Moses of our Exodus, whose centennial birthday comes to-morrow, thirty-seven years ago went up out of our sight. He has not been forgotten. His word has gone out through the English-speaking world; but we who knew him need to have our memories quickened, and younger men will gladly open their minds and hearts to his influence. Indeed, how great that influence has been! To-morrow, its story will be told. Who like him has gone up into the mount of aspiration,—the strong thinker, prayerful and tender-hearted as a little child, and so hungering and thirsting after righteousness; and who with such consecrated purpose has hastened down with his mountain thoughts to uplift the world! Oh, come, let us sanctify ourselves for the morrow, that the spirit of Channing, which has been as air and light and warmth to us, a greater blessing than we know how to appreciate, may more deeply inspire us and bless our children's children."

Mr. Isaac Littlefield, of New Bedford, then sang, "I will lift up mine eyes." After prayer, the meeting closed with the singing of Whittier's hymn, beginning, "O pure reformers, not in vain your trust in human kind!"

The services of the centennial day opened in the opera house shortly before eleven o'clock; and all the exercises

of the day, except the formal ceremonies of laying the corner-stone, were also held there. The florists of the city contributed from their greenhouses a profusion of flowers and plants, which were artistically arranged upon the stage. The most conspicuous feature of the floral display was the decoration of the reading-desk. This was completely covered with bright buds, and in front of it was an inscription in white flowers upon a bed of green, "1780 — Channing — 1880." A large-size oil painting of Dr. Channing stood at the left of the stage. The exercises were opened with singing by a double quartette. The hymn selected was one written by Theodore Parker, beginning with the words "O thou great Friend to all the sons of men." Dr. G. W. Hosmer at the close of the hymn read a short passage of Scripture. The Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale offered prayer, after which the response, "Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee," was beautifully sung by Mr. Littlefield. The Rev. Dr. Bellows then began his discourse. He was pleasantly interrupted at the very beginning by the confusion attending the seating of a train-load of people who arrived from Boston; and again, in the middle of his discourse, he paused, and called upon the audience to rise and sing a congregational hymn written for the occasion by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks. Dr. Bellows spoke for more than two hours; and the audience paid a great tribute to his eloquence, and showed its deep interest in his theme, by listening with close and apparently untiring attention from the beginning to the end. The opera house was filled to its utmost capacity. Probably about two thousand persons were present.

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE,

By HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D.

"He was a burning and a shining light: and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light."—JOHN v. 35.

It was when John the Baptist's light was fading in the glory of the newly risen Sun of Righteousness that Jesus bore this generous testimony to his predecessor's lustre. He characterized, in words that have become immortal, the flame of that stern prophet who had heralded the way for his own appearing; but at the same time intimated that its fires had paled, like a torch whose oil had burned low. The Sun had risen, the torch was no longer useful.

We have come together to bless and praise a modern prophet, who, like many other saints who have been the burning and shining lights of their generation, was the herald of a new and brighter day. But it is not his memory chiefly that we recall. It is a living light that we are to contemplate, brighter than it ever was; it is not a torch that has gone out, but a star that shines on, guiding our present way, that we meet to rejoice in the light of. Of Channing, we do not say he *was*, but he *is*, a burning and a shining light; and the season has not gone by, it has not even reached its meridian, when the Church and the world are willing to rejoice in his light.

On this occasion, the centennial of his birth, and in the place of his birth, it falls to me to be the spokesman of the love and honor in which his life and teachings, his character and his services to the Church and the world, are held by his townsmen, and especially by those who have inherited and have sought to extend and perpetuate what was special in his theological opinions. It is true his birthplace was

not the principal seat of his life and labors; and it is still more true that no sect or denomination has any exclusive right in his fame. He belonged to the order of Christians called Unitarians, but he belonged still more to the Church Universal; and nothing would have grieved him more than any attempt to shut him in to any enclosure that shuts out the pure and good of any name, Catholic or Protestant, Trinitarian or Unitarian. His theological opinions, in my judgment, upon a very recent careful reconsideration of them, prove much more systematic, definite, and positive than it is common to allow; but they are also much more comprehensive, inclusive, and inconsistent with the sectarian spirit or form than they are sometimes assumed to be. They are profoundly conservative and profoundly radical, holding on to all that is eternal, going down to all that is eternal, and going on to all that is eternal. In the strength of his moral intuitions and convictions, and without anticipating many results of later criticism, or using the methods which a larger learning has employed, he simply ignored and set aside all that hampered his full intellectual and moral freedom, and slowly evolved a system of religious thought, which has recommended itself more and more to spiritual minds in all branches of the Church and in all Christian countries, — a system so profound, simple, and lofty, so humane and natural, and yet so Christ-like and divine, that it lacks dogmatic and ecclesiastical features almost as much as the Sermon on the Mount or the personal teachings of the Saviour; enters almost as little into scholastic and technical questions, and avoids, by reducing to their proper insignificance, most of the sectarian disputes of the Church.

Channing was a theologian, but not of the old pattern. He studied God, and reported his ways and his will after a manner that had not been recognized in former schools of theology. This indeed was his chief service, that he broke

with the old theological methods, and refused to settle the controversies of the Church by an appeal to Scriptures and creeds, authoritative *over* the mind and heart of man, and not merely authoritative *within* them, and by concurrence with their testimony. He was fully convinced that the prevailing system of dogmatic and ecclesiastical Christianity — essentially the same in the Romish and the Protestant Historical Church — was contrary to the teaching of the spirit of Christ, contrary to the light of natural reason and conscience (which indeed has been offered as the proof of its divinity and of man's total corruption), and that the power of the gospel could be restored only by returning to Jesus' method of teaching it, a method that respected, honored, and relied upon man's essential relations to God, instituted in his rational and moral constitution.

Channing recognized no theology based upon a revelation which by interpretation separated Christianity from the general history of humanity, and placed it, and must ever keep it, in antagonism to Philosophy and Life. He did not consider theology as the study of God, within the covers of the Bible, as if that were a book foreign to human intelligence, and altogether above and aside from it. He resisted stoutly, from the irrepressible freedom of his own soul, all *compulsory* allegiance to the Church, to the creeds, to the past, to Jesus, nay, to God himself, and strove to emancipate all other souls from this prostration before mere power and authority. It was not necessary to bind him with cords to the altar, if the Being worshipped there was entitled, as he thought he was, by his holiness, justice, and goodness, to the sacrifice of his heart. Freely, joyfully, humbly, and with his whole soul, he bowed before truth, worth, goodness, purity, sacredness, and in the testimonies of his own spiritual nature he saw them, to an infinite extent, in the Great Source of his own moral experiences. But not one joint would he bend before the

threats of mere power, or the assumptions of an authority not guaranteed by his rational and moral nature.

We are not left to speculate about his fundamental ideas. They are not only given with transparent simplicity and unfaltering courage, and with a reiteration that to many is wearisome in his collected writings; but he has prefaced his own works, almost at the conclusion of his life, with a deliberate statement, in which he distinctly, and with the most solemn emphasis, calls attention to the two ideas which he wishes to be regarded as the dominant notes and the master-keys of his whole system of religious and political thinking and feeling. One is unqualified reverence for human nature; the other, boundless faith in freedom. They are easily interchangeable, and become in his writings one and the same. Human nature is worthy of unspeakable, immeasurable reverence, because God informs it, because it reveals God, because reason is the intellectual life of God and man, and conscience the moral life of God, which he dignified man by inviting him to share. Man knows God only because he is made in his rational and moral image. God is as much dependent upon our moral and rational powers for worship, communion, and filial love, as we are dependent on his holiness and loveliness and paternal character for an object which is truly adorable. And our intellectual and moral powers owe their worth, their development, and their glory to freedom. This is God's own everlasting glory and life, — freedom. Were he not free in his holiness, his goodness, his thoughts, he could not command the love and reverence of free beings; and were they not free to offer him a voluntary, a rational, moral homage, their worship would be mechanical and worthless. Civilization is nothing but the triumph of freedom, and that is the victory of Reason and Conscience. Unreason — the fruit of self-will, ignorance, passion, prejudice — shows itself in barbar-

isms of a more or less atrocious kind; and society, even now, in its least deplorable forms, is irrational and barbaric. It is not yet based upon, and is not characteristically conducted in, reverence for Reason, but rests still on force, on cupidity, on fear. Governments are not strong where they should be strong, in their reliance on what is true and right, but in their appeal to party passion, the love of power, and national animosities. Mankind do not glory in their nature as rational and moral, but in its external circumstances. They build up artificial distinctions of condition and caste; they glory in luxury and ostentation; they belittle themselves with costume and equipage and titles and state. And if Reason, in the occasional form of triumphant logic or vigorous literature, obtains respect, it is often in disregard of the only element that makes Reason wholly worthy of reverence, — its subordination to Conscience. Can that state of society be regarded as in any but an inchoate condition, in which the quality that alone makes God godlike or venerable is made secondary and subordinate, and that by an immense and all-characterizing step, to what is convenient, pleasant, favorable to immediate interests, or flattering to mean and interested desires? Where is the city or community in which the right and the good are enshrined in the inmost heart; governing respect and affection, deciding social station, making and executing the laws? If God be moral perfection, must he not expect and demand that the race made in his image should be aiming steadily to make justice and goodness prevail and reflect his holiness? But this justice and goodness cannot be *forced*. They perish, and discharge themselves of their essence when in bondage or under force. Hence in Channing's eyes any state of commotion, revolution, or contention was preferable to intellectual formalism and compulsory decorum. No atheistic or infidel opinions were so much to be dreaded

as a compulsory formalism of creed. That was the smothering of the rational and moral nature. Free, it might wander, but it would learn by its wanderings, and at any rate keep itself alive by its motion, and might some day return. But slavery of the will was moral death.

The exalted view of human nature, which Channing had, was not only not opposed to, but it grew out of his sublime sense of the greatness and glory of God. Man learned God's being and his moral and rational attributes from the constitution of his own soul, not from external nature. This was the chief glory of man's own spirit, that it revealed an Infinite Spirit! Self-reverence was only the reflection of the awe which God's holiness or moral grandeur kindled in a being who found himself capable of recognizing the Divine existence and character, by the mysterious power of reason and conscience, which at once made him a partaker in the Divine nature, and were the only instruments of his faith and worship. That *mind is one and the same essence in God, angels, and men*, is a fundamental postulate with him. That the finite mind is of the nature and essence of the Infinite mind, he everywhere assumes as the very first condition of all knowledge of God or intercourse with him. The later or more modern difficulties, which have arisen from the recognition of the limitation of the finite as vitiating all assumed knowledge of the Infinite, he not only does not recognize, but his faith, his character, his service to humanity, are due to the utter freedom of his soul from this most fatal and ultimate form of scepticism. That the finite was cut off from the Infinite by its conditions was to him a proposition as meaningless as that the bay was cut off from the ocean, or could have no communication with the ocean, because it was a bay and not the ocean itself. The human soul was open to God, who flowed into it in man's rational and moral nature; and more and more, as the moral and rational nature grew, expanded, and

became capable of receiving it. There was no pantheism in this sentiment of God's presence in man, for that involves a notion against which Channing's whole nature revolted,—the notion that man loses himself by admitting God into his soul. According to him, man is freer, the more nearly he approaches, the more truly he is possessed by, the Infinite Freedom. It is only in freedom, in the exercise of an unenslaved will, that man can form any true conception of God, who is freedom itself. But it is the glory of God that his freedom is the freedom of his own *will;* and *will* exists, and can exist, only in a person. God is a Person, and as a person cannot be confused or confounded with other persons. Man is a person,—tending, however, by his weakness of will, to degenerate into a thing. This indeed is the radical evil of sin. It tends to fall, nay, it is itself a fall from that sense of moral freedom without which moral obedience cannot be rendered. The more man becomes like his Maker, the more truly he is a Person; and God's personality lies in essence, in the fact that his truth and goodness are always matters of choice, while his choice is always truth and goodness. Nothing could have been more dreadful to Channing than the idea of a God who was only the name for inexorable laws, infinite but blind forces, without self-consciousness, without freedom, without feeling, and that men were free only by feigning freedom, or ignoring the bonds that hold them fast in a fatal necessity.

Channing's sense of God's goodness and holiness were so utterly dependent on his sense of his freedom that it became impossible for him to think God pleased with any bondage in his children, or any dominion of fear in their worship and service. As God was free, so his children, to know and love and worship him, must be free also,—free to think, free to act, free to worship. This made him the life-long foe of all systems of government in state or church, whose essence

was conformity, the suppression of free thought, free worship, free will. He dreaded the effort to overawe the individual soul by the weight and pressure of numbers; to confine the present within the limits of the past; to quote stale precedents against fresh inspirations; to discourage new hopes by instancing old failures; to limit and stereotype the creeds. He had a boundless faith in God's great and good intentions toward the human race; the infinite love of an Infinite Person — owing his own rational and moral glory to his character and his freedom — toward his human offspring, who were to be made great and glorious after his own pattern, by becoming continually more free and more reverent of others' freedom; more just, and loving more to be just; more obedient, and more willing in their obedience; more his children, and more themselves at the same time. This is the key to the ideality, the moral enthusiasm, the hopefulness of Channing's faith. No one had a keener, deeper sense of individual or social imperfection, folly, and sin than he. His censures, his groans, his yearnings over the inadequate attainments, the low standards, the dull feelings of his fellow-creatures; his inexorable determination to accept no excuses or apologies in place of repentance and newness of life; his severe demands on himself; his tonic remonstrances with the shortcomings of his best friends; his jealousy of any praise of himself or his doings; his arraignment of immoral but commanding characters worshipped by the world about him; of the shallow respectability that mistook itself for morality; of the traditional acquiescence that called itself faith; of the love of freedom that coexisted with the allowance of domestic slavery in his own country; of the business cupidity that covered itself with the name of enterprise and public spirit; of the faith in free thought that allowed the prejudices or even the just prepossessions of numbers to persecute individual peculiarity or even eccen-

tricity of opinion, — all this habitual censoriousness or exactingness was nothing but the reverse side of the immense confidence he had in human possibilities, based upon the relations man bore, in his very nature, to a God whose powers, whose love, whose benignity toward man were bounded only by his Divine purpose of keeping man's *manhood* in him, and never allowing him, either as a race or an individual, to be content or satisfied in any state of life or happiness short of the truly human.

Men sometimes talk of Channing's ignorance of the necessary conditions of human life; of his secluded separateness from the world; of his imperfect acquaintance with the pressure of material necessities, the spring of animal passions and appetites; the necessary preoccupation of the masses of men and women with immediate things. He seems almost like an anchorite, a hermit, a pillar-saint, in the fewness of his wants, the wonder he expresses at the low pleasures men find so attractive, and in the monotonous concentration of his thoughts upon the moral and the spiritual. But the truth is, it was not that Channing did not see all this; but that, seeing it, he saw what is still more real and vastly more powerful and inviting: he saw *God*, and saw man's likeness to him, and his capacity for realizing it, and saw that men mostly did *not* see it, and that it was his office and privilege to draw their attention to it with all urgency.

Nobody ever lived since Jesus who recognized the evil in men and the world with a deeper, tenderer sorrow, and still retained so perfect a possession and enjoyment of his own faith and hope for man and society, in God and his gracious purposes. There is no despondency in his complaints, no disrespect in his upbraidings, nay, no impatience in his enthusiasm. He had more than the optimist's content. His confidence is not in powers he does not know, in a God he blindly trusts, in purposes he cannot sympathize with! He

has grasped the nature of the Divine method, apprehends its implements, uses them, and knows their temper and edge. It is because mind is at work, and is a Divine instrument; because truth and justice exist in perfection in God, and are revealed in man's conscience; because love is almighty, and has its delegates in human hearts, — that he expects results from civilization, and a stage of progress that will make our present state appear barbarous; and that he appeals so urgently, so boldly, so pleadingly, to men to keep the weapons of the Divine armory open to their use, and make successful war on the lusts, the ignorance, the moral sloth, the dull content that belate the spring of heaven on earth, and perpetuate the winter of human discontent. If other human spirits had seen the vision of God's powers and promises in the human soul and its latent capacities, as Channing saw them, he would never have seemed visionary and extravagant. It was the glory of this burning and shining light, that the fogs of our fleshly and self-indulgent civilization — built on the urgency of what is animal and superficial — did not quench its own exalted beams. Channing was an idealist in essence. The ideal was for him the only real, and he treated it as such. So did his Master before him; so have all the prophets, and so must all those do who have the heavenly vision of God in their eyes. It is not they who are fanatics and dreamers, but we who are asleep, or with only one eye yet open. They see and know what man is, and can prove himself to be, if he will — because he is the child of God by a real spiritual generation, and has his Father's attributes at his command; can claim and exercise his moral freedom and his rational nature. They see and know that it is nothing new and strange that is wanted to regenerate the world; only more of a kind they already have and know; more of the truly human yet divine sentiment of justice and love. Given a million hearts and minds, a million wills like

Channing's, — nay, like any humble, loving, holy follower of Jesus, — and instantly an unspeakable regeneration — a descent of the kingdom of God — appears! Things become easy, that were before impossible. War, that we cannot kill by force, dies of shame. Selfishness, that we regard as indigenous and indestructible, turns into justice, mercy, and the enjoyment of others' happiness as the truest extension of our own, and disappears from the world, just as it disappears in every truly regenerate household. All that has ever been realized in any one man is possible in families; all that has ever triumphed in families may triumph in communities. Every true community predicts the universal emancipation of the race; and the race, glorified out of its own nature, — which is the gift of God, — foretells more and larger and nobler measures of perfectness in the boundless worlds and times yet to be inherited.

With these exalted views of God's freedom, justice, and goodness, as the source and perpetual inspiration and inexhaustible fountain of human powers and hopes, no wonder that Channing had the profoundest and most cheerful faith in the earthly and the celestial destiny of humanity. There was no caprice in the purposes, no limitation in the love, no uncertainty in the direction of the Divine Mind. And equally there was no incapacity to receive God's truth, no constitutional antagonism to it, no essential alienation, no hopeless break with God in human nature,— which was indissolubly connected with and an echo or image of the Divine nature.

The clear and full declaration, or rather illumination, of the essential relations of God and man in Christianity, as founded in the oneness of mind and the sovereignty of moral truth, made the gospel of Christ the joy and confidence of Channing's heart, and secured it the allegiance and devotion

of his life. Because Jesus in his own life and character, and by his precepts and parables, made God's truth to be justice and holiness directed by Fatherly love, and man's life to be obedience to truth and duty, which he was not only capable of rendering, but capable of enjoying, and finding to be his chief and permanent bliss; because Jesus made God's Fatherhood and man's sonship correlative, transcendent truths, and illustrated them in his own person and character, Channing fastened his faith and affections upon Christianity as the divinest method of advancing the kingdom of God on earth, and the salvation of man for time and eternity. As he understood or interpreted it, it was in exact accordance with what the highest human thought and feeling would wish it to be and expect it to be. It met and satisfied his intellect and his conscience. It presented God in the most holy, just, and merciful character. It honored humanity by exhibiting it in the perfect sinlessness and disinterested love and self-sacrifice of Jesus. Its respect for human freedom was complete; its method, not force, but persuasion, example, and light. It made certain the immortality for which humanity had only hoped, and by this assurance gave to man that dignity which only a nature destined to a much fuller unfolding than was yet possible on earth could possess. It blended morality and piety for the first time in an indissoluble unity. It rebuked worldliness, and humbled the pride of wealth and station, and the worse pride of intellect and self-will. It abased the high and exalted the lowly. It made men brothers by a tie stronger than blood, whether of race or of family. It discountenanced war and violence. It founded its hopes on the triumphs of mind and heart, of moral truth and love, and not on the schools of science and philosophy, not on the sword nor the power of artificial organization. It was the noblest and most exalted honor

ever paid to humanity that God in Christ addressed not its fears, not its passions, not its dogmatic hopes, not its national prejudices, but its highest and holiest powers, its reason and its conscience — what is universal, uniting, and elevating — what is godlike and divine — and not what is attractive to self-interest, gratifying to self-importance, flattering to selfish hopes. Christian to the core, Channing had absolutely nothing of the Churchman in him,— less, possibly, than would have been wise,— for he held the Church responsible for a great dogmatic and ecclesiastical system, which had buried the simplicity of Christ's gospel beneath a mass of opinions and customs revolting to his mind and heart. His Christianity was essentially that which fell only from Christ's lips, and was illustrated in his life, before the Apostle to the Gentiles had given it the dogmatic shape of his ingenious intellect, or the powers of the world had seized it, to forge from it a new instrument of political order and ambition.

But, simple and profoundly rational as Channing's ideas of Christianity were, they were central and commanding, and they were historical and supernatural. For him Jesus was no mythic growth of marvel-loving times; he was no uncommissioned, self-appointed prophet, owing his authority to his greater wisdom and insight. Channing fully believed him to be *sent*, in the ordinary sense of the Church, from heaven — from God's immediate presence. He believed him to have been pre-existent. He thought him to owe his sinlessness not simply to his nature, but to his special and personal relations to God,— relations which we do not yet fully enjoy. He did not regard him chiefly as an example for us, in his own temptations and trials, because we could not understand his resources nor enter into his experience. But it would not be just to call him an Arian without explanation, for he

did not think Christ's nature different from ours, but only the same in a higher stage of development; nor had he any perception or recognition of what has been called the *double* nature of Christ,— the divine and the human. He knew but one form of spiritual nature,— God's own. It was mind, and mind was rational and moral. It might have, it did have, different stages of development. It was eternally perfect in God. It was eternally capable of development in his children. God's glory was eternally to give, and man's eternally to receive it. Jesus Christ had, according to his view, a created existence; but it was older than man's. He brought his moral and spiritual perfections with him. He did not grow into them as we grow, nor were they limited by what hinders us. I am bound, in simplicity, to say that I do not share these views of Christ's pre-existence; nor is the moral and spiritual exaltation of Jesus in my view dependent upon the place or the date of his first creation; nor do I think that Channing, judging by the views his disciples have since attained, would have continued in them, if he had lived to our day. His own spiritual philosophy ought, it seems to me, to have made him, of all men, readiest to believe that a being made in the Divine image might, occasionally at least, live in the Divine likeness free from sin; nor can I see what should prevent us from believing that spiritual or moral genius, like intellectual, may be exceptional, without being abnormal. We do not think Homer, Aristotle, Plato, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, pre-existed, because their genius is unparalleled: why Jesus? Genius, poetic, artistic, executive, is always unaccountable and always exceptional; but it is never other or more than human. I hope and trust that other sinless beings have lived besides Jesus. Beings, at any rate, there have been in whom no sin appeared; and I should hold it a great deduction from my reverence for

Christ and humanity if I were compelled to leave Jesus out of the ranks of our common manhood.

But let us not forget that Channing's views about the pre-existence and the miraculous, in which he was a firm believer, and the difference between the origin of Christianity and other religions, only emphasize the pure rationality and ethical and spiritual quality of his characteristic views. Believing in the miracles, he neither magnified them nor rested in them. Believing in the pre-existence, it was not this that gave Christianity its dignity and importance in his eyes, and he did not require these opinions from others as a test of their faith. They were not of the essence of his own faith. It was not the mysterious nor the abnormal nor the irrational; not the ontological and metaphysical, nor the supernatural, that he valued. It was what was rational, intelligible, rulable, imitable. He accepted certain views which we might reject, as being to him most in accord with the record. He held the record in a more literal respect than modern scholars of his general views. But I feel bound to say that none of his views brought him any nearer to the orthodoxy of the visible church than it did Parker or Martineau; and that those who use him to disfavor free inquiry or to buoy up sinking dogmas, or to stop theological progress cannot be careful students of his life and writings, and do not illustrate his freedom. He had no such views of the difference between the truly human and the truly divine as would have made even interesting to him the ordinary empty questions as to how far the same mind can partake of the divine and the human. That question was settled in his fundamental theory of the identity of mind. There was no difference, except in degree of development, between Jesus and other men, as the only difference in nature between God and man is that God is *eternally father*, and man *eternally his*

child, by rational and moral generation, or identity of nature and derivation of essence. Channing never permitted theoretical differences to diminish or weaken the significance of moral and spiritual agreements. There is no evidence that he valued anybody more for sharing his views, or depreciated anybody for opposing or denying them, if in a good spirit. If he had a choice, it was for the society of those who had some new or divergent view to present. He had a wondrous confidence in the power of truth to protect itself; in the safety of free discussion; and in the possible importance of the new light which even very young and unrecognized spirits might at any time shed upon questions regarded by most as closed and settled. Like the mothers in Israel, who regarded every son as the possible Messiah, Channing hailed every independent and earnest mind as the possible opener of some new and wide door into the kingdom of God. He was equally tolerant of others' opinions, and cautious and docile in his own. He thought that new truth was yet to break out of God's Word, and that with new truth would come new means of advancing the delayed triumphs of the gospel, which were identical with the progress of true civilization.

It is easy to see why, with these views, Channing should be claimed both by conservatives and by radicals in the liberal ranks, and why even enlightened and spiritual believers of the so-called orthodox faiths should be able to cull from his writings passages which savor of the old system. He was no destructive, no despiser of the past; and he retained and breathed all that was sacred and divine in the piety that had been associated with the old opinions. Now and then, it is true, as in his famous Baltimore sermon, and in his equally great New York sermon, he made the strongest, most direct, and most damaging assaults upon the Trinitarian and Cal-

vinistic systems of opinion,—assaults which, for courage, explicitness, and even for offensiveness to the feelings and prejudices of the Christian world, have never been exceeded. But controversy of a textual or ecclesiastical kind was his strange work. He dreaded its effects upon himself and others, and only engaged in it when driven by the stress of his position or by his noble necessity to vindicate the freedom of opinion and the claims to respect of his own beleaguered company of fellow-believers. Controversy bears no greater proportion to the affirmative part of his writings than Jesus' own contradiction of Jewish and Pharisaic errors does to his positive teaching of religious truth. And therefore as Jesus has continued to be honored, loved, and quoted by rationalists and supernaturalists, by Catholics and Protestants, by churchmen and anti-churchmen, by Calvinists and Arminians and Pelagians, because the bulk of his teaching is universal, uncontroversial, and of that spirit and temper which time does not stale, nor place color, nor other differences affect; so Channing has been placed, by a wide consent, in the calendar of the Universal Church,—the orthodox Christian world condoning his denial of several of its most generally received opinions, in recollection of the glorious testimony he bore in his writings and his life to the beauty of holiness, the might of divine truth, and the transcendent importance of the Christian life. None have been able to escape the power of his spirituality, the earnestness of his faith, the purity and elevation of his character. It has deodorized his dogmatic offenses, and made his controversial writings forgotten or forgiven by all except those who have nothing to forgive or forget, still thinking them the necessary and invaluable expression of theological conviction, on which his own vital faith and his lofty personal character rested, and in which the Christian world will finally unite and agree.

I have already given more time than I intended to the consideration of Channing as a theologian and the essence of his opinions. Let us now turn to the contemplation of his genius and character, or the measure of the man himself.

In some respects, his views, as already set forth, are themselves the best description of the genius and character of the man. Considering the date of his settlement in the Christian ministry and the prevailing opinions of his contemporaries, the depth and breadth of his opinions, the freedom of his intellect, and the unconventional, undogmatic, and unecclesiastical character of his thoughts are the indications of a mind of the first order,— possessing an authority in the clearness, soberness, and calmness of its own vision and its own convictions, that liberates it from local, accidental, and merely custom-made bonds. Rarely has any religious thinker appeared who was less obviously the child of his time and circumstances, whether in his opinions, his spirit, or his career. He called no man master. The religious views he held were not in accord with those of his kindred; he was not the disciple of the great men nearest to him in his youth, like Dr. Hopkins and Dr. Stiles, whom he greatly honored. He was not the echo and representative of the prevailing moderation, and compromised or emasculated orthodoxy, the Arianism or obscurantism of the growing liberalism of his region and time. He was utterly out of sympathy with Priestley and Belsham, though appreciative of the merits of Price, and probably more indebted to Butler than to any single mind. He honored Buckminster, but did not partake the scholastic or highly literary spirit, which in his time was giving to Boston the name of the modern Athens, and was arraying the liberal pulpit in the silken robes of academic culture,— the generation of mellifluous pulpit oratory, mild and correct, which Kirkland illustrated and Everett carried to its culminating perfection.

He was not the close friend and companion of the able and cultivated men who made Boston the seat and centre of conservatism in everything except theology,— in classicism, in oratory, in rhetoric, in taste, in manners,— and in theology, the seat of a cautious, ethical, or secularized divinity,— lukewarm and inoffensive, difficult to define and impossible to propagate. Himself exquisitely refined, sensitive to beauty and sublimity in nature and literature; fond of good letters, read in poetry, with a taste for the classics and for the fine arts; the first scholar in his class, and at eighteen the chosen writer of the address with which the students hailed President Adams in his stiff resistance to French policy; with early promise of high success in the legal profession, for which his friends and classmates predestined him, or else for a great political career,— he never was the echo or the mouthpiece of the special tendencies or predilections of his day and generation, or of the city where he spent his life. And it was because his impulse came from a higher source than any local or temporary stream. So far as he was not the child of God, he must be pronounced the son of his own genius, and not of his time and parentage and neighborhood, his sect or his party. And his genius was one of intense self-possession,— making his own thoughts more engrossing and commanding than any thoughts he found in books, or any influences that were about him. He found within himself ideas, feelings, faculties, that fastened his attention upon themselves, not as being *his* in the egotistic sense, but as being wonderful suggestions and keys, the sublime representatives of what he shared with humanity and with God. What he was and saw and felt in his own nature gave him his inspiration, his mission, and his special career. There was nothing indirectly derived, second-hand, or traditional, and merely bred of local contagion, in his views or in his

methods. He was an original force, commanded by his vision and conviction, and from a height which no fortresses of venerable custom or of elegant prejudice overlooked, much less overawed. More individual than if his individuality had not lacked all egotism and all eccentricity, all caprice and self-allowance, he had little power of co-operation, little faith in organization, and little dependence on others' sympathy and applause, and as little susceptibility to censure. The most sanctified of his clerical contemporaries, he was the least professional in his temper and spirit; the most Christian in his heart and life, the least ecclesiastical. He loved Boston best of all the world,— if Newport may not to-day claim the warmest place in his heart,— yet he was not a Bostonian in the most characteristic sense of that term. He did not share its distrust for genius untrained in academic lore; its bated breath for new men not baptized into Harvardian waters; its impatience with strength, if it were shaggy and rugged; its marvellous solidity of social conformity, and the breeding in and in of its tastes and convictions. Respectability, good family, self-consistency, decorum, moderation, the lares around that honored hearth, were not his household gods. Far be it from me to disparage the noble self-sufficiency and compact perfectness of the place of my own birth and breeding. But, however much it may have been or may still be deplored, it is due to the right measurement of Channing to say that he was not the typical Bostonian of his day or of any day, and that what he did in and for Boston was usually against the grain of its characteristic and governing tastes and wishes. He gave his genius to Boston and mankind. He did not shape it to suit Boston or his generation, but to satisfy his nature and conscience, and to honor God and his service among men.

The same may be said of his great though younger con-

temporaries, Emerson, Parker, Garrison. It was a fortunate thing for Channing that he was driven to Virginia, the old heart of the country, to earn his independence, and there to settle his opinions and his profession. There, in comparative solitude, and beyond the reach of local influences, and even natal bonds, he found *himself* (not that he had ever wandered), because there, with his manhood just attained, concurred the first great struggle of his mind and heart with its own questions, in a meditative separation from all that could have biased him or warped him from being other or less than himself. True, in that protracted season of profound reverie and meditation, in which his soul was feathering and taking wing and direction, he lost his bodily health permanently. He was adding to his conscientious labor, as a tutor and teacher, the tasks of a profound self-questioner and inquirer of the Spirit of God. He found his soul, and saw the great lines that marked its significance, and indicated his sources of power and usefulness, and fixed his calling and self-dedication to God and Christ and humanity; he lost his health, and that finally. It is important to connect the two facts. They are curiously illustrative of the disrespect in which he held all endeavors to associate matter and mind in any close mutual dependency; and he was himself the minimum of body and the maximum of mind. But it is well to remember that Channing had been athletic, joyous, springy, and gay, manly and bold to a fault in physical courage in his boyhood and college days; that there was never any other asceticism or melancholy or other worldliness about him than necessarily belong to invalids who have to study their health continually; and that, if his poor physique compelled him to live a good deal in solitude, to avoid too much exertion in any form, and to fix his mind upon his special pursuit, it never took any robustness from his courage, dignity from his manhood,

sympathy from his love of children, the open air, nature, and womanhood. There is no ill health in his lusty hopes of humanity, in his unvaletudinarian admiration for those who could defy and resist wrong and oppression, blind custom, or tyrannical use and wont. His love of the beaches of your island in the time of storms, where he said he felt his soul expand and take on the power of the elemental strife, should teach us how little the softness of his tissue or the worn fibres of his muscles communicated their weakness to the cords of his intellectual or his moral nature. In fact, his soul would have animated a giant, and set forth a Viking, in its magnificent courage and sweep of life.

I am struck with nothing more than the comprehensive grasp of his thoughts. They bind God and man together, the past and the future; and, high and holy as they are wide and deep, they are never filmy and airy; always solid, ready to bear the tread of the strongest reason; full of sense, if full of light; enthusiastic, but never eccentric, never wild. His feet are steady on the ground, if his eye and arm are reaching for the skies.

He had been addicted to reverie, as all ideal natures are, in his earlier manhood; but the mist quickly consolidated into a cloud, out of which shot bolts of prodigious force and directness. His greatest, most distinctive gift — his instrument and his method alike — was the power of an almost unequalled concentration of attention upon his own thoughts and inward experiences, afterwards enlarged into the faculty of fixing his mind, with an absorbing exclusion of other themes, upon any subject he chose to meditate and examine. He brooded, with a patience that Nature does not equal in her winged kind, over the seminal suggestions he found in the sacred nest of his own soul. Other men have had his thoughts; nay, happily, they are so native to humanity that

they must always lack originality. It was what they grew to, under his prolonged, persistent meditation, that made them new, and other, and more fruitful than they have proved in kindred minds lacking his unwearied and fixed power and habit of contemplation.

This, too, is the source of the monotony of which some complain in his writings. There is not room enough in the mind for the concurrent and full expansion of many ideas, as important and sublime as those that occupied his great soul. A few master-thoughts — the greatest that can employ the human soul — had early fastened his attention; they never ceased to yield new fruits to meditation.* He never got to the end of them, or was fully content with the expression he gave them. He returns to them again and again. He applies them. They are always as useful as they are engaging, always as much the ground of his action as of his feeling. They are thoughts of God, of man, of freedom, of holiness, of public justice, of the elevation of the humble, of the enrichment of the poor! They are not thoughts to amuse, to please, to dazzle; thoughts for a cultivated class or a fastidious appetite; thoughts whose aim is to show off the thinker's skill or taste or originality; they are not clothed in rhetoric, nor made to suit the love of variety. They can hardly be said to be *chosen* thoughts; but rather thoughts so self-urged and spontaneous that they seem the special hardy natives of the soil, too vigorous and too exhausting of the sap to allow any lesser thoughts, or

* Mr. Browning, in his "Paracelsus," describes this experience: —

"So that, when quailing at the mighty range
Of secret truths which yearn for birth, I haste
To contemplate undazzled some one truth,
Its bearings and effects alone — at once
What was a speck expands into a star,
Asking a life to pass exploring thus."

any variety of thoughts, to spring up in the neighborhood. The solemn pause and measured formality with which in his writings he announces his passing from one to another thought exhibits and illustrates the awe with which he was himself overcome in the presence of his convictions. They hardly seemed his own, and he introduced them as if he were presenting the lofty ambassadors of some sacred power, for the obeisance of the company met to receive them. It is the greatness and glory of only the rarest souls to be thus filled with a few themes, that claim and crowd all the room our nature has,—thoughts so exalted, so peerless, and so self-sustained that they neither allow nor require any train-bearers or attendants. Channing did not lack native versatility, aptness for many things, taste and capacity for literature, philosophy, science, art, poetry, practical affairs, politics, statesmanship, natural history, society; that he was capable of wit, satire, humor, is evident enough to those who make a study of his biography—almost an autobiography—by the hand of his favorite nephew. It was no lack of nice observation, of practical interest in daily life, of sympathy with common things, of physical sensibility or even manly passion, that made him such a uniform or one-keyed organ of a few great thoughts. It is as plain as light that he was no mystic, no mere temperamental saint, no vestal in disguise —not even a man to whom evil was unknown, and the world naturally repulsive, and therefore carefully veiled from sight. He had none of the scholar's learned ignorance, the saint's pious inhumanity, the devotee's upturned eyeballs. There was in the odor of his sanctity no savor of any ecclesiastical herbs, no artificial, sickly perfume of funeral tuberoses, rosemary, and myrrh. His seriousness was habitual, and caused by the essential solemnity of his thoughts. He did not often smile, and seldom laughed; but it was not from

want of cheerfulness or incapacity for humor, but only from the prepossession of his mind by grave and intensely interesting themes. He thought himself one of the happiest of men, and his children testify to the vivacity and cheerfulness of his domestic life. But he was made happy and happier, every year he lived, by his greater realization of our wonderful nature, and its relations to its generous and glorious Source, his high and cheerful views of human progress on earth, and its sublime destiny beyond the skies.

It was a grand peculiarity of this great man so to have reconciled his ideas with his immediate life and duty that his life was his religion, and his religion his life. He did not wear his faith and piety as a professional robe; it was his home attire and his working-dress. He did not keep his thoughts for meditation, except as far as meditation is itself life and action, but for use and application. He could not be caught in undress. He was the same exalted person, at home and abroad, in ordinary conversation and in the pulpit. Indeed, Dr. Dewey — whose testimony comes nearer to that of a *peer*, though his is a different variety of the order of greatness, than that of any close witness of Channing — has told me that his talk was greater, and more exhaustive and exhausting, than his writings or his preaching; upon the same themes, just as lofty and just as grave, but more prolonged and more glowing. In short, the nearer you got to this burning and shining light, the more you found it to be not painted flame, but real fire; not light only, but heat. It went far to consume Channing himself, who lay a live coal upon the altar; and it was apt to scorch and shrivel even the stoutest souls that stood near it while it steadily burnt, not out, but on. It was the utter genuineness of his faith, the power it had over himself, that made it so effectual over others, and gives it such might to-day.

Of his preaching, I was myself the glad and fortunate beneficiary, and am among the not too many living witnesses to its transcendent power. There is no spot in Boston so sacred to me as the profaned site of the old Federal Street Church; for thither, a youth of twenty-one, I was wont to repair (and it was a walk of several miles) every other Sunday morning, for two critical years of my life and theological studies, to hear Channing preach! There were excellent preachers to be heard much nearer home; but there was that in Channing's mind and soul, in his voice, manner, and look, that separated him from them, as the prophet is separated from the priest. Indeed, he did *not preach*, in the ordinary sense of the word. Gowned as he was, and obedient to all the decorums of the pulpit, it was not the preacher, but the apostle, you saw and heard. Even in the pulpit, he lived the things he saw and said. The greatness of human nature shone in his beautiful brow, sculptured with thought, and lighted from within; his eye, so full and blue, was lustrous with a vision of God, and seemed almost an open door into the shining presence. His voice, sweet, round, unstrained, full, though low, lingered as if with awed delay upon the words that articulated his dearest thoughts, and trembled with an ever-restrained but most contagious emotion. He was intensely present in his thoughts, as if just born from his soul, and dressed from his lips, although he usually (always in my experience) spoke from a manuscript. But, while his individuality was inexpressibly commanding, it gave no suggestion of the love of personal influence. He used the word "I" with the freedom of the master, but it conveyed the sense, "not I, but the Father in me; not I, but the truth I speak; and not you, but the nature you represent; not you, but humanity and God in you and in us!" He rose slowly, read a hymn, and began his dis-

course (for seldom in my day was he able to spare much of his strength for the preliminary services, conducted by his colleague) on a plane so level to the feet of the simplest of his hearers that few noticed the difficulty of the slow but steady ascent he always made, carrying his rapt hearers with him by the power of his thought, the calm insistance of his conviction, and the solemn earnestness of his spirit, until they found themselves standing at a height from which visions of divine things, in their true proportions and real perspective, became easy and spontaneous. There was no muscular strain or contortion in his limbs or face or voice; no excitement of a fleshly origin; no false fervor or false emphasis; no loss of perfect dignity and self-possession. And there was little in the *words* themselves to fix attention, except their purity and grace. It was the subject that came forward and remained in the memory. He left you not thinking of him, nor of his rhetoric. He had no startling figures, no brilliant fancies, no sharp points; little for admiration or praise; everything for reflection, for inspiration, and for illumination. There was one other peculiarity in his preaching. He preached only on great themes, and this made his sermons always timely, for great subjects are ever in order. So profoundly helpful, so inspiring was his preaching, that I, for one, lived on it, from fortnight to fortnight, and went to it every time, with the expectation and the experience of receiving the bread of heaven on which I was to live and grow, until the manna fell again; and men of all ages had much the same feeling.

When, for the first time, I saw Channing out of the pulpit, I was as much surprised at his diminutive form as if, expecting a giant, I had met a dwarf! He had seemed to me a large and tall man in his pulpit; but I soon found that, slight and low as his frame was, nearness and familiarity

took nothing from its dignity, and suggested nothing fragile or weak. Indeed, his attenuated and lowly figure really increased the sense of his moral majesty and intellectual eminence. His presence was more awful, simple and gentle as he was, than that of any human being I ever saw. It forbade familiarity, silenced garrulity, checked ease, and had something of the effect of a supernatural visitor; awing levity, and making even common speech, or speech at all, difficult. He was so unconscious of this effect, so little willing to produce it, so anxious to make others free and communicative, that it became pathetic to witness the paralysis of tongue and motion that usually fell on those whom he in vain tried to set at liberty from his overpowering personality. Doubtless there were familiar and domestic friends, and perhaps men who had grown up with him, that escaped this awe, and overcame this distance; and children did not seem to feel it; but just in proportion to the sense and sensibility of young men and women was it irresistible.

I have said that Channing was not the kind of preacher Boston usually made and welcomed. Fortunately he did not settle, of choice, in a congregation most characteristic of Boston, — not in Brattle Street, where he was called, but in Federal Street, then comparatively inconspicuous, — and so he made, by degrees, out of a less fixed and wool-dyed class of citizens, a congregation of his own, to which he communicated much of his own spirit and something of his own views. But it was in his character of philanthropist that he had most to do with shaping a new Boston, and most to contend with; and there his personal courage and commanding individuality were most displayed. I must not go at length into the history of his relations to the politics, the pauperism, the anti-slavery agitation, the questions of free speech and free opinion, which are really the places where his character and even his views are best illustrated. But

I should wholly fail in the completeness even of an outline of Channing, if I did not trace the line of his course upon these public questions.

Everybody knows how much of Channing's mind and heart, courage and inspiration, went into the application of his views,— God's glorious purpose in man's creation, the dignity of human nature and the sacredness of freedom, of will, thought, speech, and conduct,— to the working institutions of government, of business, of charity, of domestic life. He was above all things a *man*, and then only a minister; and no zeal or fidelity to his profession, incompatible with or overriding his duties as a man, could have satisfied him. Indeed, a Christian minister in his eyes was only a man, realizing under Christ's teaching the full dignity of humanity, and working for its rights and its development in the sphere of our present existence. Any effort to shut him up in the pulpit or within the clerical profession, or to cut off his right, his duty, his opportunity of making his moral and spiritual convictions forces in society at large, would necessarily have been unavailing. He knew no distinction between his manhood and his ministry, and accepted no rules as binding on him which were not binding on all. His field was the world, his congregation the human race; his office an ordination to advance, protect, and serve all the higher interests of his kind. There was nothing strictly new in this position. All the noblest and greatest men have been distinguished by a certain refusal to observe conventional bounds, or to make their special profession or calling less than that of servant of all truth and all good. Some of the greatest poets have been also theologians; great lawyers, publicists; and great physicians, philanthropists; great artists, thinkers and reformers.

New England never lacked men in the ministry who felt it their right and duty to guide and watch over political sentiment; and Boston had had her Chauncy and Mayhew, not to

speak of her Eliot and Mathers. But, in ordinary times, the tendency of all professions is to become special, and to have an ethics each of its own. Unprofessional, unclerical, are words of significant meaning. No doubt, too, there is a wholesome instinct which teaches men that every profession is a jealous mistress, and demands the exclusive use of the time and talents of its followers, and that a division of labor and a certain mental and moral uniform peculiar to each best favor the interest of all. Departure from this practical rule is only justified when those who break it are clearly seen to be men of exceptional greatness, and competency to larger influence and larger work than belong to any one calling in life. Channing was such a man,—a philosopher, a philanthropist, a statesman, a poet,—nothing less than the general condition and prospects of the whole race could engage his attention, or limit his sense of responsibleness. He was accordingly an observer and student of other countries, and their moral, social, and political prospects. He was deeply interested in all experiments for increasing popular intelligence, improving the condition of the poor, or widening political rights. He understood the relations and influence of men and events across national boundaries. The French, the English, the German influence upon humanity and the fortunes of Christianity closely concerned him, at a time when few could see over the fences, which, however they narrow the view, do not prevent the circulation of a common human atmosphere. And, in the same way, he was profoundly interested, at a time when interest was rare, in the mutual relations of the different classes of society. Singularly tempted to devote himself to his own excellent and fortunate class,—refined, decorous, solid, and satisfied, and all the more tempted by the fact that his profession justified and expected a certain confinement within parochial bounds,—he could not limit his views or his sympathies or his obligation within

any class lines. He reverted to the original office of the ministry, when men were not settled over congregations, but sent forth apostles of truth and mercy to all men. And although he was precluded, by his want of health, from active missionary or active public labors, and lived a peculiarly settled and uniform life, his mind, his heart travelled widely, and his pen was a missionary and a public servant that recognized the claims of the whole world.

Few men, in this country or any other, have been as universal in their survey, their aims, their breadth of view, and the comprehensiveness of their purposes as Channing. With the tastes and habits of a recluse, he was mentally a cosmopolite and a publicist. The least of a partisan and a politician, he had all the feelings and all the capacity of a statesman. Limited by his physical fragility to a narrow walk of personal observation and intercourse, he went in spirit and by the aid of his intellectual and moral sympathies into the homes and shops and fields, and felt the closest and warmest interest in the trials, sorrows, wrongs, and exposures of the common people, and especially those most overlooked. Tuckerman, his most intimate friend, the apostle to the poor of Boston, found in no one so patient and so helpful a supporter and admirer as Channing, who envied his skill, his success, and his delight in this gracious service. His advice and his encouragement to the laboring classes, which reached many countries, drew forth expressions of gratitude that gave Channing more satisfaction than he could receive from the admiration of literary critics, or the crowds of cultivated people that hung on his lips. The ministry to the poor in Boston owed most of its permanent interest to his direction and encouragement. He was profoundly concerned for the elevation, the happiness, the substantial good of the humbler ranks of people. It was not a professional, technical interest of the ordinary ministerial kind, lest their souls should be lost, but

a sad sense of what they were losing in not knowing, serving, and loving God.

There were none of the materials for a fanatic in Channing; and yet fanatics have seldom gone as far in their madness or narrowness of view as Channing went in his sobriety and comprehensiveness. He hoped and expected more of all men than perfectionists, socialists, and idealogists have looked for and demanded; but he had the most practical sense of the difficulties in the way. He had the patience of God and geologic time with the slowness of the advance. Nobody could have told him much about the obstructions and trying conditions, under the sense of which most men give up the problem. He was hopeful in full view of all obstacles, and active and earnest in spite of his knowledge how long and how much action and effort would be required for an indefinite time to come.

His course in regard to the anti-slavery movement is perhaps the best illustration of his character as an humanitarian and a citizen. By position, by taste, and by associates, he was one of the men likely to feel most what was called the violence, the narrowness, and the vulgarity of that movement, as it first presented itself in Massachusetts. Its starters and supporters outraged the taste, the ethics, the customs of the best people. It looked wild, fierce, revolutionary, impious, much as the earliest pretentions of Christianity must have seemed to devout and influential Jews in the Holy City. As a rule, Christian ministers gave a wide berth to its advocates. Channing regarded it doubtless with distaste, and turned a cold shoulder upon its first apostles, from genuine doubts of its being in right hands, or advocated in a legal and Christian way. In this, he only exhibited the uniform caution of his conscientious mind, which never allowed itself to be swept off the base of its own solid judgment. It was always his judgment — which was his conscience — that had to be set

on fire, not his feelings, and it did not catch prematurely; and when it did, it burnt with a flame that could not be quenched.

When Channing began — and it was far earlier than any of the sober and weighty minds about him — to see and feel what was involved in the anti-slavery cause; what this fierce indignation was, — the cry of outraged justice and down-trampled humanity; what a holy sense of wrong done to the human soul lay at the bottom of the wrath that made religious, social, and political conventionalities, so far as they condoned or supported slavery, objects of anger and derision,— he transferred his sympathies from the conservative and popular side of Boston taste and feeling to the radical, the unpopular, the odious side of the anti-slavery reformers. I do not think he *counted* the cost of this, or of any course he ever took; but he knew as well as any man the way in which it would be received by his friends and lovers. His difficulties were never those of the politician, the sectarian, or the time-server. His slowness was always his desire to be right with God and his conscience; his quickness, the zeal he had in the service of truth and duty, the moment he knew them. What services he rendered to the anti-slavery cause; what he did to clarify, exalt, and make possible the views that afterwards became acceptable and potent,— the world knows, and abolitionists concede. But he never would or could join any organization that compromised his least conviction, or controlled his own sense of a Divine policy. He spoke for himself; he stood for himself. He had neither the concurrence of the conservatives nor the radicals. He offended the abolitionists; he disgusted the Whigs; he pleased only God and his own conscience, and served the great cause of freedom with transcendent power, because his devotion to it was neither fanatical, partial, nor local; and what he wrote on anti-slavery is true for all time. His anti-

slavery was a logical and moral consequent of his reverence for human nature.

Channing's course in regard to the trial of Abner Kneeland for atheism was an equal illustration of his faith in the self-protecting power of the truth, and the safety of freedom of opinion and expression. It required immense moral courage to head the petition which he also wrote for his release from prison and punishment. But in the community, in all the world, where public opinion is most worth attending to, because rarely impulsive or extravagant, Channing had, many times in his life, to confront it with protests or resistance, which left him open to all sorts of suspicion in the very places where his reputation was most valuable,— his piety, his faith, and his scrupulosity. He kept the company of publicans and sinners; like his Master, he could not judge those universally condemned. His moral courage — because it had no conceit, no superficial passion, no partisan fire in it — was truly sublime. His only cowardice was the rare and honorable fear of being left alone with an accusing conscience.

And here, to draw these dim outlines of Channing's views and character to a period, let me crown all by saying that self-reverence was, after all, his most characteristic and his central grace and quality. No praise, no sympathy, no concurrence was essential to his peace; but the approval of his own soul he must have at all hazards and at every sacrifice. He guarded himself at every door from what might betray his purity of motive, his rectitude of will, his moral freedom. To be and not to seem; to be himself what he demanded and urged others to become; to be just, charitable, hopeful, submissive; to be like Jesus, and like what he believed God to be, in spirit and in truth,— this was the never-failing purpose and plan of his life. Nothing could he do that compromised this holy necessity of being true to God and himself.

He could not go one step over the limits his fastidious purity prescribed, nor one step back from the path where his conscience beckoned him on, to disaffront his best friends or to disabuse his most powerful censors. And with all his publicity, and his wide sphere of fame and influence, he lived with God almost as in the seclusion of a hermit's cell: as free from worldly ambition as if he were the lowliest of his kind; as womanly in his purity as if not the most manly of men; as childlike as if he had not the experience, the wisdom, the strength of the ripest maturity, and the duties and opportunities of a statesman, a great citizen, a leader of his time, and the foremost in the ranks of liberal spirits.

I have not attempted a biography of Channing, nor followed his life in detail, nor quoted his words. No later work of that sort can supersede the precious autobiography which his nephew has skilfully extracted from his journals, letters, and sermons. It is too serious, too spiritual, too much in essence and too little in detail, too bulky and yet too monotonous, to be easy or popular reading, though a dozen American and perhaps as many English editions of it have been circulated. But it is immortal in its substance, and can never cease to be new and fresh in its influence, as human souls rise to the level where its sublime simplicity and searching spirituality become visible. It is a work to be put upon the shelf or table of the private closet, in the small class of permanent devotional helps, into no page of which can any docile heart dip without finding a baptism of the Holy Spirit. Would it were read and studied more! I can name no work which ministers of religion, and especially our own, could consult and feed upon with more profit to their souls and the souls of those they teach. It is encouraging to know that Channing's works and his memoir have, if not the immense circulation they merit, a wide, a constant,

an increasing currency among all sects, and especially among the ministers of all sects; that they are translated into the chief tongues of the world, and are revered and honored by all who are capable of appreciating their calm, deep, unpartisan, permanent, and changeless truth and piety.

I should not have presumed, however, to make this discourse so long and full, had I not a painful feeling that Channing, after all the exaltation connected with his name and the settled canonization of his character, is really, to a marked degree, neglected and unread and unappreciated among those who owe him most, and who should be best acquainted with his writings, his views, and his characteristics. I often hear men, who owe no small part of their own liberty and spiritual life to his inspiration, say they do not, nay, cannot *read* him; and then I feel somewhat the same regret and surprise with which I hear others say they cannot enjoy the Bible. I confess that Channing saturated his more docile hearers and disciples, in his lifetime, with his views and his temper, and that some of them have that surcharged filiality, which sometimes makes children find the best fathers less stimulating society than much less able and worthy men, not so familiar and congenital. But I am confident that this influence has at length become a forgetfulness and an ignorance of the man and his opinions, and has passed over from those who once knew him well, and have neglected the care of his memory, to a generation that did not know him, and do not seem to care to know him, since those who did seem so lukewarm, or so careless, to preserve his present fame and influence. If I do not, in the strength of my reverence and gratitude, overstate this neglect, it is a deplorable one. For nothing can be less true than any notion that Channing was overrated by his immediate contemporaries, his fellow-ministers, his townsmen, or his disciples. The reverse of this is nearer the

truth. Nor is he duly estimated, great as his fame is to-day. His is still the morning-star, and is climbing the sky. He has not been outshone; he has not been superseded. No great spiritual light, of a strictly human kind, ever had greater, denser fogs of prejudice to encounter, or could oppose to them a milder flame. Still, his star is one held baleful by millions of good Christians. His light waits a purer air, a clearer and more rational sky, a freer humanity, to show its full glory. But it is steady, and its oil does not fail, nor its beams flicker. Long after names more popular and commanding have faded out of human memory, his name will be reviving with new splendor. There is in him and his works little to decay, little to correct or change; and there is nothing to excuse or to explain away. His language has no false rhetoric, no pretence, no tiresome tricks or shallow music. He was an artist, but one who never left the mark of his tools on his work. Perhaps he fed the midnight lamp with oil, but it never spilt upon his page or scented his ink. He touched nothing trivial, local, or passing; his themes are always great, his treatment always majestic. He has not mixed the temporary and the permanent, feet of clay with thighs of brass and head of gold. He is always high, always in earnest, always careful, clean, and precise, self-consistent, and full of reverence for truth, for God, for man, and for himself.

Those who think such a soul and such a thinker and spiritual force can pass by, can be repeated and improved upon, superseded and displaced, outgrown and out-shined, are dull observers of the permanent place which such rare spirits hold in the uncrowded meridian, where their stars shine together forever. Religious genius is God's rarest inspiration and least common gift in any transcendent form. If we haunt and search the remotest antiquity to find and to sit at the feet of poets, artists, sages, and hang our fresh-

est wreaths upon the spectral brows of shades whose personal history is unknown, when will the day come that St. Augustine, Borromeo, à Kempis, Fénelon, and Guion, Bossuet, Taylor, and Butler, and Channing are to be esteemed less than ever fresh fonts of Divine inspiration? Channing belongs to the Church Universal, and for all time. But he had an American birthplace, near the sea that unites all, and in a place that is more and more frequented and cosmopolitan. It is fit that on this spot his eternal memory should have its monument. Catholic, and all the more Catholic, because Unitarian, he must always wear the unity of God, not in its vulgar sense, but in its spiritual significance, as the central jewel in his coronet of shining doctrines. He suffered for his testimony to this concealed, neglected, or perverted "Simplicity of Christ," and his disciples and fellow-Christians would be ungrateful to forget that they owe him special devotion, and the devotion of publishing and proclaiming him, all the more because his fidelity to them cost him dear, and took him out of the general ranks of Christendom to be their conscript soldier. He was a cosmopolite, but he was none the less a thorough American; and the genius of America possessed him, — the hopefulness, the progressiveness, the freshness, the courage and unconventionality of the new hemisphere. He belonged in a new world, a democratic State, a country with an ample horizon. He was born by the sea, he died in the mountains. He was bred in the country, he lived in the city; he passed away in a place that knew him not, in the heart of the most American of American States, and on a journey. These things are typical. He belonged in no one place; and his spirit and influence are national, and still on a journey. The sea and the mountains claim him. Places he knew not have a sacred interest in his history. I believe the nation will some day, remembering his physical birth in Rhode Island,

his spiritual birth in Virginia, his life-work in Massachusetts, his death in Vermont, his relations to the most significant reformation and revolution in religious life, because a thorough reversal of base in the whole order of theology, place his monument in the Capitol, as the only place central enough to express his national significance. But it will not be until his name and place as the greatest of American prophets is fully recognized. And that will come when the candid study of his works and his life shall show, with universal consent, that, although a generation or two in advance of his time, he proclaimed and illustrated the kind of religion, the form of Christianity, which is alone adapted to a universal spread, and destined to become a universal leaven and the true Bread of Life to the American people; and that what is permanently their faith is sure at last to be the faith of the whole world. So high, so wide, so deep is the claim of WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

After the Rev. Nathaniel Adams had pronounced the benediction, the audience was dismissed; and, by invitation of the committee on hospitality of the Newport parish, the visitors from out of town went to the Aquidneck House, where a bountiful collation was served.

THE CORNER-STONE CEREMONIES.

The hour for the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the Memorial Church quickly came, and found a crowd of from fifteen hundred to two thousand persons, who had gathered to see what might be seen, shivering beneath the clouded sky in the chilling wind that whistled through the leafless trees. The inspiration was in the occasion, and not in the surroundings. There was no disposition either on the part of the spectators or of the participants to prolong the exercises here.

The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn, pastor of the church. He first introduced Rev. John C. Kimball, of Hartford, a former pastor of the Unitarian church, who offered prayer. Mr. Schermerhorn then made the pleasing announcement that the minimum amount for the expense of building the church, $50,000, had been fully subscribed, a telegram just received from the Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Brooklyn, making up the sum to that desirable figure. The church could thus be proceeded with immediately, and begin its career with no debt to hamper it. Mr. Schermerhorn then read the contents of the sealed box placed within the corner-stone. The articles were the following: Dr. Bellows' memorial address; Rev. C. T. Brooks' poem; a programme of the day's services; an account of the first meeting of the Unitarian Society of Newport, in 1835; a full list of the forty original corporators of the church; the *Christian Register* of April 3, the Newport *Mercury* of March 13, March 27, and April 3, the Newport *News* of April 6, and the Newport *Journal* of April 3; the list of the contributors to the memorial fund, five hundred and sixty-eight in number; a set of ancient coins left by one of the incorporators who died a few months since, making the request that the coins be put in the corner-stone with his name; a new silver dollar of year 1880, presented by Jos. J. Read; the Hartford *Times*, containing a sermon by Rev. John C. Kimball; a copy of the Bible, presented by John T. Bush; a copy of the "Reminiscences of Channing," by Miss E. P. Peabody; a copy of the *Unitarian Review* for April, 1880; and the Providence *Journal* of April 7. When the box had been placed in the stone, Mr. W. F. Channing, of Providence, a son of the great divine, lovingly laid a bunch of roses on the top. The Rev. W. H. Channing, of London, a nephew of Dr. Channing, with uplifted eyes and standing upon the corner-stone, said, "I pronounce this

corner-stone, firmly and squarely laid, placed on the rock of ages, Christ Jesus, in the full fellowship of the Son and in the blessing of God." The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. R. R. Shippen, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

The poem written by the Rev. C. T. Brooks and the Rev. William H. Channing's address, which, if the day had been warm and pleasant, would have been delivered at the site of the church, were delivered in the opera house, where a large audience assembled at about half-past three. After singing by the choir, Mr. Brooks read the following note from the Rev. George Gibbs Channing, the only surviving brother of Dr. Channing: —

MILTON, MASS., April 7, 1880.

I long to be in Newport on this sacred anniversary, but my great age of ninety years prevents me from being present in the body.

I send to the survivors of my early friends and fellow-townsmen, and to their children, my heartfelt benedictions.

GEORGE GIBBS CHANNING.

Mr. Brooks then proceeded to read the following ode, written by him for the occasion: —

ODE AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Auspicious day!
What throngs from far and near,
With grateful heart, on Memory's altar here,
Love's offering lay!

Thy voiceful morn
Calls back long-vanished days,
And opens to the soul's prophetic gaze
Ages unborn.

This day shall be,
While years and ages run,
And Truth's bright torch is passed from sire to son,
A way-mark of the free.

A hundred years,
By thought evoked, return;
And the long-buried past, from Memory's urn,
Transfigured, reappears.

With reverent feet,
We climb the historic hill.
All else how changed! — yet earth, sky, ocean, still
Our vision greet.

In these fair skies,
Illumined by a spirit's glow,
The forms of them whose relics sleep below
In glory rise.

On this green slope,
They, musing, stood, and to the skies,
In many a holy hour, upraised their eyes
In yearning hope.

On this fair hill,
" For Christ and Peace " they built in faith sublime
In Christ and Peace, far from the storms of time,
Their souls live still.

In heaven's pure height,
Those noble men,— the reverent, brave, and free,—
Still young for Virtue, Truth, and Liberty,
Walk in God's light.

Pure as the sky,
Unfettered as the wind and wave,
They live in Him to whom their lives they gave,—
Their King on high.

Amid that band,
One form, with meek yet manly mien,
I see, majestic and serene,
In saintly beauty stand.

To heaven's broad light,
His infant vision opened here,
And with a deeper rapture, year by year,
He hailed the radiant sight.

His eye could see,
In earth's and heaven's expanse,
His heart could feel, in Nature's kindling glance,
The Father of the free.

How did his heart rejoice,
" In solitude, when man is least alone,"
To feel Christ's word attuned to unison
With Nature's voice!

Henceforth, his thought
No chain of sect or school could bar or bind;
Belittling creeds, before his free-born mind,
Shrank into naught.

His God was Love;
His creed, the Master's footsteps to pursue;
His the warm heart,— the clear-eyed vision, too,—
John's eagle and Christ's dove.

So lived and taught
The sainted man,— the upright, true, and free,—
Whom we to-day remember tenderly
With reverent thought.

And in the Trust
In which he lived and died —
In which for evermore abide
The spirits of the just —

And to the Truth
For which he lived and wrought,
And whence his heavenward-yearning spirit caught
The quenchless fire of youth,

This corner-stone,
In Faith, Hope, Love, we lay,
And for Christ's peace and God's pure blessing pray
To rest thereon.

Rise, hallowed walls!
Look forth o'er land and sea,
And welcome all to Peace and Liberty
Whom Christ's free spirit calls!

From thy rock-base,
Laid by Almighty Power,
Lift high thy well-knit frame, majestic tower,
In strength and grace!

While on thy spire
The morning sunbeams play,
And linger there the smiles of dying day
With cheerful fire,

Men's thoughts shall climb,
As by a heavenward-pointing finger led,
To that bright realm where dwell the immortal dead
In peace sublime.

There 'mid the band
Of blessed ones who have, through death, gone in
To the Lord's joy, made strong by Him to win
The immortal land,

Channing shines now
In glory far above all earthly fame,
With that ineffable and holy Name
Writ on his brow:

That name which none
Can read but they who, through the holy strife
Of truth and patient faith, a place have won
In the Lamb's Book of Life.

The reading of the ode was followed immediately by an

ADDRESS BY REV. WILLIAM H. CHANNING.

This morning, amid the sunrise brightening to full noon, in the presence of the all-good, all-true, all-beautiful, all-blessed, all-beneficent, all-perfect Father, we beheld together the light of life which irradiated Channing, as mirrored back in crystal splendor from our dear, beloved friend, Henry W. Bellows. And now this afternoon, amid his townsfolk and his fellow-countrymen, amid Christians of the same communion and of all communions in the Church Universal, amid a great cloud of witnesses unseen to us, we have laid the corner-stone of the temple that is to be. I stand here to render back a grateful tribute, in the name of the family whose head the illustrious Channing was in his generation, commissioned by my venerable uncle to speak for him and them, as the son of the eldest son. And now, dear fellow-children in the great family of God, allow me to lay before you what is the significance of the corner-stones of this temple. The classic ancients were wont,

when they would sketch the Perfect Life, to speak of a "Four-square Man," meaning thereby a person in whose character and life the four cardinal virtues of Temperance, Fortitude, Wisdom, and Justice were duly balanced. And the Christian Fathers reared upon these foundations the four theological virtues of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Holiness. Let us, too, plant on the rock of Eternal Right our Four Corner-stones, and upbuild our Four Walls of Channing's Living Temple. There are four corner-stones. Let me name them. The name of the first is Confidence in the infinite love of the heavenly Father. If there was one grand central reality of which Channing was the prophet and the representative, it is this assurance that the Giver of all Good is the Father of all spirits throughout the universe of spirits. It was in the confidence of this inner relationship with the Father that he looked without a cloud of fear into the sunlit presence of the Father's face, assured that all the love of all earthly parents combined is dim, cold, lifeless, in contrast with the infinite love of the Father of all. It was in this spirit Channing lived, and shed abroad the lustre of the Father's love. The second stone is Filial Love, and stands for the name of the beloved Son of God. If you would see the secret of Channing's power, find it there. From first to last, he placed his hand in the hand of the beloved Brother, of the Friend of friends, of that glorified and transfigured son of man made Son of God. He recognized as coming from an immortal centre this life of God in Christ, which made Jesus not an exception to the race, but the very type of the race. The third corner-stone, as the completion of these two, is the grand Family of the Children of God. Channing taught not only that man upon this earth is one, but that the race here below is one with the race above, with the Father over all. You have not read aright his doctrine, unless you see that

he had such a consciousness of the all-pervading and all-inspiring love of the Father, that he believed the progress and advance of angels in the highest hierarchy are felt by the youngest child on earth. He interprets by that the rights of the slave, he comes down from his place of privilege and power to speak his grandest words to the child of the hard-working mechanic. The fourth corner-stone is the Beautiful Beneficence which unites the reconciled race of man universal around our globe in the free-will co-operation of mutual service and interfluent good-will and joy.

Here are the four corner-stones. Now on them let us rear the four walls of this temple, corresponding to these corner-stones. And the first wall, corresponding to the love of the Father, is harmonious Equity of well-ordered relations according to God's law throughout the universe. There is the first fair wall of the temple. And, next, let me ask you to look at the second wall of this temple, which corresponds to the second corner-stone, the love of the child for the parent. And the name of that wall is Brotherly Kindness, recognizing as of kith and kin every single human being. And then the third wall, which corresponds to the family on earth and the family in heaven, is Humanity, made one in organized society. How little justice has been done to the statesmanship of Channing! He believed in the words lisped in the simple childish prayer, "That thy will may be done on earth as it is done in heaven." He believed in the possibility, he believed in the certainty, of a new era of heavenly humanity. No young man whom I have ever known was so enthusiastic in his ideal, so poetic in his imagination, so filled full with the courage of an immortal and universal hope as was William Ellery Channing. Year by year of his progress, he was growing deeper, higher, firmer, broader. The fourth wall is just the name that was given to the last volume of sermons

published from his manuscripts. It is the Perfect Life. If you ever read his early writings, if you ever study what was his aim from the time he entered into the ministry, you will find that, as far back as the very first sermon he preached, he says that Love is the law of universal order, and that the end for man in life is perfect harmony by perfect love. And, from that time forward, it was his end, his aim, his thirst, his aspiration. Dr. Channing believed in a perfect life for you and me. With the saints of all ages, he sought to know the length and breadth, and depth and height, of that love of God in Christ, which passeth knowledge, that he might be filled with the fulness of God. And this Perfect Life was the Fourth Wall of his temple.

We have laid the corner-stones and reared the walls, and now come ye and enter in. And there, in the front of that impartial equity of God's own righteousness, is the lowly porch of humility. Of all human beings whom I have ever known,—and God has been rich to me in bounties in bringing me into union with many angels in the flesh,—I have never seen Channing's peer in simplicity and humility. The portal through which Channing entered into the inner presence of the Father was this lowly porch through which we must all enter. From the time I first knew him as a little child,—and I crept among his books when I was an infant,—onward to the last hour when he spoke into my ear his closing words, "I have received many messages from the Spirit,"—never once in all those years did I ever see an act, did I ever hear a word, did I ever behold a look, that was not according to his ideal of the perfect life. When I came to study his manuscripts, tear-stained and soiled, I found his own confessions before his Father of his shortcoming. I call upon all who witnessed his daily life in the exquisite sweetness of his home and in every relationship of duty in which he stood to the country, was he not faultless, spot-

less, peerless? I have known many grand spirits in my own land and abroad; but here I say it, as before the angels, never yet upon the earth have I met the peer of William Ellery Channing. He was humility itself. Yet how grand was his dignity! Only through his own confessions in his own private manuscripts am I conscious that he ever was touched with sin and knew struggle and warfare with evil. The pavement of his temple is the co-ordinated strength of mutual help in all the lowliest services of life. He comprehended what is the blending of majesty and mercy, and carried out in every hour of every day the law of the Master: he is greatest who is most the servant of all.

At the end of the temple are the altars, and they are three in number. The first is purity, the second is self-sacrifice, and the third the open tomb, the up-springing aspiration toward God. And now let us crown the temple with the dome, the dome of perennial inspiration, the dome of the inflowing holiness of God, the dome of the Father coming down to dwell in the tabernacle of the family of the children of God on earth, made one with the children of God in heaven. We have laid our corner-stone, we have reared our walls, we have pictured the altars, we have spanned the dome. Dear brethren, dear sisters, in the name of my beloved uncle, accept his benediction, his God-speed, and good cheer. Farewell, dear fellow-mortals on earth, dear fellow-immortals in Christ:—

> "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll.
> Leave thy low-vaulted past:
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Lift thee toward heaven with a dome more vast;
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea."

The afternoon exercises closed with singing and the benediction, pronounced by Rev. Dr. Hosmer, of Newton.

Many of the visitors from out of town returned home by the afternoon trains; but their departure produced no visible effect upon the attendance at

THE EVENING MEETING,

also held at the Opera House, which was crowded by an audience principally made up of citizens of Newport, many of whom had been unable to attend the morning and afternoon meetings. Governor Van Zandt presided, and was surrounded on the platform by many men and women of distinction. After devotional exercises, conducted by Revs. Charles A. Humphreys and R. R. Shippen, Mr. Littlefield, whose rich solos were a feature of the whole proceedings, sang again the hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Mr. Schermerhorn then announced the receipt of letters from many distinguished persons. Time would suffice only for the reading of a few. Those selected and read were sent by the late William Lloyd Garrison, John G. Whittier, Henry W. Longfellow, E. G. Robinson, President of Brown University, Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, Bishop Huntington, of Syracuse, N.Y., George W. Curtis, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, Mrs. Mary Livermore, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Prof. Roswell D. Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dean Stanley, and James Martineau. Among the letters received and not read were those from Dr. C. A. Bartol, Henry P. Kidder, Rev. Dr. J. W. Thompson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Boston, Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard College, Rev. Thomas Hill, ex-President of Harvard, Dr. A. P. Peabody, and Dr. F. H. Hedge, also of Harvard College, Rev. Dr. W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, and Prof. J. L. Diman, of Brown University.

We give here in full the letters of Dr. Martineau, Bishop

Huntington, Bishop Clark, John G. Whittier, Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, and William Lloyd Garrison: —

From JAMES MARTINEAU.

5 GORDON STREET, LONDON, W.C., March 20, 1880.

My dear Mr. Schermerhorn,— If Rhode Island were only as many miles away as it is degrees of longitude, I should assuredly ask permission to join the Newport commemoration on the 7th of April. It would be a pure joy to me to unite in the chorus of grateful reverence which will there and then harmonize all spirits. Happily, the feeling which creates this celebration transcends all local limits, and will find voice for itself here as well as in Channing's land; so that, in thinking of your festival of thanksgiving, we shall feel, not as exiles from you, but as brethren stirred by the same affection and bending in the same homage. You ask me for a word of testimony to the influence of Channing's life and writings. You could appeal to no more willing witness. I can never forget my first introduction to his name. I was a school-boy of sixteen when, in 1821, my master, the late Dr. Lant Carpenter, received from Boston a copy of the Dudleian Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, and both read it to his pupils in private, and, after a preface of enthusiastic commendation, preached it to his congregation on the following Sunday. It laid a powerful hold on me, and seemed to find something in me that had never been reached before. This was but the beginning of an experience which was repeated and enlarged as, one after another, his great sermons and essays came over and burned their way into new seats of thought and affection. Nor was the impression due to my temporary susceptibility of youthful zeal. On the contrary, when his later writings defined his attitude toward the great social, moral, and constitutional questions of the time,— slavery, freedom of discussion, of association, war, temperance, sect, organization,— they appeared to me so strong in their justice, so calm in their wisdom, so considerate in their charity, as to lift him above the whole region of prejudice, passion, and fear, and to express not less the statesman's mind than the prophet's soul. And so, till he was taken home in 1842, my heart followed him with ever-deepening veneration, and recognized in him the commanding power of spiritual religion to harmonize the intensest faculties and glorify the frailest life.

But, when I would give account to others of this subduing influence, it seems to evade all words. Like every form of living beauty, it can be seized by no analysis; for it is more than all its parts, and, lay them

out as you will, it is not there. In truth, Channing's greatness was of a kind that has nothing complex in it; that, instead of being elaborated by constant additions, is rather disengaged by freeing its first element from all adhesions that hide and hinder it. Its very essence lay in its simplicity; and, just as all books upon the character of Christ do but spoil the gospel and wipe out the image which they pretend to delineate, so will the secret of Channing be better known from any page of his own than from volumes of critical appreciation. One thought, possessing his whole nature and showing to him the whole field of being, constitutes the focus of his power; namely, the vision of moral perfection as the reality of God, the possibility for man, the standard of right, the acme of beauty, the end of society, the pledge of immortality, the essence and the blessedness of heaven. Every feeling in himself that fell short of this he rebuked and disciplined with profound humility and aspiration. Every traditional doctrine at variance with this he relentlessly cut off, and gained a purified theology. Every institution that treated this with insult or despair he indignantly denounced, and so became an emancipator of the body and the soul, a champion of all spiritual culture, a proclaimer of the "honor due to all men." Every conception of human greatness and glory that contradicted this, and made an idol of dazzling ambition and unscrupulous artifice and successful force, he exposed as a blind revolt against the supremacy of God. This light of righteousness was to him the whole inner meaning of the universe, bathing the heavens in eternal splendor, and ever struggling to conquer the shadows of our earthly lot. He turned it as his test on all that came before him for judgment. Whatever was congenial with it no disguise could withhold from his love; and all that repelled it shrank from his pure and piercing look. Christianity itself had its authority for him chiefly from the same source: its persuasion lay in the disinterestedness and holiness of Christ, in that life of filial surrender, of gentlest compassion, of unshrinking sacrifice which revealed what our nature would be under the transfiguring power of a divine faith. This identification of religion with goodness, and its cognate truth and beauty, is the real source, I take it, of Channing's influence on his age. His words were no echoes of old voices, no repetitions of things learned by rote: they made no circuits through texts and creeds, but spoke straight to the living though sleeping contents of men's conscience and affections, asking there for no consent which could not be honestly refused, and kindling a sympathy which it was a joy to yield. He rebuked no sin but that which already disturbed the heart's true rest; he set up no authority which was not inwardly felt ere

it was outwardly claimed; he offered no salvation that dispensed with the free exercise of spiritual power, in surrender, if not in victory; he promised the earth no golden age of which the elements were not consciously stirring in the human soul, and the dawn already climbing the horizon with foregleams of the perfect day. To his pleadings and appeals, every one has within him an irresistible witness and response, furnished not by any temporary mood or accidental conviction, but by the very make of his nature, the primary self-knowledge of his reason, his affections, and his will. Hence, it is that his writings pass from language to language, and in the transition lose nothing essential to their power, and, though special and occasional in their origin, are not hindered in their influence from becoming universal.

And for the same reason he speaks with a persuasion that cannot easily be antiquated. The constancy with which, in every argument, he starts from first principles of reason and right, and recurs to them at each completed stage of his advance, elevates his biographical estimates, his historical criticisms, and even his political papers, into philosophical and ethical dignity, and will retain for them a place in literature when the persons and the crises they discuss have been forgotten. At last, no doubt, as the past recedes from view, and its problems vanish before some new strife of thought, and the tides in the affairs of men have altered the curves and shifted the landmarks on all their coasts, it will become too difficult to extract the permanent from the transient in his page; and he must share the general fate which quenches the voices of the dead in the acclaim that gathers around living genius. But it will not be so till the truth in which and for which he lived has passed into many another soul and made it an organ of the Holy Ghost. And so, even if, as the centuries lapse, he should be heard of no more, his words will yet not be made void, but still water the roots of future good, and accomplish that whereto he sent it.

That your commemoration and ours may so quicken his Christ-like spirit in us as to consecrate us anew to disinterested service in the love of God is the heartfelt prayer of

Your faithful friend and brother,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

From Bishop HUNTINGTON.

SYRACUSE, N.Y., March 6, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. SCHERMERHORN,—I thank you for the kindness and courtesy of your note of invitation. Any tribute from me to the memory

or character of Dr. Channing — amid the chorus of praises that will resound at the coming celebration, made up of eloquent voices from all parts of the world — can be of but small account. Indeed, we are still so much in the period of his living presence and influence that it is probably doubtful whether any of us know the exact and full significance of the errand on which he was sent. What we do know is that he was a radiant figure, of singular power, in a line of providential persons and events of which the end is not yet.

For myself, having been born in a community intensely Calvinistic, and having heard through all my early years a Puritan preacher, who, as he was in the habit of crying audibly and visibly in the pulpit, appeared to me somehow at the time to be crying because he was afraid too many people would be saved, I began to read Channing's and Dewey's and Martineau's writings when I was a child. Living in the country, I read them often in the open air, and they are associated with running streams in the woods, with apple-blossoms, with clear hill-tops, and with wide spaces of earth and sky. To these thoughtful and devout authors I have always felt more indebted, perhaps, for first arousing the life of my mind and heart, than to any others, except the inspired men of the Bible, and Sir Thomas Browne and Burke and De Quincey. It was because, like many others, I found them when I seemed to need them. Parted from their guidance, afterwards, in interpreting some of the great meanings of revelation and history, I have never forgotten my unpaid obligation, and am glad of this eminent opportunity to acknowledge it.

With high esteem, yours very cordially,

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

From Bishop CLARK.

PROVIDENCE, R.I., March 26, 1880.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—In reply to your polite note, inviting me to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Dr. Channing's birthday, will you allow me, as I cannot accept your kind invitation, to express my profound admiration of this distinguished son of Rhode Island? As a writer and scholar, he did very much to inspire respect for our republic abroad, at a time when the question, "Who reads an American book?" had received no satisfactory answer.

Not less eminent as a philanthropist, he never shrank from identifying himself with any unpopular cause which he regarded as resting upon the foundation of truth and righteousness, because of his "dislike of the

offensive objects with which it might be associated"; and this is no slight praise when we consider the peculiarly sensitive and conservative texture of his mind. He was always bold and outspoken, without being violent and extreme; and his strength in great part lay in his quietness. What his precise position as a theologian would have been, if he had come upon the stage to-day,— where, on the one hand, the acerbities of German doctrine have almost everywhere become so wonderfully softened, and, on the other, the denial of those supernatural elements in Christianity and its records, which he so earnestly and devoutly recognized, is becoming rampant,— it may be somewhat difficult to determine. However this might have been, the sweet and loving spirit of the man would have remained the same; and Christians of every name all must revere his memory.

It is a fitting thing that the State which is distinguished by his birth should celebrate this centennial with solemn rites, and erect on these shores, where in his youth he walked and meditated, an abiding memorial in honor of his name.

Very truly and respectfully yours, THOMAS M. CLARK.

From JOHN G. WHITTIER.

DANVERS, MASS., 3d mo. 13, 1880.

My dear Friend,— I scarcely need say that I yield to no one in love and reverence for the great and good man whose memory — outliving all the prejudices of creed, sect, and party — is the common legacy of Christendom. As the years go on, the value of that legacy will be more and more felt, not so much, perhaps, in doctrine as in spirit,— in those utterances of a devout soul, which are above and beyond the affirmation or negation of dogma. His ethical serenity and Christian tenderness, his hatred of wrong and oppression, with love and pity for the wrong-doer, his noble pleas for self-culture, temperance, peace, and purity, and, above all, his precept and example of unquestioning obedience to duty and the voice of God in the soul, can never become obsolete or out-dated. It is very fitting that his memory should be especially cherished with that of Hopkins and Berkeley in the beautiful island to which the common residence of these worthies has but given additional charm and interest.

Thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From Rev. Dr. HITCHCOCK.

You are right in assuming that the reverence and affection and gratitude felt to be due the memory of Dr. Channing are shut up within no

denominational boundaries. New England may well be proud of him. Even Puritan New England had much to do in the making of him. His roots went down deep into her soil, ethical and spiritual. Her words of doctrine brightened his fibre. It was once my good fortune to hear him in a pulpit prayer; and I shall never forget how his spirit seemed to be cleaving the sky. The tones of his voice went out afar. That, I should say, was about three years before his death. Not far from the same time, I spent an evening with him at his house in Boston. We talked of Coleridge, and the influence he was having upon the rising generation of thinkers and preachers. He made on me the impression of a widening horizon for himself year by year.

ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON'S LETTER.

BOSTON, April 5, 1877.

I cheerfully respond to the request made in your letter, by which I am informed that a meeting will be held in your city on Monday evening next, with reference to making arrangements for celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Ellery Channing. Such a celebration will be a most fitting tribute to the memory of one whose intellectual power, moral excellence, nobly catholic and widely philanthropic spirit, profound regard for truth and right, courageous disregard for popular sentiment in the matter of theological dissent, and a pervading spirituality of thought and purpose, entitle him to rank with the foremost teachers, exemplars, and benefactors of mankind. As he never sought human applause, he needs nothing of it now; yet, having consecrated his life to all that is beautiful in humility, Godlike in aspiration, uplifting in virtue, ennobling in true piety, and world-regenerating in divine love, let all sectarian shibboleths be forgotten at such a commemoration as is contemplated; and let the wise and good of every sect and party improve the opportunity to show their appreciation of his worth. For, in regard to doctrinal views or Scriptural interpretations conscientiously held, no one is more orthodox or heterodox than another; and there is no such thing as a heretic or heresy, on Protestant ground, any more than there is of papal infallibility, seeing that the right of private judgment in all matters of religious faith and practice is admitted to be absolute, and that no higher or better test can be applied than this, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

For his testimonies and appeals in behalf of the suffering poor and working-classes, the millions that were groaning in bondage at the

South, and for the incoming of the reign of universal peace on earth, Dr. Channing deserves to be held in grateful remembrance. Especially is he to be honored as the eloquent advocate of free thought, free speech, free inquiry, and non-conformity where acquiescence would be in violation of the understanding and conscience. And nothing could be more guarded, comprehensive, or sublime than his definition of the human mind. "I call that mind free," he says, "which zealously guards its intellectual rights and powers; which calls no man master; which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith; which opens itself to light whensoever it may come; which receives new truth as an angel from heaven; which, whilst consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instructions from abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt its own energies." . . .

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

The reading of these letters, which was frequently interrupted by applause, was followed by the singing of Emerson's hymn, "Here holy thought a light has shed." His Excellency Governor Van Zandt was then introduced as the president of the meeting, and was received with hearty applause. The Governor said: —

It is pleasant for me to preside over this great assembly, and I come as the chief magistrate of Rhode Island; and you, in doing honor to one of the brightest and best of the sons of the State, are here to-night with fragrant forget-me-nots for the cradle and with garlands of white immortelles for the grave of William Ellery Channing. There is a curious little book in the archives of the State at Providence, which contains the original compact made by the first settlers of this colony. It is written in a cramped, old-fashioned hand, with references to the Books of Exodus, Chronicles, and Kings, and pledges its signers, in the presence of Jehovah, to incorporate themselves into a body politic with his help. In a period of sharp theological distinctions and bitter sectarian controversies, the fathers of our Commonwealth, ignor-

ing all subtle technicalities then so prevalent, organized a government (somewhat like the Israelitish judges), and in it all systems of belief were tolerated and protected. And, as Roger Williams and the fathers planted, so have we reaped. There are three men after Roger Williams who have always appeared to me to fitly represent the breadth and depth of Rhode Island's religious toleration,— Bishop Berkeley, Dr. Hopkins, and Dr. Channing. The first was the "consummate flower" of the then conservative Established Church of England. He was for a long time an attached resident of this beautiful island. Dr. Hopkins was of sterner, tougher stuff. It was a new country, and there was heavy work to do in its young theology. Rocks were to be blasted, stumps pulled up, subsoil ploughing done. He had to fight with slavery, which was young and strong and black and profitable. Most of his salary came from men who made their money in the slave-trade. It was not a time for rosebuds and perfume. The men required strong meat; and Dr. Hopkins gave it to them, and then shook them over the pit in a way to promote spiritual digestion. And, a hundred years ago to-day, Channing came among men almost like an angel. He was tender and pure and good; and yet he was brave and strong and positive. He, as well as Dr. Hopkins, fought the black affright of slavery,— the one with the battle-axe, the other with the cimeter. These three men, differing in almost every essential particular, are equally the glory and the love of Rhode Island; and to-day we begin to erect a beautiful memorial edifice to William Ellery Channing. Its outer walls will be of stone as gray as the old rocks of our cliffs; its mullioned windows will be stained with the gathered glories of our sunsets; its spire will point, as he did, steadily heavenward; its bells will ring for the weddings and toll for the funerals of many generations yet unborn; its doors will open for worshippers of all beliefs

and every land. The bride will enter there with orange-flowers and smiles; and the pale, still dead will be borne in and out in silence and with tears. But, beyond and above and around it, will glow like an aureole the memory of the saintly man who, one hundred years ago to-night, in this old town, when the mist came in from the ocean at night, was a little, helpless infant in his cradle.

Rev. Dr. Hosmer then gave pleasant reminiscences of Channing, saying he first saw him fifty years ago in Cambridge, heard him preach, and became acquainted with him slightly. His remarks were so full of wisdom that I used often to go to Boston to hear him. I remember his tones,— that voice so wonderfully modulated, so full of sympathy. I wonder that, amid all these grand utterances, more has not been said about Channing's strength and courage. He was strong to wrench himself out of a narrow creed; and he showed his courage in his attacks on the doctrinal theories, wonderful for their sharpness. Let the wonderful legacy of thought left us by Channing lead us onward.

Mrs. Martha Perry Lowe, of Somerville, next read the following original poem: —

THE PERFECT LIFE.

By Mrs. Martha P. Lowe.

The Perfect Life,— his last bequest,
  The gleanings of his autumn morn:
The latest gathering is the best,
  The sweetest harvest it hath borne.

What large intent, what lofty height,
  What visions warming every page
With fairer futures which shall right
  The wrongs and sorrows of the age!

What summits of celestial calm,
  Elastic youth, and high desire;
What droppings of refreshing balm,
  What stirrings of prophetic fire!

Illumined pages, burn and shine,
  Consuming all our dross of sin,
Till human work may grow divine,
  And Christ's new kingdom shall begin!

And yet his book may turn to dust;
  The printed word shall fade at length:
His living gospel may we trust,
  His Rock of Ages be our strength.

Return, immortal Seer, to find
  The secret meaning of our day;
Return, beloved Saint, to bind
  Our hearts in wisdom's pleasant way!

Descend, O Spirit-form serene,
  And light the paths thou once hast trod;
Show us the Master thou hast seen,
  And lift us to the Mount of God!

Rev. E. E. Hale humorously referred to the many people who said they had got Channing's knack in everything, but who, in reality, knew little or nothing of him or his ways. He then delivered a glowing eulogy of Channing, and spoke at some length of the advantages of the theological freedom which such men as Hopkins and Berkeley and Channing found in Rhode Island, and which was so beneficial in developing noble traits in their characters at a time when in neighboring States their desire to extend knowledge of God in their own way would have been frustrated.

In introducing Julia Ward Howe, the Governor made a graceful allusion to her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which "inspired an enthusiasm worth a hundred thousand men." Before reading an original poem, written for the occasion, Mrs. Howe gave it as her opinion that the events of the day would lay firmer the true foundations of religion among men. In early life, and once only, she heard Channing preach, and was so impressed with his sermon that she "told no lies after that, neither did she prevaricate in any way." [Applause.]

MRS. HOWE'S POEM.

I come to-day a verse to build,
  Which skill should match with arches fine,
A task to set the workman's guild
  Whose strength shall stand for things divine.

In this fair isle, by Nature blest,
  Where men for health and pleasure throng,
I call a spirit from its rest;
  I summon back a soul with song.

For God, who gave this genial sky,
  The rapture of this mellow air,
Did lend in happy days gone by
  A presence grand, an influence rare.

Our beauteous seasons wax and wane,
  And bear us on to fate and death;
But he shall bloom and bloom again
  In every generation's breath.

Oh! fine and brave that subtle hand
  Which found the knots, so small and strong,
By which Belief and Passion band
  To do divine and human wrong.

He caught the echo of the wail
  Which once from Calvary's mountain rolled,
When felt the Love that cannot fail
  The spite of superstition old.

His voice took up the trumpet blast
  Which Hope's glad resurrection blew,
When out of mystic shadow passed
  The glory that the Master knew.

O deep of heart! O true of thought!
  The temper of thy perfect steel
In Heaven's high armory was wrought,
  The strength of justice to reveal.

The Negro in the Southern wild
  Had cause to bless thy champion name;
The Northern freeman for his child
  Thy gracious heritage doth claim.

The faith that maketh Woman free
For humankind to do and dare,
The peace that dwells with liberty,
Were in thy teaching and thy prayer.

Here the foundation-stone we lay
Of some fine fabric that shall rise,
To image to a later day
Thee, greatly good and purely wise.

Where God vouchsafes his greatest gift,—
The Prophet, crown of all desire,—
Let us our duteous emblem lift,
Let us endeavor and aspire.

So shall the work we strive to rear
Be crowned with blessing in our sight,
And, like the life we honor here,
Reflect the everlasting light.

A. Bronson Alcott paid a glowing tribute to the memory of his friend, to whom he said was due the transformation of religion. During an extended visit to the West, he could not help witnessing the great respect which men showed everywhere to the memory of Dr. Channing. After the singing of Bryant's hymn, "Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed," Miss Elizabeth Peabody made a deeply interesting address, and was followed with remarks by Revs. N. S. Folsom and Charles F. Barnard, both of whom have very vivid memories of Channing, since their lives were deeply touched by his own. Mr. Barnard offered to give to the new Memorial Church the valuable oil portrait of Channing which was before the audience, on condition that the picture of Channing's mother should be procured and hung as its companion piece. As a last exercise before Mr. Schermerhorn's benediction, Whittier's hymn was sung:—

"Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere."

THE BOSTON CELEBRATION.

BOSTON'S expression of interest in Dr. Channing's centenary was thoroughly characteristic of that most individual of American cities. No attempt was made, as in many chief centres of America and Great Britain, to arouse public attention by a great catholic meeting, in which men and women of all sorts of religious beliefs should be invited to express their appreciation of Dr. Channing and his influence. Possibly, the fact that many Bostonians had accepted invitations to participate in the Newport celebration, which had been widely advertised for several months beforehand, may account for the lack of general interest in the special Boston meeting. More probably, the meeting held in Arlington Street Church failed to arouse wider interest, simply because no attempt was made to provide for the expression of that interest. It was, in its plan, exclusively a Unitarian meeting, so far as the speakers were concerned; and the congregation seemed to be chiefly of the same religious complexion.

But the birthday meeting was only one of many interesting occasions, in which Boston quietly expressed her love and reverence for her great preacher of fifty years ago. In all the Unitarian churches of the city and neighborhood,

and in some churches of other faiths, appropriate reference was made to the anniversary; and, in many of them, special memorial discourses were delivered. A few of these were afterward published at length, in the newspapers or in pamphlet form; while many of them were briefly commented upon by the local press. An interesting union service of Sunday-schools was held in the Church of the Disciples; and at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society appropriate reference was made to Dr. Channing by the President, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. Finally, the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association, May 25, was especially devoted to the celebration of Channing's memory. Full reports of a few of the more interesting addresses delivered in Boston are here presented.

THE MEETING IN ARLINGTON STREET CHURCH.

[As reported in the *Christian Register*, April 17.]

On the 1st of June, 1803, William Ellery Channing, then entered on his twenty-fourth year, was ordained as pastor of "the Religious Society worshipping God in Federal Street," which is now known as the Church in Arlington Street. The late Mr. George Ticknor was led as a child by the hand of his father to the ordination services, of which he understood and remembered little, except that near the close the pale and frail-looking young man, whom he thought of as soon to die, arose and gave out a hymn in a voice so tremulous and thrilling, and a manner so devout and earnest, that even the words of one stanza seized his childish attention so vividly as never to be forgotten: —

"My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For here my friends and brethren dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes this his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well."

The pastoral relation then formed continued till Dr. Channing's death, October 2, 1842. The site of the building in which he preached for nearly forty years (corner of Federal and Channing Streets), like that whole section of the city of Boston, is now occupied for business purposes. One Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1859, the old church, about to be demolished, was opened for a final religious service, in which thirteen ministers took part,— all, or nearly all, of whom had been at some time members of Dr. Channing's congregation, and had been led into the ministry by his influence. Rev. J. F. W. Ware, the present pastor, sees in his congregation but few of the faces which used to look up to Dr. Channing forty years ago; but the society may well preserve, with affection and pride, the memory of one whose name has done so much to make its own annals illustrious.

A public meeting in honor of Dr. Channing's memory was held on the evening of April 7, in the Arlington Street Church, at which many prominent citizens and clergymen were present. On the table in front of the pulpit, surrounded with flowers and vines, stood the bust of Channing. "Praise God in his holiness" was the anthem which uplifted the hearts of the people. Rev. Dr. Lothrop led in prayer, and a passage was sung from Whittier's Elegy on Channing, beginning,—

"Not vainly did old poets tell,
Nor vainly did old genius paint,
God's great and crowning miracle,
The hero and the saint."

The leading address of the evening was on

CHANNING'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

By Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D.

I regard it as an honor to be asked by my friend, the pastor of this society, to speak to you this evening on this hundredth birthday of Dr. Channing. It is also a happiness. Channing was the inspiration of my youth. He gave me a higher conception than I could find elsewhere of the worth of the Christian ministry. He glorified and honored it by his own life, and by his thoughts lifted the veil of routine which had obscured the divine lineaments of Christianity. In maturer life, Channing stood before me as master in sacred study and in practical reforms. When his first work on slavery appeared, I was editing a monthly magazine in Kentucky, and rejoiced in the opportunity of publishing in that work copious extracts from his volume. I recollect giving his "Letter to Henry Clay," on the annexation of Texas, to a Kentucky planter, who was an admirer of Channing, and opposed to slavery, though a slaveholder. He had the little pamphlet interleaved, and kept it in his pocket, reading it at intervals, and writing his comments upon it till he had filled it with his notes, and then returned it to me. It was interesting to see how the mind of Channing had taken hold of this intelligent Kentuckian, and sent him in a new direction of thought. It was at this time that Dr. Channing, at my request, wrote for the *Western Messenger* his letter on the Roman Catholic Church. Such an act of kindness as that can only be appreciated by those who are trying to get a hearing amid uncongenial surroundings. But Dr. Channing was always ready to lend the powerful aid of his great reputation and commanding intelligence to any struggling or unpopular cause, if he believed it, in the main, the cause of truth.

Nor can I forget how, when still a young man, I came to this city, and with others formed the Church of the Disciples here, Dr. Channing lent me again the aid of his sympathy and counsel, advising us as to our plans, encouraging our design, and being present at several of our meetings. I therefore thankfully accept this opportunity of saying a few words to-night in honor of this good and great man.

What is Channing's place in history? What will be the nature of his influence, and what his position among the prophets and teachers of mankind? This theme is too great to be adequately treated at this time; but it is so interesting that a few suggestions may lead each one present to make himself better acquainted with the life and thought of this great man.

"A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet." Every man truly great in thought, who is to influence mankind widely and long, must be something of a prophet. He must *see* so deeply and truly as to be able to foresee. His insight must lead to foresight. He who has any real gift of vision apprehends principles at work which are to govern the future. He beholds in his imagination a new heavens and a new earth. Thus the seer is always a prophet. He may be a prophet in the material order, like Columbus, seeing in his dreams the far-off continent in the West on which no earthly eye had yet fallen. Or, like the great inventors of our own day, he may be haunted by unborn discoveries which are to change the face of the world. In the higher sphere of religious thought, the prophet foresees the dawn of new truths when all is night to others. There is nothing unnatural in this fore-vision. Jesus has classed it with the sagacity which foretells to-morrow's weather by to-day's sunset.

Baron Bunsen has therefore correctly classed Channing

among the prophets; for, more than most men, by a profound sight of the present he foresaw the future. The nature, quality, and extent of this vision will determine Channing's place in history.

Although we are all familiar with the events of Channing's life, yet let us briefly survey them, as this very survey will be to some extent the contemplation of his great career and character.

Born in Newport, April 7, 1780, grandson of William Ellery, signer of the Declaration, who was a type of the best New England character; his father an eminent lawyer and accomplished gentleman, his mother one of the New England matrons, some of whom we may all remember,— calm, strong, pure, self-possessed, with the inborn truth which compels others to be true,— Channing began life under the best conditions. No matter how great any man may be by his convictions and his personal devotion to high ends, two-thirds of his character rests on a foundation outside of himself. Character results from the three factors of organization, circumstances, and free choice. Some of the life of past generations is organized in each new-born child, and on that basis of organization he must forever stand. We seem to see, in Channing's character, an inheritance of the old Puritan conscience and the old Puritan self-reliance, refined and purified by passing through the men and women whose souls were enlarged by the earnest thought which went before the American Revolution. Channing owed much to himself: he made of himself more than most men. He kept his eye steadily fixed on the truths which lift the soul near to God. But he did not make his own simplicity of soul, his own integrity of purpose, his own ardent love of freedom, hatred of oppression, courage to stand alone against all odds. These qualities, I think, were born in him; and he was not obliged to waste

any of his strength in cultivating them. They were his birthright gifts from a noble past. What belonged to himself was that intense and concentrated singleness of purpose which gave to all his natural powers their best opportunity, which unfolded them to their full extent.

A part of every man's character comes from his organization, another part from education, including in this term that which comes from environment, from circumstances, and especially from the atmosphere of thought in which we live. Who can tell the mighty and irresistible influence of the opinions which have passed into the very air we breathe, the commonplaces of all conversation, tacitly assumed in all discussion? They are taken for granted, not stated: therefore there is no opportunity to question or deny them.

The religious, moral, social, political, intellectual atmosphere which young Channing breathed was, on the whole, healthy. His family were strong Federalists. Washington and Jay had visited his father's house. In religion, they were moderately orthodox, according to that type which was gradually passing into Unitarianism. The moral and social sentiments with two exceptions were good,— those two being occasioned by the rum manufacture and the slave-trade, in both of which Newport was engaged. But perhaps it was necessary for him to be brought thus near to the source of such great evils, in order to react against both in the cause of temperance and freedom.

Dr. Channing speaks of the Federalists with great respect in his paper on the Union. "A purer party," he says, "never existed." "Its failure," he says, "was despondency." "It had not sufficient confidence in our free institutions, nor in the moral ability of the people to uphold them." He goes on to draw a striking portrait of George Cabot, the leader of the Federalists, and, giving him credit for his high qualities of mind and heart, thinks he wanted "the wisdom of hope."

And as he illustrates the excellences and defects of the Federalists by the character of George Cabot, so he illustrates the excellences and defects of moderate Calvinism by the character of Dr. Stiles. He says that in his earliest years there was no one whom he regarded with equal reverence. Calvinism was breaking up all around him, under the influence of men like Ezra Stiles and Dr. Hopkins. Of the latter, Dr. Channing also speaks with great respect. He mentions that when a young man he preached for Dr. Hopkins, at his own request, in his church,— the very building in Newport in which at present a congregation meets, as we are meeting here, to remember gratefully Channing's name and services. After the young Channing had concluded the service, the good old man, Dr. Hopkins, turned to him with a benignant smile, saying "that theology was still imperfect," and that he hoped that he, Channing, "would live to carry it to perfection." *Then*, we may say with Milton,

> "Old experience did attain
> To something of prophetic strain."

It was a very happy thing for Channing to be early associated with these two leaders of New England theology, both of whom, while claiming to be orthodox, had broken with a large part of the old orthodox creed and traditions. Their example must have encouraged Channing to follow in that path, and go much further.

But it was not from human environment alone that he drew inspiration. Early and always, his soul was fed by the influences of Nature. Miss Peabody, in her very valuable monograph on Channing, just published, which admits us to many details of his daily life, says that, when at Newport in the summer, he seemed "to watch the growth of every flower, enjoying the sunshine and air, and seeming to have some secret intimations of all that passed in the skies, calling the family out often to look at some beautiful effect of

light or other passing loveliness of Nature." He regarded, she says, "all summer-time as though it were a religious festival, the rites of which were the sight of natural beauty and sympathy with innocent animal life." And who does not remember his description in his Newport sermon of Newport beach, the noble place for his study in his youth? "No spot on earth," says he, "has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amid the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within. There, struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, moved to utterance by the eloquence of the winds and waves. There began a happiness surpassing all earthly pleasures, the happiness of communing with the works of God."

In Harvard University, where he was in the same class with Judge Story and Dr. Tuckerman, he describes a critical and dangerous condition of things. "The French Revolution," he says, "had diseased the imagination and unsettled the understanding of men. The foundations of social order, loyalty, tradition, reverence, were shaken. The authority of the past was gone. The tone of speech and books was presumptuous. The tendency of all classes was to scepticism." Paine's *Age of Reason* was read by the students very generally. We think that there is a great deal of doubt and unbelief now in the world; but it is probable that there is more religious faith at present, by far, than when Channing was in college. And, if so, we owe it in a measure to the proof his writings have given that perfect freedom of thought, entire confidence in the reason, and a profound conviction of great spiritual realities can go harmoniously together.

While in college, he passed through an intellectual expe-

rience which gave him much of his power over the thoughts of men. Two authors, Hutcheson and Price, awakened his mind,—one to the belief in disinterested goodness in God and man, the other to faith in eternal ideas of truth and right, seen in the depths of every soul by some inward intuition, "a light, lighting every man who comes into the world." The first of these convictions came to him as he was walking, while he read, in a field on Dana's Hill. The place and hour remained sacred in his memory. There he passed through a new birth into a higher world of conviction. He saw the glory of the divine goodness, a universe of progress and order, and the possibility of absolute devotion to the will of God. "I longed in that hour to die," said he, "and to go where only such thoughts could have room. But, when I found I must live, I determined to do something worthy of such thoughts." This was the result of Hutcheson's *Moral Philosophy*. The other came from Dr. Price's book, *Dissertations on Matter and Spirit*. "That," said he, "saved me from the philosophy of Locke, and taught me to believe in the Platonic philosophy of ideas." It was worth while that these two books should have been written, if no one except Channing had ever read them; for his whole theological influence took its bias and direction from that reading. English Unitarianism and early American Unitarianism had followed Priestley's philosophy, which was based on Locke's doctrine that all our knowledge consists in transformed sensations. But Dr. Channing inaugurated a spiritual theology, based on faith in the soul as born with infinite capacities and divine adaptations, and in this may be found the secret of a large part of his power as a theologian.

Behold him, then, having passed through his studies, and his year and a half of experience at the South, entering his profession. In a letter to a friend, written at this time, he

says, "In my view, religion is another name for happiness; and I am most cheerful when I am most religious."

His religious life had been much quickened while in Virginia, though he describes the unbelief in all religion as greater than it was in Massachusetts. "Christianity is here breathing its last," says he. "I cannot find a friend with whom to converse on religious subjects. . . . The Bible is wholly neglected. . . . Infidelity is very general among the higher classes, and in fact religion is in a deplorable state."

But Schiller says, "In better natures, even poison becomes wholesome food." Surrounded by infidelity, Channing became a more confirmed believer in Christianity, just as, surrounded by the sensational philosophy, he had become a transcendentalist.

Returning from Virginia to Newport, after passing eighteen months there in study, he went back to Cambridge to finish his theological studies. "There was a time," said he, "when I verged toward Calvinism; for illness and depression gave me a dark view of things. But the doctrine of the Trinity held me back. I followed Doddridge through his *Rise and Progress* till he brought me to a prayer to Christ. There I stopped; for I was never, in any sense, a Trinitarian."

June 1, 1803, he was ordained over the society which now worships here, then in Federal Street. George Ticknor, who was present as a boy at his ordination, says that he can never forget the tone of Channing and the intense feeling in his voice in reading a hymn. From this time till his death, he pursued a course of entire consecration to all that was highest and best. He became the apostle of religion, freedom, humanity, progress. A few great ideas perpetually inspired his teaching. Christianity, as he saw it, was sent to make *this* world full of God's love, to make men holy and happy here, to redeem man from sin and misery in this life.

The great power to accomplish this he believed to be faith, — a strength of inspired conviction, — faith in three forms: in God as an infinite tenderness, in Christ as manifesting in his character perfect goodness, in man as capable of becoming, like Christ, a child of God. But the essential condition of this salvation was to him freedom, — freedom of thought and action, liberty in full harmony with law.

As we read that beautiful volume of Channing's writings, circulated by the Unitarian Association, we are struck by the fact that all of these ideas, which were at first denied and opposed, are passing into the thought and life of Christendom. They have been working a revolution in religious thought, not the less radical because so quiet. Some movements are like the earthquake or the tempest; but this of Channing was accomplished by the still, small voice of reason. Yet what an entire change is being effected throughout all denominations by this all-penetrating influence? God, so long represented as a stern judge and absolute monarch, whose dreadful anger burns against sinners until assuaged by the sufferings of his Son, is now seen as the dear Father who loves the bad and good both; loving the wicked with an infinite compassion, loving the good with an infinite sympathy. Pain and evil, before regarded as the punishment of sin, are now seen to be divine blessings, also sent to cure our sicknesses of heart and thought. Death, long considered as the king of terrors, is now looked upon as an angel of benign goodness, leading us to upper worlds of rest and peace. The whole direction of practical Christian teaching is reversed: instead of fear, we have hope; instead of mystery, reason; instead of blind submission to irresistible force, we have willing and glad obedience to what we know to be right and good.

I have heard Channing criticised as repeating himself too much, as a man of few ideas. He knew better than to

scatter his fire. He concentrated it on the points where a breach was to be made in the walls of ancient custom. And this is to his credit; for he was interested in a vast variety of subjects, of which his different biographers furnish us ample evidence. But his mind was intensely practical, no less than spiritual; and so he kept to his point, and elaborated a few all-important truths thoroughly.

These few truths were, however, fruitful in numerous applications to social reforms. He delivered powerful arguments in behalf of many an unpopular cause, helping it on to its ultimate triumph. Each of his essays and discourses on such topics is a perfect crystal,—compact, transparent, sharply defined. Each leaves a distinct impression of unanswerable truth. Such are his writings in behalf of freedom, his repeated blows at slavery, *eight* of which are in his collected works. Such, also, are his admirable papers on Temperance, Education, Self-culture, the Elevation of the Laboring Classes, the Ministry to the Poor, Peace and War. Each of these subjects is treated in an original way, with breadth and freedom, with justice to opposite opinions, giving full weight to all facts on the other side. Every one of these reforms is in the line of human progress, all are to be accomplished in the future. The opinion of civilized man is slowly but certainly setting in this direction. Dr. Channing devoted the ripest and best years of his life to setting forth the evil and sin of slavery, and declared his confident belief that in some way it would come to an end. It has come to an end, because the excessive demands of the slave power made slavery intolerable. Channing set forth the sin and evil of war. War has not ceased, but the excessive and enormous armaments of Europe have made the burden almost intolerable; and perhaps war may come to an end in the same way. But Dr. Channing truly says that we can have no security against international war, until we have

a Christianity in which Christian love shall overcome sectarianism and bigotry,— a Christianity which shall make *man* everywhere the object of reverence to man. And toward this conclusion all opinion tends.

If we read Dr. Channing's essay on Temperance, we shall see that he considered no outward arrangements adequate to cure this evil. He demands the improvement and elevation of the whole man,— a higher education, more sympathy between different classes, the cultivation among the people of a taste for beauty in nature and art, by public goodness, public music, innocent amusements, in which he includes some form of dancing and of the theatre. "Let us become a more *cheerful*, and we shall become a more temperate people."

But all these reforms which Channing advocated grew from the root of one great conviction, his faith in the worth of the human soul. The great evil which he saw in slavery, war, ignorance, intemperance, was always the same,— that it degraded the human soul. This view was eminently his own. The sacredness of man had been forgotten by Christian theology down to the time of Channing. Christian teachers had thought to exalt God by heaping contumely on human nature, calling it utterly corrupt and evil. They wrote this reproach in every creed. To call man's nature wholly depraved was thought to be somehow an honor to God and Christ. But Channing led the way by the first emphatic declaration made in modern times of the dignity of man in the sight of God. And already, in consequence of this, we find it announced with great authority that orthodoxy, when it solemnly declared man by nature to be "utterly corrupt and defiled in all parts and faculties of soul and body," merely meant to say that his moral symmetry was "disarranged." The influence of Dr. Channing's teaching has been so great in this direction that the orthodox have

not only deserted their old belief, but now blame him for having said that they ever held it.

What, then, will be the place of Channing in history? Doubtless that of a prophet who saw the coming of the great day, when the barbarities of the old theologies should pass away, when God should be known as the universal Father and Friend, Christ as the human brother and high example of character to all, and when, in consequence of the heavenly hope of a universal redemption, all the evils of this lower world should be gradually overcome. Since the days of Paul, no one has so clearly seen as Channing saw the approach of the time when all enemies shall be subdued by the power of Christ's love and truth, and that time still farther on, when all enemies having been subdued under him, the Son also himself shall be subject to Him who did put all things under him, that God may be all in all.

In the last address given by Channing before his death, this heavenly vision of a new heavens and a new earth floated before his eyes.

"I began this subject," said he, "in hope, and in hope I end. . . . Mighty powers are at work in the world, and who can stay them? A new comprehension of the Christian spirit, a new reverence for humanity, a new feeling of brotherhood, and of all men's relation to the Father,— these are among the signs of our times. We see it. Do we not feel it? Before this, all oppressions are to fall. Society, silently pervaded by this, is to change its aspect of universal warfare for peace. The power of all-grasping selfishness is to yield to this diviner energy. Oh, come, thou kingdom of heaven, for which we daily pray! Come, Friend and Saviour of the race, who didst shed thy blood on the cross to reconcile man to man, and earth to heaven! Come, ye predicted ages of righteousness and love, for which the faithful have so long yearned! Come, Father Almighty, and crown with thine

omnipotence the humble strivings of thy children to subvert oppression and wrong, to spread light and freedom, peace and joy, the truth and spirit of thy Son, through the whole earth."

Amid such high hopes, the life of Channing ended below. It remains for us to-day to cherish his memory, not merely by commemorations, but by doing our part also to spread that truth which was so dear to his heart. On this hundredth anniversary of his birth, let us resolve to be loyal, as he was loyal, to the great principles of spiritual freedom and human progress. And thus shall we best remember him, the moral of whose life may be best summed up in the words, "His eye was single, and his whole body was full of light."

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. BARTOL.

We speak of *making* occasions. But no newspaper articles, or lightnings running to and fro on the wires, none of our despatches or arrangements, have made this one. It is wider than this church, than this city, or than this country, — even, like Channing's soul, wide as the world. It is the electricity, and is in the air. Yet what home bodies and home-loving spirits we are! So, although his name seems voiced to-day by the elements and written visibly on the sky, let me come back from the broad earth, over which his spirit has travelled, and down from the sky, into which, he told me, out of earthly commotions he always loved to look, to congratulate this church and community on their privilege and advantage and honor in his nearly forty years' ministry; and let me speak here their grateful owning, before God, of this one ringing and resounding name, blown so far from that trumpet of fame which is an instrument no money can hire, but which some angel holds fast and forever to his lips.

Channing, more than any other, more than all others of

his alike worthy comrades and compeers, is for mankind the representative name of a rational and liberal faith. Be any other clerical contemporary lesser or greater than he, there is something in the old orthodox doctrine of election; and *he* was chosen by Providence for our spokesman, beyond all doubt.

Why and how did he become so? What made him the plenipotentiary and delegate he was? And what was the message he delivered, and the burden he rolled off upon all the winds, to be carried so flaming and far? The special errand on which he was sent by the Holy Ghost was to proclaim in the ear of the race the worth of the human soul.

"I love a prophet of the soul,"

writes our Emerson; and so he well loved him! For, at a time when human nature in the long-prevailing and nightmare-brooding creeds was so despised that it had come almost to despise itself, he reached forth his hand and — with what a mighty lift! — raised it from the dust. We can ill conceive, so long after the thing was done, and with the now everywhere modified views, what a touch of courage and power, what a stroke of originality, what a demand from the core of his being, and what a sublime inspiration of duty in his breast it was! He saw, as every thoughtful person now sees, that, if the road to God *in us* is blocked, every road is blocked; and no way to him, through a written revelation, through an ecclesiastical tradition, or even through that beauty of nature which is but the echo or shadow of mind, is really left. He cleared the so-long-closed and clogged inward track to our Author. That was his great mission and achievement sublime. He told me, with much tenderness, that he thought his view of the dignity of human nature did not interfere with personal humility. How much reason and how little *pride of reason* he had! Indeed, only in the attitude, aspect, and atmosphere of the

relation to Deity, which he tried to liberate and disclose, can a genuine humility be born.

It is said by some, who distrust Channing's influence, that his sway is declining, and his thoughts on religion now dwarfed and dwindling away. But, if Unitarianism, as he in such unsectarian wise preached it, is less prominent and aggressive than of yore, it is not by reason of diminution, but by universal absorption of its sense, as the sun and rain are absorbed. It has, for sixty years, been working in the theological landscape a change how beneficent and immense! How the once brown, almost black region of dogma has changed into green meadows indeed, and even the thorny wilderness of Calvinism made to blossom as the rose! Out of that bloom should come no curse or reproach, but only warm acknowledgments of gratitude to those, like Channing, who have wrought a difference so vast, so evident, and so benign.

I know how stoutly many of the orthodox preachers of our day declare that the whole idea of any departure from the ancient symbols and standards is a slander or a mistake. But, lo! my friends, am not I a living witness of the fact to which I refer? I was born and bred in the old gloomy New England belief. I hung my head, day after day, and for hours at a time, in my boyhood, before a revengeful God, like an iron pillar; with hopeless prayers, a hundred times repeated that *he would be merciful to me a sinner*, before I knew of any sin that lay at my door! I thought him cruel and hard; and when women fainted in the hot and ill-ventilated church, and were borne out on the shoulders of men, I supposed they were summoned to the dreadful judgment that had just been held forth from the desk. How heavy and corrupt was the religious as well as the natural air!

I look daily out of my window at the spot in Boston where Channing lived. The large elm-tree at his threshold, lofty

and lowly, with its massive trunk and its drooping branches, as he was lofty and lowly, though with some of its limbs lopped off, still overshadows his, to me, so familiar roof. Does the house stand, and does the tree renew its verdure, and is he gone to be extant no more? He is present and alive, at least to me. I feel moved sometimes to go and ring the bell, if I might venture to ask leave of those who occupy the mansion now to enter the room where he, the friend and saint, sat and studied and talked. Best of listeners as the eloquent man was, he also hearkened till the silence was almost painful to the guest, scarce ready, though so earnestly invited and entreated, to speak on the subject in hand. Does the tree then survive, and has he deceased? I know not *how* in form and circumstance he is. But I question not that he *is*, and is here, even as is the Master whose table is spread at this shrine with the emblems of the transcendent love and sacrifice. He is where he lives and works, and loves and leads. Does the tree that, like all nature, was so dear to his eyes, outlive himself? I have no such idea of the longevity of a tree. I have an idea, which none has done more than he to brighten and keep fresh, of the immortality of the soul. The tree is maimed, and predicts, in every limb, its own fall and destruction. He prophesied, in every faculty and affection, which were more youthful and vigorous in him the longer he lived, that human nature in such an unfolding, however it may be evolved and transformed angelically, can never die. The human soul, so long a minor, in Channing came to its majority. That is his crown.

After the benediction, many of the congregation passed into the vestry, at the invitation of Mr. Ware, to take a look at the old Federal Street pulpit, which is there preserved.

PULPIT TRIBUTES.

DR. CHANNING A MAN OF AFFAIRS.

From a Sermon preached in the South Congregational Church, April 11.

By Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.

. . . Not attempting myself to say a word more as to the measure of his moral greatness, I ask your attention to a single form of his work, which has, naturally enough, been neglected in the efforts to state succinctly the principle beneath it all. The men who remember him now, forty years after his death, are, of course, men who remember him in the time which covers the close of his life, as an invalid recluse, not often appearing in society, excepting as a preacher or a lecturer appears. It is almost taken for granted that he was not a man of affairs or of practice. But the truth is that in his college days, as appears from the places he held in the college societies and from the remembrances of his friends, he was accounted a man of business, to be intrusted with practical commissions. When he left college, they all supposed that he was to follow the law,—a profession then, as now, exacting skill in business as well as quick knowledge of men. When, at twenty-two years of age, he took the charge of the Federal Street Church, he

regarded the pastoral charge, the personal intimacy not only with his parishioners, but with the poor of the town, as the most important part of his duty. He declined a call to Brattle Street, because that congregation was larger, and he doubted whether he could meet the demands made on his strength. He accepted a call to Federal Street, because that congregation was smaller. But this choice was, you see, not because he meant to neglect these practical duties, but because he did not. Had he meant to be the studious recluse, appearing in public only as a speaker, which he is now represented, and which, in the bud of his life, he became, he would have chosen the larger congregation and not the smaller. In point of fact, from the moment of his ordination, he attacked the practical duty of a man who means to fight the devil on all his lines of approach, and to trample out sin wherever he finds it. He rejected that fallacy which supposes that a church is a private club for the mutual insurance of the members, but that they may be indifferent to the needs of others. He recognized the truth that he was one of twelve or fifteen ministers to the town, to whom were intrusted the moral affairs of the town — even of the lowest harlot and of the meanest publican — as they were not intrusted to men in other duties. To the cares of uplifting the moral life of the town, he addressed himself. For fifteen years, as I suppose, no man in the town was more active in such work, even in its details.

To understand the way in which he addressed himself to it, remember what the town was. It was a little seaport of some twenty-six thousand people, all told. It was not a place so large as Springfield is to-day. It more resembled the Gloucester of to-day. In the years which soon followed his settlement, its foreign commerce, on which it largely depended, was almost ruined by Jefferson's embargo, under the empire of which grass grew in State Street and on Long

Wharf. That was a period in its history not unlike what it went through under the Boston Port Bill, when George III. tried the same experiment. Probably, in those first years of Channing's ministry, Boston suffered more from the poverty of her people than she has suffered at any other period in the last century. To care for the poor in such a condition of things, to reform criminals, particularly criminal boys, to meet the dangers and difficulties which followed in a state of war, were all practical matters to which Channing addressed himself; just as Dr. Tuckerman did afterwards, or Mr. Charles Barnard, whom Channing trained to such work, or as Mr. Winkley does to-day. In this time, the school committee took new activity; and I think that for one or two years Dr. Channing acted as the chairman.

To speak of a significant detail, we say that in the customs of our time church parlors and rooms for week-day meetings are necessary for the practical work of a church. We want a vestry building ourselves for such purposes. There is a letter of Dr. Channing's, written in 1817, to the standing committee of his church, where he proposes such a building, and shows how it was to be used. He gives six uses to which it would be applied. Among other things, it was to have a church library, and he was to be the librarian; so that, giving out the books and receiving them, he could become better acquainted with the young people personally, and direct or advise their reading and their lives. That is no plan of a recluse orator.

To take another instance, which shows his habit even later. We think there is nothing more characteristic of our time than the modern review, in which the gravest theology is discussed in articles side by side with the latest literature or the most critical discovery. But such is exactly the plan of the *Christian Examiner*, formed at a meeting called in Dr. Channing's study by himself. His name heads the list

of members of the association formed to carry it on, followed immediately by that of Prof. John Farrar, the physicist, and that of Andrews Norton, the critic. It is not in the least a company of divines. There are merchants, engineers, physicians, in the society. Among early subjects prepared are: "Our National Union," to be discussed by Dr. Channing; "Lyceums," then in their infancy, by Dr. Dewey; "Railroads," to be treated by my father; and "Catholic Emancipation," by James T. Austin. The two subjects taken by Dr. Channing in early numbers were "American Literature" and the "American Union."

I think it would be found that the first copies of the European treatises on practical education, on the reform of schools, poorhouses, and prisons, received in America, were the copies received by Dr. Channing from his correspondents in Europe. The interest which he took in Fellenberg's school at Hofwyl, in the Baron Degerando's publications on social science, resulted in the wide extension of the knowledge of these men in this country; and I suppose we should find that the speculations of Fourier and of Robert Owen were carefully studied by Channing and his friends before they were studied in any other part of America.

As I have said, I suppose that in the first fifteen years of his ministry he was as largely engaged in the practical movement of the town in which a young man would gladly take a share as any man in it. I think it was in 1814 that he was engaged actively in the school committee, in a movement for the regulation of the Latin School. By that time, the population of the little town had increased to thirty-five thousand. We find it difficult to imagine such a Boston,—a town of gardens and orchards, a town of which it is said, with some pride, that there were in 1811 nine brick blocks of buildings and one of stone, a town suffering severely under the pressure

of the war and the events which led to it. But I believe no adequate estimate of the habit of Channing's work will be made, unless we bear in mind what that town was and what its aspirations were. Those people were not many, but they were proud. The same spirit which defied George III. was in them; and I hope it may always be in them. They were used to seeing in the old books and on the old maps that Boston was the "metropolis of America," and they meant it should be. They laid out their public institutions on a scale not for a little provincial fishing-town, but for a metropolis, indeed. Remember their numbers, and think what it was to build the Massachusetts Hospital, to establish on a generous scale the American Academy and the Historical Society, the Charitable Mechanic Association, the Boston Library, and the Athenæum, the asylums for orphan boys and orphan girls, to develop the public schools by the addition of the high schools, which are a pure Boston invention, to raise the college from an "academy" to a university, and to erect and organize the new houses of industry and reformation and like institutions. Imagine any town you know of those numbers, even with the much larger wealth of to-day, undertaking such enterprises in the course of fifteen years. They had a genius for public spirit: they liked to turn their thought that way, and to spend their money that way.

In such a community of whom every leader was in his way an idealist, such men as Channing and Murray — idealists eager to see the world made over — found their fit welcome. The old phrase that Boston was the "paradise of ministers" was not a mere joke. Such men were able to try their practical experiments here as Calvin tried his in Geneva, under circumstances not dissimilar. I wish I might dwell, in some detail, on the results. Without trying to do that, I will say that the work of the group of men who

surrounded Channing in those years frequently shows audacity such as I remember nowhere else in men's conflict with the errors and vices of society. You can compare it with nothing but Prescott's audacity in throwing up his redoubt on the hill yonder within the range of the English guns. The Church, in its various enterprises of reform, as those men speak of them, proposes, not simply to reduce the amount of vice and pauperism, but to trample out those diseases. Just as three years ago, by vigorous measures, your Board of Health reduced the deaths by small-pox here from hundreds to one solitary case, where a poor stranger died, so these men expected to reduce pauperism to be the accident of exile. When Dr. Channing and his friends established their society for this purpose, they did not call it a society for the "Relief of Pauperism" or the "Diminution of Pauperism": they called it a society for the "Prevention of Pauperism." When they established the "Ministry at Large," they meant that every man, woman, and child in Boston should be sure of the counsel and help of a sympathizing Christian friend. And that illustration shows their habit all along. You will find in their speeches, in their reports, in their private letters, that they really mean to make this little town to be a "city of God," in which the vices and the crimes which have stained city life in other countries shall be unknown. Well, there has been no lack of such enthusiasts in other places; but the peculiarity here was that for a long term of years these enthusiasts virtually led the town in their plans. The rich men and its political leaders were as much interested in such schemes as they were. They supplied the means, they brought out the detail, and they gave their personal supervision in that happy exercise of public spirit which shows itself in like work at this day. So soon as an evil was observed in social order, the measures prepared were measures large enough to meet it

in full. Were there orphans, the orphan asylums were made large enough for them all. Were there children, the schools were made large enough for all. The Massachusetts Hospital was to be built large enough for all who needed it in Massachusetts and in the province of Maine. Nobody seems to have thought of leaving this or that detail to this or that side direction. If they acted at all, they acted for the whole. You see they were bound to such a course, in mere decency or consistency. "Perfectibility of human nature," — who had a right to talk of perfectibility of human nature, when boys and girls, men and women, were sent every day to the House of Correction not perfected? Every word that they said of the divinity of man and of his oneness with God compelled them to show that the meanest could be lifted up so that they could stand, and that this ideal gospel of glad tidings should be proclaimed to all who were in need, not by the voice only, but in the practical efforts of human love.

It is the feeling that they can try their experiments of reform at once, in their own town and State, which gives a definiteness to those statements which such schemes are apt to lack. Indeed, when John Lowell or Colonel Perkins or Charles Jackson or Jonathan Phillips or Josiah Quincy drew up a scheme or made a statement, there was no more reason why it should lack definiteness than if it had been a State paper or an account of trust. The action and reaction between the thinkers and the actors in such a community has a very great interest, and it should not be forgotten in reading the expression which the time made in literature. "We governed the Commonwealth," said one of the youngest of those men to me thirty years ago, "and they let us govern it because we governed it so well."

I need not say that this set of conditions has been largely changed. It was changed to the very foundation by the settlement in Boston of a population wholly outnumbering

the natives,—a population of alien descent, of alien traditions, and an alien religion,—jealous of interference from those it found here, and resenting the moral influences which, in the days of a homogeneous race, could be extended alike over each and all. I know that if Dr. Channing were living here now he would still speak of the "divinity of human nature" and the "possible perfection of human society." But he would speak of each in different phrases from what he did use, and he would not speak with that certainty of speedy abolishment of this evil or that evil which you find once and again in his letters and addresses. In his early days, this whole town was opened to the appeals, nay, welcomed the advice and help, of those moral leaders to which, by tradition and history, was intrusted the guidance of this town. In our days, three-fifths of the people distrust those appeals, and, so far as they look anywhere for moral guidance, find it in the directions of the servants of a foreign prince, themselves unused to our civilization, ignorant of its history, and indifferent as to its plan. It is in such a change that a certain chill comes over us who read the prophecies of the idealists, as they made them sixty years ago. If we think they spoke too hopefully, it is because we are living in other conditions, wholly changed from those which were around them.

Let us of to-day, however, not be paralyzed nor discouraged. When we find the real secret of the power of Channing, we find it not in the conditions of his life, not in the methods of his intellectual process, not in such superficial accidents as the sweetness of his voice or the correctness of his style or the books that he read or the philosophy which he devised. The secret is the open secret of nearness to God—"Nearer, my God, to thee!" This was the struggle of those days of his early manhood, to read which is to read the agonies of a Greek tragedy,—to seek God, to find God.

This is the success of his life, and then to do his Father's work, whatever that work might be. Did God choose to have a school system amended, "Here am I: send me." Or did God choose that a house of industry should be organized, "Here am I: send me." Or is it that a hundred idols, reared in dark ages of theology, shall be insulted and hurled from their pedestals, "Here am I: send me." Or is it that the absolute statement of right shall be made in the matter of human slavery, "Here am I: send me." Brethren, we do not want to look on all this as if it were a thing of the past. We do not want to talk of this prophet as we might talk of Orpheus or of Amos, prophets to other ages, whose work is now a curiosity of history. It is a prophet of our own time whom we consider. It is for the work of our own future that we consider him. We will look forward and not back. Looking forward, it is that I beg you, young men and young women who are of this generation now stepping upon the scene, to work in the spirit in which your fathers worked. Make large plans, nor be satisfied with small. Look square in the face the whole duty, and trust in the infinite Ally. The ignorance of those around you, — their intemperance, their selfishness, their dirt, their disease, their sin, these are great evils, very great; but the precise business for which you are sent into the world — children of God, God's sons and daughters — is that you shall meet great evils and tread them down. It is not to a small work that a "prince of the blood royal" is commissioned. It is not to a small work that he condescends. In all this noble eulogium to a great leader of men, there is no blessing, there is no good, unless you who are of to-day and of to-morrow are willing to take larger work upon your shoulders, as God has given to you a larger field and larger power,— that so his kingdom may come and his will may be done on earth as it is in heaven.

CHANNING UNITARIANISM.

From a Sermon preached in the Church of the Unity, April 4.

By Rev. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

. . . So, in these modern days, there has sprung up, it seems to me, this growth of sentimental admiration for Channing, going along with an utter misconception of his real spirit and life; so that the men who claim to be governed by his principles, and assume to themselves the honor of his name, are the very ones who never think, to-day, of saying and doing the things, the like of which Channing said and did in his own time. There has come to be talk of the "Channing school" of Unitarianism. There are those who claim to represent what they think to be the Unitarian ideal which Channing represented and outlined; those who deprecate the advocacy of any doctrines not to be found in Channing's works, or in their interpretation of his works; those who would not go one step further than Channing went in his own lifetime. Channing Unitarianism has been used in these later years to stop the mouths of earnest, strong-thinking young men, has been used as a chain to bind their freedom, has been used as though it were the watchword of a petty little sect created to perpetuate the peculiar ideas that Channing is supposed to have held. Men and women say, "I can't bear such *radical* preaching," or "I can't abide science in the pulpit," or "I wish people knew when to stop," for — "I'm a Channing Unitarian." I wish, then, this morning to raise the question as to what Channing Unitarianism means, what it has been in the past, and what we may regard as its probable outlook in the future.

Channing Unitarianism, in the sense in which those words are used, implies three things which I wish just to refer to. It implies in the first place the creation of a little

Unitarian sect. Of course, it means nothing, unless that there are certain churches and certain people that are "Channing" in their doctrines, in distinction from other people and other churches which are not. It means, further, the establishment of a creed. It makes no difference that the creed is not written or printed, because, if one is to be a Channing Unitarian in distinction from any other kind, it must be by holding certain beliefs which Channing is supposed to have held and advocated; and these, of course, will constitute a creed. It implies still one more thing; and that is the supposition that Channing believed that there had been a completed revelation of divine truth from which this finished and perfected creed could be drawn. Now, I wish not to weary you; but I must read a few extracts that I have culled from Channing's works, to illustrate the positions which he really held on these points. Here is something that he says concerning sectarianism: —

> A sect skilfully organized, trained to utter one cry, combined to cover with reproach whoever may differ from themselves, to drown the free expression of opinion by denunciations of heresy,— such a sect is as perilous and palsying to the intellect as the Inquisition.

And, of his own position in regard to sectarianism, he says: —

> I have no anxiety to wear the livery of any party. I indeed take cheerfully the name of a Unitarian, because unwearied efforts are used to raise against it a popular cry. Were the name more honored, I should be glad to throw it off; for I fear the shackles which a party connection imposes. I desire to escape the narrow walls of a particular church, hearing with my own ears and following Truth meekly but resolutely, however arduous or solitary be the path in which she leads.

Again: —

> Christian truth is infinite. Who can think of shutting it up in a few lines of an abstract creed? Christianity is freer, more illimitable than

the light or the winds. From the infinity of Christian truth of which I have spoken, it follows that our views of it must always be very imperfect, and ought to be continually enlarged. Every new gleam of light should be welcomed with joy. Better for the minister to preach in barns or the open air, where he may speak the truth from the fulness of his soul, than to lift up in cathedrals, amidst pomp and wealth, a voice which is not true to his inward thoughts.

And in his address in dedicating Divinity Hall at Cambridge: —

To train the student to power of thought and utterance, let him be left, and, still more encouraged, to free investigation. . . . Teach the young man . . . that he has a divine intellect for which he is to answer to God, and that to surrender it to another is to cast the crown from his head and to yield up his noblest birthright. . . . Guard him against tampering with his own mind, against silencing its whispers and objections that he may enjoy a favorite opinion undisturbed. Do not give him the shadow for the substance of freedom by telling him to inquire, but prescribing to him the convictions at which he must stop. Better show him honestly his chains than mock the slave with the show of liberty.

We must never forget that free rational thought is the greatest gift of God.

To free inquiry then [still from the address in dedicating Divinity Hall], to free inquiry then, we dedicate these walls. We invite into them the ingenuous young man, who prizes liberty of mind more than aught within the gift of sects or of the world. Let heaven's free air circulate, and heaven's unobstructed light shine here; and let those who shall be sent hence go forth, not to echo with servility a creed imposed on their weakness, but to utter, in their own manly tones, what their own free investigation and deep conviction urge them to preach as the truth of God.

And once more: —

I must choose to receive the truth, no matter how it bears upon myself, must follow it, no matter where it leads, from what party it severs me, or to what party it allies.

And then again, for the consideration of those who think

that Channing himself thought that he had attained ultimate truth: —

I apprehend there is but one way of putting an end to our present dissensions; and that is not the triumph of any existing system over all others, but the acquisition of something better than the best we now have.

And his definition of freedom: —

I call that mind free which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers, which calls no man master, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven.

Towards the last of his life, when he had almost retired from the ministry, he wrote: —

As I grow older, I grieve more and more at the impositions on the human mind; at the machinery by which the few keep down the many. I distrust sectarian influences more and more. I am more detached from a denomination, and strive to feel more my connection with the universal Church,

Which he defines as "all good and holy men."

I must read you one more passage. James Martineau, of London, a few years ago, during the last of Channing's life, was regarded as dangerously radical by his friends; and Channing writes to him: —

Old Unitarianism must undergo important modifications or development. It began as a protest against the rejection of reason, against mental slavery. It pledged itself — [To what? To the creation of a little sect called Channing Unitarianism?] — it pledged itself to progress as its life and end; but it has gradually grown stationary, and now we have a *Unitarian Orthodoxy*.

That is Channing's own utterance. And it is well known, to those who are familiar with the history of that time, how Channing was one of the few men that held out his hand in sympathy to the young, impulsive, and outlawed Theodore Parker. And one of the famous sayings of his life, which

rings out in tones worthy of the war-cry of an immortal, was, "Always young for liberty!"

I had in mind some other passages that I had thought to read to you, illustrating and emphasizing these same points; but I must pass them over, for lack of time. Now let us for a moment glance at the outline of his life, to see how this bears upon the question as to where he really stood as a theologian.

When he became a young man and first began to preach, Channing stood very near what we should call liberal Orthodoxy to-day. He progressed from that to Arianism: that is, — to give you its definition in a word,— the doctrine taught by Arius concerning the person of Christ: that Jesus was a supernatural being, but not equal to God; that he had lived in a pre-existent state, and had come into this world with a special mission from the Father to save and lift up the human race. He went on from this to his old age, and broadened more and more, until at the last, as the Rev. Mr. Brooks, his biographer, tells us, he was a broad-hearted humanitarian. His nephew, W. H. Channing, of London, the one who has written his biography, tells us the same. And last fall I had the privilege of conversing with Dr. Channing's son, who is now residing in Providence; and I asked him the plain question, "What did your father believe at the last? What was his theological attitude?" And he told me that he broadened more and more to the last day of his life, and died a simple humanitarian. This does not deny that he held this special belief or that, but rather refers to his spirit and sympathy. And it is a little significant, as showing at least the influences that were around these boys, to see that both Dr. Channing's son and the son of Dr. Gannett, his long-time colleague, are utterly free and universal to-day, in their theological views.

And Dr. Bellows has said : —

> If anything would move Channing's spirit to indignation in his heavenly state, and make his bones stir in their resting-place, it would be the knowledge that his name was used as a block to the progress of religious thought.

And Mr. E. P. Whipple calls him "the father of Theodore Parker, and the grandfather of O. B. Frothingham."

My purpose so far is not to espouse this side or that, but to give you, as far as I can, a reflection of the inner life and essential principles of Channing. Now, then, let us raise the question, What is Channing Unitarianism? What must we mean by it? Why, if you just transcribe Channing's life at the first, you can get Orthodoxy; touch it a little later, and you get Arianism; touch it a little later, and you get what is called Conservative Unitarianism; touch it at the last, find Channing's life as it gradually faded out of humanity and became one with the Divine, and you find him a free and broad and simple humanitarian. And, if we govern ourselves by this one idea, if we take as Channing Unitarianism not simply what he said at any particular time, not simply what he did at any particular period of his career, but the essential underlying ideas of his life, what shall we find Channing Unitarianism to be? What were his fundamental principles? They were three, and they were very simple, very broad: they were nothing narrower than those of universal religion. The first was an undying faith in God,— trust in the integrity, the goodness of the universe. The next was an undying belief in the possibilities of human nature,—faith in man and what man might become. Third and last was a pure, simple, free-thinking, reverent rationalism, as his one universal life-long method,— the method which he applies to all subjects in his search for truth. Faith in God, faith in man and reason,— these are the three central, underlying, formative, life-giving principles of Will-

iam Ellery Channing. They manifested themselves, of course, in the formal doctrines of the time. If a person chooses to say, "I cannot listen to any talk of modern science, or about evolution or Darwin, because Channing did not say anything about these things," why, of course, any one on a moment's reflection will see that this is simple absurdity, for the very good and sufficient reason that these subjects were not prominent in Channing's time. To look for these in Channing would be like searching Shakespeare for some reference to the telephone. The thing we are to do, then, is to find out the principles that moulded and shaped Channing's life, and by so doing we shall find in the true sense the meaning of the term Channing Unitarianism. We must not, parrot-like, repeat his words or, ape-like, imitate his deeds, but ask ourselves the question, What would Channing think, what would Channing do, how would he act, and how would he deal with the living questions of to-day? This is Channing Unitarianism.

Let us take an illustration. There are two ways in which you can claim to represent Lord Bacon, to be an exponent and adherent of the Baconian philosophy. One is to devote yourself to celebrating the achievements of Bacon himself, reiterating his language and practising that which he did; another is, to accept his method, which is really the great thing which he has added to the history of the civilized world, and carry that out into the infinitude of modern life, and let it develop as many grand and noble things as possible. How will you best honor the man who first invented the boat and navigated the sea,— simply, by keeping on all your life constructing the simplest and clumsiest kind of dug-outs like that which he invented, or by building the finest A 1 clipper or steamship that you can, that which really carries out the work which he undertook to do? It was not simply the building of the dug-out that he devoted himself to, it was the principle of navigating the seas; and

the man who carries out this work into its finest and truest development is the one who is the truest representative of his spirit. Suppose a man should propose to celebrate and honor Watt and Stephenson, and in doing that should take no account of any improvement of the steam-engine that has been invented since their times, regarding them as questionable novelties: would that be the true way to honor the men? Rather would it not be the greatest honor to recognize the principle of their magnificent invention, and rejoice in all its widest unfolding and the highest point of development to which it can be carried? And so the truest representative of Channing is not the man who repeats Channing's words, not the man who tries to keep the world from turning around any longer, but to hold it simply in the position where it was when Channing died, but the man who is fired in his heart by Channing's spirit, a man who has Channing's love for and faith in man, Channing's trust in God and the universe, Channing's fearlessness in defence of truth, Channing's devotion to the lifting-up of men, to the development of everything that shall go to make the world finer and sweeter and better, and who can say with Channing that he welcomes every new ray of light that comes into the world, who dares to follow truth wherever it leads him, from whatever party it severs, or to whatever party it allies. The man who feels that truth is safe and that all truth is a manifestation of God, he is the true follower and representative of Channing in this hundredth year after his birth.

DR. CHANNING THE IDEAL AMERICAN.

On Thursday, April 8, the Rev. William H. Channing, of London, spoke to a large congregation in the South Congregational Church on "Channing as the Ideal American."

The *Journal* of the next day contained the following report of that discourse:—

Mr. Channing read, as the basis of his discourse, a portion of the third chapter of Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians. He spoke first of the pleasure that he had derived from his return to Boston, the place in which he was born and brought up; and next of the men of this country who have been eminent or who are now eminent as jurists, scientists, authors, artists, merchants, and reformers. In the list of reformers, he placed as leaders Jonathan Edwards, Charles Chauncy, and William Ellery Channing,— the last of whom he characterized as a dear son of God. He continued: I wish to speak to you of that man as the ideal American. If ever a person had a peculiar privilege in his birthplace, it was Channing; for he was born in the land of Roger Williams, who was the real author of the life of Rhode Island. It was under the influences of that life that Channing was reared and trained. Then he had the advantage of going to Virginia, and being face to face with the very best type of Southern statesmen. And then, to crown and complete the circle of these influences, in his early manhood his lot was cast in Boston. What is the central idea, the quickening principle, of all our institutions? You know that magnificent saying of his, that all men are of one family. But do you know what is the inner significance of it? It is this: every child of God is a prince or princess of the blood royal. Channing taught thus that everything of kingliness and queenliness was in human nature, in humanity developed after the image of God. To whom were given those grand lectures of his on "Self-culture" and the "Laboring Classes"? The grandest statement made in them is where Channing expresses to the young apprentices of the Mechanics' Library that he feels it a greater honor to speak to them of their possibilities than if he were summoned to

deliver an address before the assembled courts of Europe Now, see what was the next principle, following directly from this. It is that we are peers together in our Father's home, that we are all children of God in this great family of God. He had a conception of a universally cultivated people, in which genius should be as prodigal as flowers in midsummer. And here is one grand word of his, still a word of prophesying: "Laboring men and laboring women," said he, "demand of our statesmen that the public lands of this nation, which are our common heritage, be consecrated to universal education."

Well now, once more, look into that sermon of his upon spiritual freedom. When the sermon was delivered, the Governor came to hear it; the citizen soldiery was there; the Old South was crowded to its roof-tree. Read again that sermon. Teach your boys that passage in which he describes what spiritual freedom is. It should be written in lines of light upon the walls of all the public schools. But there came something more, and it is yet to be considered, for we have sadly forgotten it. What we call political power is not a right: it is a privilege to which we have no claim; it is a free gift of God; it is a free gift of humanity. We claim the right of suffrage. Channing's doctrine was directly opposite: it is the duty of suffrage; it is how far is your conscience enlightened to know justice,—how far is your reason illuminated to know the truth? You claim the right to stand here? Prove it! His doctrine was never that of promiscuous suffrage: he would have men go to the polls as they would go to an act of worship, as if they were doing an act seen in the courts on high, as if it were being measured there by those scales of infinite equity. We need a thorough regeneration in this matter. An entire new era is to come, and when that era comes we may exclude the harmless and the insane, but we shall exclude

men who are drunk until they regain their reason: we shall shut out the man who dares offer a bribe to his fellow; we shall welcome our mothers, our sisters, our wives, and our daughters. Then for the first time shall we be a free and united people. It is time that doctrine were widely taught in the name of God and of Christ. It was this sublime idea of mankind and womankind, of chivalric heroism, that was the very inspiration of Channing's life. He never uttered a word of apprehension for this republic. He foresaw all its troubles, but never for one single instant did he despair of it. I challenge any critic to find in his writings any word of distrust. Channing's conviction was clear as sunshine that there was but one method by which our republic could realize this sublime ideal that had been handed down by Puritan ancestors, that had been washed by the tears of despairing nations, that had been cleansed in the blood of martyrs who had died in vain across the seas, and that he that was the greatest of all should be the minister of all, that there should be perfect equality in all things. He said again and again that there should not be in this republic one single pauper, one single criminal, one single untaught and unrefined child. It is a general government; it is a universal government: the birthright is for all; it is we who are guilty of pauperism and crime and degradation. The reason why he pressed so earnestly forward to declare the gospel of the Son of God was not because it interested him as a theologian, but because he saw the intense practical power of the new life which was working amid the nations. He drew very near to the beloved Son,—not as he was centuries ago in Palestine, not as he breathed out his soul on the cross. Jesus has risen. Jesus is glorified. Jesus is influential. Jesus has been passing through all these centuries of trouble in the past to make Christendom Christian, to make humanity human; and, from the time he woke in

the morning until he slept at night, it was Channing's endeavor to enter into his labors, to bear the cross upon that road that leads to heaven and to God. He believed that nothing but the Christian life in our Commonwealth could bring any real republic, that it could be alone done by uniting all the children of God.

Has this been done? William Ellery Channing, if he were here, would say: "Ask yourselves why that awful judgment of God came upon you in the civil war? Are you sure that that punishment was enough? Do you see no more awful civil war than that between the States? Do you want me to name it? Your own consciences tell you in advance. What means this high, insane passion for wealth? What means this miserable pride in class, in nominal property, in money for yourselves? Money is well enough when it is held as a trust from the Great Giver of all; but the man who stalks up and down these free States, saying that he owns so much bank-stock, so much in factory shares, so much of God's free soil, is a man who is not doing the will of God. I tell you the time will come when it will be said that this form of possession is another form of slavery. To stand as a steward of God is all right,— God's blessing be with you,— but to coin blood out of the laboring classes is simply robbery in the sight of God." That is what he would say to you. He would say, Shame on you, unless you feel the privilege and the honor of universal industry. What is the power whereby demagogues wield the mob? It is because you who are privileged have not placed yourself in sympathy with the masses. The danger underlying our institutions is that these demagogues that lead the masses shall, like blind Samsons, pull down our house over our heads. The struggle to come is unfortunately worse than that between slavery and freedom; but it is before us, unless we do our duty. Mr. Channing spoke of his own sorrow for and disgust at recent

political revelations at Washington, after which he said: All Europe is aghast with the corruption of our politics, but the mightiest scorn of our bitterest foes is hardly to be compared with the reality. Away with it, away with it, at all costs! I ask for regeneration, for reformation, in this nation. I am told that, in the palaces of the merchant princes around the Common, there are young men who think politics beneath them. It seems incredible that a young American should dare in his inmost soul for one single hour to spit upon his birthright. What we need to learn is that those who are highest in their privilege should feel most their duty to serve the people. There is but one way in which this sublime work of regeneration can be effected, and that is by elevating the people. Divorce the Church from the Commonwealth! Our mission is to wed them in an indissoluble union, and the ring that binds Church and Commonwealth together should be knowledge and universal culture. Every home should be a church and a commonwealth; every home should be a college; in every community there should be those instrumentalities whereby man is formed in the Church of God.

THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

On the afternoon of Sunday, April 4, a union service of Sunday-schools was held in the Church of the Disciples. Classes with their teachers were present from the South Congregational Church (the Rev. E. E. Hale's), the Hollis Street Church (the Rev. H. B. Carpenter's), the Church of the Unity (the Rev. M. J. Savage's), the New South Free Church (the Rev. W. P. Tilden's), and the Church of the Disciples (the Rev. J. F. Clarke's). Addresses were made by each of the pastors named above, by the Rev. W. H. Channing, of London, and by Governor Long. The church was tastefully decorated for the service. Calla lilies and other potted plants were on each side of the desk; and a beautiful arch of green, with a graceful green fringe, rose to the top of the wall behind the desk. In the focus of the arch was a five-pointed star of white flowers with a crimson centre. On the left of the pulpit was a portrait of Dr. Channing.

President W. H. Baldwin, of the Young Men's Christian Union and superintendent of the Sunday-school of the church, conducted the exercises. The church was filled with the Sunday-schools, a large part of the congregation being young girls. Printed programmes of the exercises, with hymns, responsive services, and prayers, were distributed, giving all the people an opportunity to participate.

The first speaker of the afternoon was the Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale. He spoke of the character of the gospel as a particular revelation to children. It had been kept from the wise and prudent and had been revealed unto babes. The address was adapted to the age of his hearers, and impressed upon them the truth that the church is for children as truly as for grown people. The change in popular belief by which added importance was given to children was attributed to Channing. "Love God, love man, and live for heaven," was a motto inculcated by Channing; and it is as truly applicable to children as to any people.

The Rev. H. B. Carpenter, the only pastor of those present in whose church Channing had actually preached, followed Mr. Hale. Liberty as the greatest boon of earth — greater than life or limb — was the central thought of his address; and the application was to Channing, who was filled with the spirit of religious liberty, and who brought that liberty to others. Channing was greater than any political deliverer, inasmuch as religious liberty is of greater moment than any other liberty. Channing's writings were pronounced full of the great thoughts and deep reflections which fill the writings of Bishop Berkeley. The spirit of Berkeley and of Wordsworth met in the heart of Channing. The waters of life in his writings are sweet and soft, pure and limpid, and have permeated the nation's life, making great changes.

After singing, an address was made by the Rev. Mr. Savage, an address specially devoted to the children. It was a little biographical sketch of Channing, put in simple words and sentences, stating his beginning as an orthodox minister, and his service in the great movement which resulted in the establishment of the Unitarian churches. He was also pictured as a man fond of children, winning toward them even in his religious life. He was held up as the American

saint of religious freedom, and the meaning of the expression was explained to the children.

Mr. Savage was followed by the Rev. Mr. Tilden, who dwelt upon the influence of Channing's mother upon her son, directing him to a pure and noble life. Channing was a reflective boy, and the habit of thought was continued into manhood. Love of nature was a marked trait of his character; but it was love of nature as a work of God rather than as a thing of beauty. Channing's influence is of the kind which never dies; and, in the highest sense, he still lives, and will continue to live.

Dr. Clarke was the next speaker, and began at once with a story of Channing the boy, who got his first lesson in doubt of orthodoxy by hearing his father whistle after he had sat under the delivery of a sermon full of threats of the penalties for sin, as if he did not believe it. Channing's record as an abolitionist was briefly rehearsed, and an explanation was given, in language adapted to children, of the great change which was effected by Channing in the theology of his day,—how it was softened down from the wrath to the mercy of God in its presentation to the people.

Governor Long followed Dr. Clarke with a short tribute to the memory of Channing and a few words of sympathy with the gathering. Channing, he said, is one of those men who, though dead, live more and more in the expanding influence of their lives. Of men in New England, none is more worthy of commemoration than this man who was honored by the day's services. The Governor suggested the preparation of a brief biography of Channing for the especial benefit of children. He closed with the hope that Channing's life and genius and teachings would become as familiar as household words.

The closing address was made by Rev. William H. Channing, of London, who spoke of Channing's relations with his mother and of his great interest in children.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

ADDRESSES AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, MAY 25, 1880.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

I AM not competent, and, if I were, I am not inclined to undertake an analysis of Dr. Channing's distinguished power. From different mansions of our common household of faith, eloquent voices have spoken his praise, and dwelt upon the spiritual and intellectual characteristics of the man, and of the exalted position which he holds in the religious history of this age. And there are his writings, as faithful a portraiture of the inner man as the portrait of the outer man which you have hanging in your studies, the unconscious work of his own hand. My only qualification for the office which I have been honored by the invitation to discharge on this occasion is that I happen to be one of the rapidly diminishing number of those who had the privilege of Dr. Channing's personal friendship, and in whose minds the charm of his speech is still strong. I propose, therefore, only to talk to you about him, and to revive as vividly as I may the impression that he made on me. "To analyze the characters of those we love," says Wordsworth, "is not a common nor a natural employment of men at any time. We are not anxious unerringly to understand the constitution of the minds of those who have

soothed, who have cheered, who have supported us, with whom we have been long and daily pleased and delighted. The affections are their own justification. The light of love in our hearts is a satisfactory evidence that there is a body of worth in the minds of our friends, whence that light has proceeded." The admiration, the reverence, which have shone forth from so many hearts here and abroad, irrespectively of sectarian distinctions, on the hundredth anniversary of Dr. Channing's birthday, do they not testify more impressively than any words to the rare worth of him by whom they were inspired?

The portrait of Dr. Channing, with which you are familiar, strikes me as remarkably faithful. It is faultless.

It is hard for those who knew him in his manhood to believe that the spiritual power which he then manifested was prefigured by his physical strength in boyhood, that he was famous among his playmates as an athlete. Such, we are told, was the fact. His person in manhood was very slight. His physical hold upon this mortal life seemed to be of the feeblest. To the eye, he was an apparition that might vanish at any moment. He might have said, with Paul, that his bodily presence was "contemptible." Once, when speaking of the doctrine of non-resistance, he said he did not believe that he could *strike* a man, not from any question of his strength, but from his sense of the sacredness of the human person. The human body was to him the temple of the Highest, not made with hands. The doubt arose involuntarily in my mind whether, if he did strike, the man struck would be aware of it. It is the spirit, I believe, that keeps us all alive, even the strongest. In the case of Dr. Channing, that was evidently the vital spring of his being. That kept his most delicate organization here, and it is a wonder that it kept him so long. There was a softness in the expression of his countenance that I always

felt like velvet. His smile was all the sweeter for the appearance around his mouth of physical weakness, through which it struggled, a sunbeam through a cloud. His voice, — ah, that wonderful voice! — wonderful not for the music of its tones, but for its extraordinary power of expression. Whether from the delicacy of the vocal organ or from bodily weakness, I do not know, it was flexible to tremulousness. When he began to discourse, it ran up and down, even in the articulation of a single polysyllabic word, in so strange a fashion that they who heard him for the first time could not anticipate its effect,— how, before it ceased, that voice would thrill them to the inmost. I cannot liken it to anything but a huge sail, flapping about at first at random, but soon taking the wind, swelling out most majestically, as Sidney Smith said of Sir James Mackintosh that, "when the spirit came upon him, he spread his enormous canvas, and launched into a wide sea of eloquence."

We pronounced Dr. Channing eloquent in speech as well as in style. But no one could suppose for a moment that he had ever taken a lesson in elocution, or had ever given it a thought, so original, so entirely his own, was his manner of speaking. It was the pure personal conviction from which he spoke that inspired his voice, and took sole charge of it to its faintest modulations. When he read familiar hymns and passages of Scripture, one felt as if he had never heard them before. The effect of his reading was, at times, something more than a pin-drop silence: his hearers were awe-struck. I recall single words which, as he uttered them, seemed so big with meaning that to write them so that they might be as large to the eye as they were to the ear a whole side wall of the church would hardly have afforded space enough. While he spoke as he was moved, and because he thus spoke, his speech exemplified the finest principles of elocution. There could not be a more striking

instance of the rising and falling inflections, which the books tell of, than Dr. Channing's reading of the close of the Sermon on the Mount, where the wise man is compared to one who builds his house on a rock, and the fool is likened to one who builds upon the sand. In the former case, the hearer saw that the rain and the wind and the flood were wasting their fury; in the latter, you felt, before the catastrophe was announced, that the storm was doing its work, and the house was already rocking upon its foundations.

Men are not canonized until after death. But the delicacy of Dr. Channing's bodily frame was in such unison with his impressively spiritual character, he had so light a garment of flesh to put off, it so thinly veiled the spirit, that, long before it dropped off, he was invested, to our eyes, in an air of saintliness, as with a robe. No other man among us was so regarded as one having his constant walk and conversation with eternal verities, which were bringing him in life, as in death, "messages from the Spirit."

And now, if much that I tell you of him, and, relying upon your indulgence of old age, make bold to repeat,—if I do not repeat myself, I must repeat some one else, for little remains to be said, except what our friends, Frederic Hedge and William Henry Channing, have to say,—if what I relate seems hardly worthy of mention, you must make allowance for the peculiarly strong feeling of personal reverence which Dr. Channing inspired, and which made very impressive every word that fell from his lips. Certain things that he said made such deep and lasting impressions on my mind from his manner of saying them that every word of his appeared to be charged with authority. I had the privilege of hearing his Dudleian Lecture, to which I am happy, with our admirable and venerated friend, James Martineau, to acknowledge a great obligation. To the few brief remarks upon the character of Christ which occur in that

lecture, I owe much of the inexhaustible interest with which I have ever since pursued the study of that great life.

And then I was greatly helped by Dr. Channing, when he said in his own impressive way that it was not by controversy that the hold of the old dogmas upon the minds of men is loosened, but by the dissemination of undisputed truth and the expansive force of general intelligence; in a word, that doctrinal errors are not out-argued, but outgrown.

It was in accordance with this teaching that Dr. Channing rendered his best service to a liberal theology. It is true that he first became known as the advocate of liberal views. One of the earliest premonitory signs of the Unitarian and Trinitarian controversy that began in the first half of this century was a published correspondence between Dr. Channing and the Rev. Samuel Worcester, an eminent Orthodox clergyman of Salem. In a memoir of the late Rev. Thomas Worcester, the nephew of the Rev. Samuel Worcester and the son of the Rev. Noah Worcester, the friend of peace (of sainted memory), I find it stated that Dr. Channing submitted his letters to the Rev. Samuel Worcester in MS. to the Rev. Noah Worcester, the brother of his opponent; and that, after the correspondence was closed, when Rev. Samuel Worcester was informed of this fact, he expressed regret that he himself had not done the same,—had not subjected his letters to his brother's revision.

Dr. Channing's discourse at the ordination of Mr. Sparks was the first formal publication of Unitarianism in this country, or rather it was so received. And, as such, so wide and powerful was its effect, and to such learned, able, and, on the whole, courteous controversies did it give rise, that it makes our Baltimore church historical, a consecrated memorial spot. May it stand forever! Beside that discourse, the doctrinal writings of Dr. Channing are few. His theological influence wrought, not controversially, but much in

the same way that the principles of freedom and justice wrought in old anti-slavery times, in the thirty years' war of opinion for liberty that preceded the great Rebellion. Obnoxious as the anti-slavery cause then was, orthodox men who embraced it soon found it so rich and exhilarating that they discovered how innutritious in comparison were the old traditional husks from which they had all their lives been trying to draw sustenance, like "sucklings from the breasts of a dead mother." So frequently did this happen that it was a matter of regret with the abolitionists that they could not win over to their side an orthodox man who would stay orthodox, and so give the cause the advantage of his influence. My kinsman, Wendell Phillips (I am proud of the relationship), was the only man among them who retained a sort of reputation for orthodoxy; but somehow or other, in his case, it did not avail much. The reason, I suppose, was that it required a great quantity of orthodox repute, a great deal more than Wendell Phillips was credited with, to overbalance his bold and most eloquent speech. Thus it was that the influence of Dr. Channing's writings has wrought to enlarge and elevate the general mind. He has dwelt with such power upon the truths that *are* truths that the fetters of a false theology have broken and fallen away without one direct effort to sever them.

Dr. Channing has somewhere said that the defect of our Unitarian preaching is that it is fragmentary, lacking in unity; and that, while he felt deeply his own shortcomings, he was thankful for having been early and deeply penetrated with one great truth,— the sanctity of the human soul, the dignity of human nature. He was indeed blessed therein. Thence it was, from that deep fountain, faith, that there flowed from within him rivers of living water to refresh and inspire other minds. It was made unto him eloquence and wisdom and power. May I, friends and brothers, without

offence to propriety, add to Dr. Channing's the testimony of my humble experience of the advantage and satisfaction of being early possessed with some one great idea? I esteem it one of the chief blessings of my life that I was, more than half a century ago, taken with a strong desire to ascertain the simple historical truth concerning Jesus of Nazareth. This study has been my faithful companion, comforter, and friend. I cannot tell whether it is as a literary or religious question that it has most interested me.

The feeble health rendered Dr. Channing reserved and a recluse to such a degree that it has been said that he had no sense of humor. And we certainly never thought of telling him humorous stories in order to ascertain the fact. I think, however, that fine sense was latent in him. I am assured by one who knew him better than I that there was no question of its existence. I asked him once rather hesitatingly (it was at a time when I was riding full gallop that hobby of my steed) whether he ever read *Elia*, the first of humorists. "Oh!" he exclaimed with animation, "that is the finest English of our day." I do not think one can appreciate Charles Lamb's English and be insensible to his humor. Once, when we were talking of a popular writer of the hour, of whom I had expressed a favorable opinion, Dr. Channing asked with an amusing tone of contempt in every syllable, "Do you suppose he can say anything of anybody?"

The habitual tone of his mind was profoundly serious. No one could be in his presence without feeling that he was a man whose thoughts were running upon the greatest interests. He was often attacked by disease, when his life hung by a thread, and he knew how feeble the tie was that kept him here. Once, when dangerously ill, he expressed a desire to live, because he "had something to say." He lived among us, dwelling as few do in the inner world, and subsisting on food that our world knows not of.

In his later years, in order to escape from your east winds, he was wont to spend a few weeks in the spring time in Philadelphia, where he had special pleasure in the acquaintance of members of the Society of Friends, a body to whom he felt a strong attraction, cherishing great veneration for John Woolman and Elias Hicks, "those faithful sons of the morning," as the venerable Lucretia Mott calls them. Then it was that I had the pleasure and instruction of frequent intercourse with him. I remember how he spoke of Mr. Emerson, whose light had then risen and was shining on us all. "I do not know," said Dr. Channing, "that he tells me anything new, but he inspires me." (Is not this, by the way, a greater service than the communication of any amount of knowledge, secular or sacred?) "He has no partisans," he continued: "his warmest admirers hold their own. He does not need any. Emerson is a hero." It was on one of those annual visits that Dr. Channing delivered his lecture before our Mercantile Library Association upon "The Universality of the Age." As he had rarely spoken in public save upon religious occasions, I asked him, before the evening of the lecture came, whether he had ever been applauded while speaking. Upon his replying in the negative, I warned him of the applause that would be sure to break out as often as he should give it opportunity. I knew that, if it were distasteful to him, he would not hesitate to request its discontinuance. I had heard of his asking his hearers in church, before beginning his sermon, not to cough,—a quite unnecessary request, it seemed to me, as people forgot not only to cough, but even to breathe, when he preached, as I have heard it testified on more occasions than one. Once a friend who had just come from hearing him preach in his old pulpit in Federal Street told me that, at the close of a certain passage in the sermon, the people all over the church could be heard taking their

breath. The same report, almost in the very same words, came to me years afterwards, from one who had just been listening to Dr. Channing in New York. Generally speaking, the coughing of a congregation is the fault or the misfortune of the preacher. It always ceases when an impressive passage comes in the sermon. I had the whooping-cough pretty severely after I became a settled minister. I should be ashamed to mention it, if I had ever been seized with a paroxysm while in the pulpit, as that would have betokened that I was not interested in what I was doing. As with the preacher, so with the hearers: they do not cough when they are interested. But pardon me: I am growing garrulous.

On the occasion of Dr. Channing's lecture in Philadelphia, there was no restlessness, no clearing of throats, but a deep silence, broken by frequent impassioned bursts of applause, that ceased suddenly, as if there were a fear on all that a word might be lost. Seldom has such an assembly been gathered in our city. I never saw a large crowd more completely spell-bound. After speaking some thirty minutes, at a moment when he had the whole audience under his sway, he paused, and said that, with their permission, he would sit down and rest awhile,—a simple act, and in perfect character. Who else would have hazarded the resumption of his power? Who else would not have risked the fatigue, rather than have broken the spell and laid his wand aside? There was no one else but himself tired or likely to be. All else were drinking in great draughts of refreshment. When he rose again and resumed his discourse, the spell was as powerful as ever, and so it continued to the end. "What did he stop for?" one of the retiring crowd was heard to exclaim. "Why did he not go on, and tell us what he thought about everything?" I said to him afterward that I had warned him against the applause, but that it struck me

as very intelligent and hearty. "Oh," said he, "it did me good!" Did him good not as a personal tribute at all, but as an impressive declaration of agreement with him. Does not Mr. Carlyle somewhere quote Novalis as saying that his conviction of any truth is doubled in strength the instant another is of the same mind? The hearty assent of a thousand and more to one's word must needs do one good.

I do not think that in all Dr. Channing's writings there can be found so vivid a figure of speech as occurs in that same Philadelphia lecture. We Philadelphians boast of having given to the world Benjamin Franklin, of Boston. Dr. Channing gratified our pride by a graceful allusion to the illustrious philosopher, and said (I quote from memory) that "when Philadelphia should be a ruin, and the darkness of desolation should rest over the place, the kite with which Franklin drew the lightning from the skies would still be visible to the eye of posterity." We all saw it, floating, white, afar off in the darkness. Dr. Channing's fancy seems to me to be singularly subdued and chastened. It throws a delicate grace over his forms of expression. It never runs away with him, or betrays him into saying more than he felt. "People always sympathize," he once remarked, "with suppressed emotion." The least hint of reserved power always touches us to the quick. Every mother knows the pathos of the grieved lip when her infant child, equally ready to cry and to laugh, struggles to keep from crying. We felt that there was deeper faith in Dr. Channing than words could express.

No man could be more indifferent than he to literary reputation, rich as he was in literary qualifications. He esteemed nothing that he possessed, except as it could be made subservient to the best interests of his fellow-men. One of the discourses which attracted special notice abroad was one of his earliest publications, his sermon on War. "I think Channing an admirable writer," says Sydney Smith,

in a letter to Countess Grey,—"so much sense and eloquence! such a command of language! Yet, admirable as is his sermon on War, I have the vanity to think my own equally good, quite as sensible, quite as eloquent, as full of good principle and fine language; and you will be the more inclined to agree with me in this comparison, when I tell you that I preached in St. Paul's the identical sermon which Lord Grey so much admires. I thought I could not write anything half so good, and so I preached Channing." My friend, Mrs. Kemble, told me that, once in conversation with Miss Berry, the intimate friend of Horace Walpole, and religion was the topic, "My dear," the old lady said to her, "I am a *Channingite*." By the way, over what a long stretch of time a few lives may extend! Horace Walpole tells us that he recollected seeing, when a boy, a lady who belonged to the court of James II.

The essay on Milton, first published in the *Christian Examiner*, in 1826, contemporaneously with an article on the same subject in the *Edinburgh Review* by Macaulay, was Dr. Channing's first excursion from the pulpit. I remember receiving the number of the *Examiner* containing the essay, and thinking at first that it was the work of a new hand in that periodical; but I recognized the author before I finished it, although I was quite unprepared to meet Dr. Channing there. The two essays hardly admit of comparison. Macaulay's is, I suppose, the more learned and brilliant; but I cannot read Macaulay now without having in mind a remark of Dr. Johnson's, that he who writes antithetically "desires to be applauded, not credited,"—a remark which I suspect the grand old man made from the depths of his own consciousness. I call Dr. Johnson old: did any one ever imagine him as young? It is a long time since I read Dr. Channing's essay, but I remember it seemed to me to sweep on, a broad tide of eloquent enthusiasm. Dr. Channing's

works have been twice noticed in the *Edinburgh Review*, long the leading English periodical: first by Hazlitt, who is ill-natured and depreciating,— partly, I suppose, because, being the son of an English Unitarian clergyman, he had taken offence at certain remarks of Dr. Channing's unfavorable to the theology of the English Unitarians, Priestley and Belsham; but, more than that, Hazlitt bore no good-will to Dr. Channing for his most Christian estimate of Napoleon, — an estimate the justice of which time is confirming. Napoleon was Hazlitt's pet argument against legitimacy and the divine right of kings. Be that as it may, Hazlitt's ill-nature made not the slightest impression upon Dr. Channing, who always spoke of him with spécial interest. I doubt whether he ever read Hazlitt's criticisms, although I do not doubt that he knew of them. Everybody read the *Edinburgh* in those days, when there was not such a library of reviews as there is now.

The second notice of Dr. Channing in the *Edinburgh* was understood to be by Lord Brougham. It was characteristically savage. But it was not the first time that his lordship had committed the egregious blunder of disparaging men greater than himself. In the very first volume of the *Review* (in 1803), he had the ignorant arrogance to pronounce a paper "destitute of every species of merit," — a paper in the Philosophical Transactions, written by Thomas Young, the author of the undulatory theory of light, and the reader of the hieroglyphs,— a man of whom Professor Tyndall (and he is an authority) has said that, if a line were drawn from Sir Isaac Newton, horizontally down toward our time, it would pass over all heads until it came to Thomas Young, who towers *tota vertice* above all Newton's successors. I spoke once to Dr. Channing of Lord Brougham's notice of him, and, encouraged by his love of free speech, I said that, while the spirit of that notice was offensive,

some of the criticisms seemed to me to have force. "Oh, very likely," was his reply. "The favorable reception that essay met with was wholly unexpected by me. I have no doubt Lord Brougham is right. *I have never read his article.*" Considering the sensitiveness of our people to English opinion,— not now, perhaps, so marked as in those earlier days,— I admired Dr. Channing greatly for his indifference to what so distinguished a person as Lord Brougham thought of him. It was one of many proofs of how little he cared for fame. No concern for that ever biassed his judgment the weight of a hair. It has been observed that the members of all small sects are apt to inflame one another with exaggerated praise. And it must be admitted that, when the number of avowed Unitarians were small, we thought a good deal of one another. We were the wise men, doubtless; and wisdom would die with us. But it was never for a moment conceived that Dr. Channing was at all open to flattery. He was as insensible to it as nature herself, and we could no more think of moving him than her by our plaudits. Whether of good report or evil report in the critical world, it was all the same to him. When told that Robert Southey had pronounced him the most remarkable American he had met with, "It must have been then," he said, "because I was so good a listener. I hardly said a word. Mr. Southey did all the talking." Such being the case, we do not wonder that Southey spoke so highly of him. Is not the first qualification of a good conversationalist that he shall be a good listener?

Sir Walter Scott quotes Lady Mary Wortley Montagu as saying that the most romantic part of any region is where the mountains melt into the plains and lowlands. Some thing of the same sort, Sir Walter, with a poet's eye, finds to be true in history. Those periods, he remarks, being the most picturesque in which rude, barbaric customs are

beginning to be softened by the approach of greater enlightenment. And is not the same true in the history of opinions, of religious opinions? Is it not exemplified in our revered teacher and friend? It is interesting to note how, born when a theology reigned that made the atmosphere of New England thick with gloom,— it is beautiful to see how steadily, though gradually, his lovely light rose and penetrated and dispersed the clouds,— in a word, how constantly he grew, a growing man to the last, the old and the new mingling in him in ever-increasing disproportion; at the first, the most eloquent advocate of a liberal faith; at the last, caring less and less, as he said, for Unitarianism, and more and more for universal humanity. Advancing years brought no fetters for him; in age abounding in the faith and hopefulness of youth, growing ever younger, and like the morning light shining brighter and brighter, ever approaching the perfect day.

Addresses upon Channing were also given by Rev. Dr. Hedge and Rev. William H. Channing, of which we present abstracts: —

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. HEDGE.

There is nothing more respectable in man than his enthusiasm for a great and worthy object. The sentiment of reverence and admiration for what is excellent is the inextinguishable hope of human society. To it belongs the future of the race. What is it that we admire in Channing? I agree to all or nearly all that has been said by the eloquent speakers who have set forth in these centennial days the many noble qualities of the orator and the man. I still ask myself, Why do we admire the impersonation of these qualities in Channing? And the answer is, I think, because they are a revelation of our own nature,— in them we see

as in a glass our better selves. This unfathomable human nature of ours in its manifold and everlasting workings, out of the ground forces of its constitution has once again heaved up a character beyond the level of the common,— a peak that has caught a ray of the everlasting morning, and draws our wondering eyes. When I attempt to classify Channing, I find him to belong to that class of theologians whose opinions are shaped by their feelings,—who see through the medium of their sentiments,— the sentimental class. These are the ones who have acted with the greatest power in and on the religious world, and who have fed the life of the Church.

My next characterization of Channing may seem fanciful; but I am deeply in earnest when I say that he was one of those in whom a feminine soul incarnates itself in a masculine body. The feminine principle in human nature, we are told, is that which leads heavenward. There is a sex in souls as well as in bodies, and they do not always coincide. Occasionally, a masculine soul appropriates to itself a feminine body; and, on the other hand, a feminine soul is sometimes clothed with a masculine body. Lessing said that Nature intended woman to be her masterpiece, but she made a mistake in the clay and took it a little too soft. There was nothing "soft" in the opprobrious sense in Dr. Channing. But the feminine soul in him reveals itself in his exceeding refinement, in his moral sensibility, in his spiritual hunger, and negatively in his want of humor. It revealed itself above all in the excess of aspiration over insight.

Last of all, I define Channing as "the last of the Deists," —the man in whom Deism culminated and reached its Nirvana. I am aware that that name has an odious sound to orthodox ears, but I hasten to explain: not the Deism which rejects what is called, whether rightly or not, the

supernatural element in Christianity, but the theosophic Deism, which regards God as not only personal and formally distinct from creation, but as substantially separated from creation,— an outside God,— a mighty individual, who created not only the forms, but the substance of the universe.

In one thing, Channing stood before and above all others, and for it above all others we prize and praise him,— the one thing dear to men of all times and climes, dear, as nothing else is or can be, to the universal heart of man; and I am sure of the consent of all who hear me when I name it,— liberty; liberty based on the dignity of human life. This is what Channing especially stood for, labored for, and would have died for,— yes, and *did* die for, when out of the sanctuary of his own respectability he stretched forth his hand to aid the release of Abner Kneeland, imprisoned for freedom of thought; when in his solemn ire at the murder of Lovejoy he craved the use of the sacred place in which to offer up the birth-offering of public indignation. He died to the respect and good-will of old friends and fellow-citizens,— died to rise to life again, and to live forever in the gratitude and honor of the generations following.

ADDRESS OF REV. WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

As regards William Ellery Channing and his ideals, my impression is that his first ideal was this: the ideal of an integral education for every single mortal on this globe. He believed that every single human being was intrinsically great,— had genius, had heroism; that it was the accident of the time that prevented this outbreak of the divine, in all its varied forms, in every human being. He really believed in the possibility of an integral education that should bring out the latent virtue of the manhood and womanhood of the men and women around us. Then he had this other thought:

that you must make round, symmetrical, beautiful, this culture of the human being. Then he wanted the spirit of beauty poured through all life, to bind men together.

His second grand ideal was that of a perfectly organized society. He had set his whole heart and soul upon making this city of his adoption an ideal city. And, if you study his life as I have, you will be surprised to find how the little germs that he planted have developed here into grand institutions. He believed in the possibility of the capital of this Bay State, even when it was comparatively a little town, developing into a perfect type of a Christian community; and it was his deep sorrow that he could not take a more active part in hastening onward this development. He was not an enthusiast or a visionary. He was a man of solid judgment, a man of good business powers, pre-eminently a practical man; and, if you will talk with those who guided the business and social reforms of that day, you will see that his judgment was singularly critical and discriminating, and made apt suggestions, and that some of the best schemes for working came from his study.

Another ideal: it seems to me that, of all men who have lived since the days of our forefathers, no man has ever drunk more deeply of the fountains of the life of this Republic than did William Ellery Channing. His ideas and hopes for this nation were sublime. His thought was of a united nation that should bring out all the resources of art and of conscience, and of will and of imagination, and of aspiration, and blend them together into a perfect whole. He believed in the possibility of our taking such an attitude among the nations of the earth that we should be peace-makers and peace-keepers, standing as the great representative and prophet of a universal peace. And, while believing in this, he still believed that every nation should hold its own, and discharge its own trusts, and stand up to the work which God gave it to do.

He was the prophet of a transfigured humanity, the prophet of a Christ-like humanity, dwelling in close and living communion with God. That is what he was in hope and aspiration, and those who stood nearest to him know that that is what he was in character and life. He was a living temple, and from him flowed a holy influence, in every glance of his eye, in his every gesture and his every word. His mere presence was a benediction and an open heaven.

MEETING AT BROOKLYN, N.Y.

[THIS meeting, the largest and in many respects the most interesting and significant of all those held in America, has already been very fully reported in a handsome octavo volume, edited by Rev. Dr. Alfred P. Putnam, and published by Mr. George H. Ellis, 101 Milk Street, Boston. The following report is an abridgment from that fuller one.]

THE plan of the Brooklyn celebration was brought to the attention of the Trustees of the Church of the Saviour early in January. The enterprise was regarded with earnest favor; and a Committee of Arrangements was appointed to take it in hand and carry it forward to completion. People and churches of the neighborhood and the public at large, without regard to creed or name, were cordially asked to join in the celebration. The response from all sides was most gratifying. It was found that, however widely men were separated from Dr. Channing by their theological opinions, yet all recognized some vital point of agreement or sympathy with him.

The pulpit of the Church of the Saviour was occupied on Sunday, April 4, by Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Springfield, Mass., whose sermons, morning and evening, the one on "New Saints for the New Republic," and the other on "Our Common Christianity," closed with tributes to Dr. Channing, and formed a fitting introduction to the memorial services of the week.

The opening services of the Brooklyn meeting were held

in the Church of the Saviour on Tuesday evening, April 6. The church was filled with people of all denominations in the city, a large number of representative clergymen and laymen of the different sects and neighboring churches being in the audience. After a voluntary on the organ and an anthem by the choir, prayer was offered by the Rev. Rufus Ellis, D.D. The Rev. Joseph May read appropriate selections from the Scriptures. A commemorative discourse, from the text, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance," Psalm cxii., 6, was then delivered by Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, of Harvard University.

The memorial meeting was held in the Church of the Saviour on the next day, Wednesday, April 7, at 10 A.M. The church was again crowded with representatives of all denominations. There were many present from the neighboring towns and cities. On and around the pulpit and tablets were rich and abundant floral decorations. The baptismal font was surmounted with a large and beautiful cross and star of flowers, a gift from the Church of the Messiah, New York. Directly in front of the pulpit, resting upon an easel, and facing the audience, was the fine portrait of Dr. Channing by Ingham, kindly lent for the occasion by Dr. Bellows, its owner. The services were opened with a chant by the choir. After prayer by Rev. F. W. Holland, a former pastor of the first Unitarian congregation gathered in Brooklyn, the Rev. Dr. A. P. Putnam, Chairman, made the following address of welcome: —

REMARKS OF REV. DR. PUTNAM (Chairman).

Friends, we bid you one and all a hearty welcome to this celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of William Ellery Channing. Our first thought was to have a single service, to be held in this church, and to consist mainly of a commemorative discourse. But very soon the

plan assumed a larger form, and especially as we remembered that here was a name that belonged to the Church universal, that was reverenced in all communions, and that would most fittingly be honored by friendly voices from all the churches and sects around us. We therefore arranged a more extensive programme, and cordially invited ministers and laymen of Brooklyn and elsewhere, of whatever creed or worship, if they had any sympathy with the spirit or purpose of the occasion, or had any word to speak of love or gratitude in memory of Channing, to come and freely participate in the services. We were very glad, nor were we at all surprised, to find that representative men of quite every faith or name in the community were ready and more than willing to respond to the call, and to lend their presence and voices, too, in furtherance of the object we had in view. Many of them are with us here, and you will have the pleasure of hearing what they have to offer. Others have expressed the deepest interest in the proposed meetings of the day, and regretted that absence from the city or pressing engagements would render it impossible for them to attend. We invite the freest utterance on the part of those who may feel moved to address the audience, be they Protestants or Catholics; and we expect here this morning, and at the Academy this evening, a full and varied expression of honest thought and feeling in relation to the one great theme that engages us.

I shall not long detain you with words of my own, since there are so many others whom you have come and are waiting to hear. But, before I take my seat, I must read two or three letters which, of the many I have received from far and near, to be read during the proceedings of the day, seem to me a fit introduction to what may follow at this particular meeting. The first is from Rev. William H. Channing, nephew and biographer of Dr. Channing, who, as

you are well aware, has very recently arrived in this country from England, but whose engagement made long ago to be at Newport to-day prevents him from being present here with us. Another will be found to be of great interest to you, dictated as it was—though the signature is in his own handwriting—by the Rev. George G. Channing, of Milton, Mass., the only surviving brother of him whom we meet to honor, and himself now ninety-two years of age. Patiently he awaits the not-distant hour when he shall rise to join the ascended and sainted one. And another letter still is from the Rev. Charles T. Brooks, the revered and beloved poet-preacher, who for so many years was the minister of the Unitarian Church at Newport, Channing's birthplace.

[These letters, with many others, some of which were read by Rev. S. H. Camp at later stages of the meeting, and some were received after the celebration was over, will be found in the Appendix of the fuller Report of this meeting.]

I have a special purpose in introducing Mr. Brooks' letter just at this point. Much anxiety has been felt, as you know, lest the required sum of fifty thousand dollars for the new Memorial Church at Newport might not all be pledged by the time the corner-stone should be laid to-day. Great effort has been made to this end in various quarters. Last Saturday, I received a telegram from Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn, present minister of the Society there, saying that five thousand dollars more were needed, and asking additional help from the Church of the Saviour. On Monday, I sent him word that my people on Sunday had contributed another thousand, and asked him to let me know by Tuesday the state of things. This morning before breakfast, a telegram came, informing me that there was still, at the last hour, a deficiency of two thousand dollars. Through the generosity of a member of my parish, it was my privilege and joy to return immediately the message that the deficiency was met.

[Applause.] It is, therefore, permitted our assembled friends there to go on and lay the corner-stone of the new edifice with rejoicing; and I cannot help feeling a little pride that it has been given to my own beloved Church to add the capstone. [Renewed applause.]

And now I beg to present to you Rev. Dr. Farley, my venerable predecessor as pastor of this Church, who is connected by marriage with the family of Rev. George G. Channing, and who will speak to you of Dr. Channing from personal acquaintance and varied associations with him.

REMARKS OF REV. DR. F. A. FARLEY.

I do not think, my friends, that there is any heart among you that is filled with more grateful emotions than my own, in connection with all the associations of this anniversary. It was my good fortune — shall I not, rather, say that it was "by the blessing of God" my great privilege? — to know Dr. Channing in the early and more impressible period of my life, and especially during my preparatory studies for the ministry.

I recur to the time when I was a student in the Divinity School at Cambridge, and when I was accustomed to go into Boston on the return of the Lord's day, and listen to the preaching of this eminent man.

The first reminiscences of Dr. Channing, therefore, which come to my mind, are connected with his public ministry, with the discharge of his duties in the Christian pulpit; and I am sure that, among those who have been preachers of Christ and his holy gospel, never has there been a man who, from the sacred desk, more entirely held the minds and the hearts of those who listened to him; and never were there people who sat under preaching with more reverent

and yet more tender feeling than those who heard the sweet, gentle, inspiring, mighty words of that sainted man of God.

After what was said by our dear Brother Peabody last evening in his admirable discourse, it might seem superfluous to attempt even to give expression to the recollections which rise from my own memory, in relation to the manner of Dr. Channing, the matter of his sermons, the power which they manifested, or even to glance at the influence which must have followed, and which we know did follow and is still destined to follow, his remarkable utterances and published writings. But I am called, and must obey.

Among the portraits of Channing there is one that has not been given to the public, and is now the property of my brother-in-law, George G. Channing, of Milton. It is a portrait painted by the celebrated Stuart of Boston. Somehow or other, the widow of Dr. Channing, and, I believe, both of his surviving children, did not value this portrait as it has always seemed to me it deserved; and therefore, among the various portraits which have been made, and which have been copied by the engraver and the photographer and sent forth to the world, this does not appear. But it remained a very treasured memory in the mind of the late Dr. Walter Channing, eminent in the medical profession, and of his brother George, as also of his sister, Mrs. Russell. It is now, as I said before, the property of the Milton branch of the family in Massachusetts. That portrait presents to my own remembrance Channing, as at that day he appeared in the pulpit of the old Federal Street Church. He is painted in the costume which was then almost universal with our clergy, of the robe and surplice and bands. And it brings him before me every time I look at it with a lifelike power, precisely as he seemed to me in the very prime of his active ministry. Next to that, I should place the por-

trait by S. Gambardella, painted in 1839, when Dr. Channing was fifty-nine years old; a fine line engraving of which, by Kimberly and Cheney, is prefixed to the second volume of the admirably finished Memoir of his distinguished uncle, by William Henry Channing; and a photograph of the same to our Brother Charles T. Brooks' interesting volume, "A Centennial Memory," just from the press, and which, in passing, I desire warmly to commend to my hearers.

The portrait before you was executed by the late Charles C. Ingham, of New York, at his own suggestion, on one of Channing's visits to that city, and is now the property of Dr. Bellows, who very kindly lent it to us for this occasion. In some respects, those of you who are familiar with the portrait of Gambardella will be able at once to trace a very considerable resemblance between this and that. Gambardella's is the latest, and was painted for Dr. Channing's intimate friend, the late Jonathan Phillips, of Boston, the senior deacon of his church. There is very much about Ingham's portrait that is like Dr. Channing in the later years of his life. It presents, certainly, an image of that thin, spare habit, which was a very marked point in his personal appearance, and of the *spirituelle* expression of his face.

You have been told that he was what, in a certain sense, may be called a tiny man. He *was* tiny in his figure. He was a very small man, and proportionately thin. I never knew him at any time when he appeared other than thin. From the loss of teeth in early life, his cheeks were comparatively hollow.

But there was that in his eye which, I am sure, my Brothers Peabody and Holland, and the few others who remember him, cannot forget. Not only did it speak and flash with his words in the pulpit; but in his private conversation and in his most familiar hours there was still,

with all its softness and gentleness, a remarkably searching quality.

In regard to his pulpit ministrations, I beg to say that I have never heard a preacher in whom there was less of what might be called display. His manner was very simple and very engaging. He usually leaned upon his left arm, with his manuscript in the left hand; and this habit was largely, beyond doubt, the result of the delicacy of his constitution and general debility. A very slight movement — and always, as Dr. Peabody said last evening, purely "voluntary," with the forefinger of the right hand raised — was about all the gesture in which, ordinarily, he indulged. But most remarkable was his intonation. Why, although that voice from its general feebleness seemed to make it impossible that he should be heard, even in an auditorium of the size of the Federal Street Church, which was about the size of this, yet, such was its special and peculiar quality, that I suppose there never was a person who went out from those walls, after listening to Dr. Channing, without having heard and understood every word he uttered! One great reason of this may have been the intense silence which attended his public ministrations. The slightest foot-fall on the carpet could have been heard while he was speaking. At times, in his loftiest flights and in the most earnest appeals which he made to the hearts and consciences of his hearers, his voice was slightly raised; but there was no straining after effect. The manner was perfectly natural, just as natural as when he sat with you in conversation; and yet, impressive as it was, no one can describe it, and you are left entirely to your imagination to conceive of it.

But what shall I say of his prayers? There is one of our brethren now living, in very advanced age, of whom I have often heard it said — I refer to our venerable and beloved friend, Dr. Dewey — that it seemed to require a very painful

effort to utter himself in public prayer. I think there never was a greater mistake. It was no effort, except it were simply the effort of self-control. So awed was he in the felt presence of the Almighty, and in the responsible office of leading the devotions of his people, that he seemed to speak under a certain, not morbid, but most natural feeling of constraint; and tears have been observed to follow his profound inward emotion. That the heart was full to the brim, every word that he uttered and the very expression of his countenance faithfully proved.

There was nothing in Dr. Channing of this peculiarity of Dr. Dewey. His prayers were the simplest utterances of the most affectionate and devout feeling of the confiding, trusting child, communing with an all-loving Father, uttered in the most tender and yet the most earnest tones. It became contagious, and lifted his hearers to the same plane of devout feeling with himself. All the words which he uttered in prayer seemed to come from the very depths of his own consciousness, and to reach those of his fellow-worshippers, who were thus brought at once into communion with the same Blessed Spirit who was filling his own heart. Taking these two men together, who were, moreover, most intimate friends, I think I never heard from other human lips such soul-subduing, touching, inspiring, uplifting prayer to the Source of all good.

I pass from Channing's public ministry to say a word or two of what I must esteem, as has been intimated already, a most blessed privilege,— that of personal communion with him in the quiet of his own study and home. I would go of an evening to his study, and, finding him alone, would sit with him, perhaps an hour or two; and I confess that the chief feeling which carried me there was the consciousness of the merest pupil in the presence of a great teacher. Shall I say that he commanded me into this feeling? By no means.

From the reverence which was inspired by what I had experienced of his work in public, and from the knowledge of his saintly character derived through what afterwards became a dear family connection, I realized to some extent in what a remarkable presence I stood, and what a fulness there was in the fountain within him, of the sprinklings of which I desired to partake.

I see in many notices of Dr. Channing references to him as a remarkable conversationalist. I remember very well one occasion, after his brother-in-law, Mr. Allston, had received a letter from Coleridge, in which allusion was made to him, I asked Dr. Channing who he considered the best conversationalist that he met abroad, the two prominent names at that time being Sir James Mackintosh and Coleridge. He very promptly answered, "Sir James Mackintosh." He added that Mackintosh had remarkable conversational power, and that it was *truly* conversational; while Coleridge, on the other hand, discoursed, and that one had only to propose to Coleridge a subject or a question to have him instantly pour forth from his rich and cultured mind and soul most remarkable utterances, quite at length. I could not help thinking, at the moment, that that was, to a certain extent, the case with himself. So far as my own experience was concerned, it really seemed so to me; but then you must remember I was only a novice, an inexperienced young man. And I regard it as a blessed condescension on his part that, when I ventured to bring a subject before him, he gave me such distinct and prolonged attention, and shed upon it such a flood of light.

In the letter referred to, Coleridge said, in substance, "I have had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with your honored friend, Dr. Channing, whom I consider the most remarkable conversationalist that I ever met from your land." When I repeated this, he said, with his quietest

manner and gentlest voice, albeit with a slight twinkle of his eye, "Ah! that was because I was so good a listener."

When I was in his study, at various times, I find on recollection that he was accustomed, as we used to say in college, to "pump" me. He began by questioning me, I might almost say, in the Socratic way; but his object seemed to be to get into my mind,—a very easy thing for him to do, by the way, for there was very little there at that time, at least; and, by the questions and the themes which he proposed to riddle me through and through; and then, by and by, to help me, in the kindest manner possible, at once to realize my own faulty way of search, and put me on the right track, by pouring into my soul some of those effective and weighty suggestions which so frequently fell from his lips. Such was his way of dealing with a young man, and was it not a wholesome way?

I would come from him to the family of my wife, tell them where I had been, and express my delight in the visit. They wondered why. And here I am led to speak of Channing as he appeared in his ordinary intercourse. Persons of high culture and intellectual accomplishment met him, not exactly with awe, but with a feeling of profound respect and even reverence; and others, with entire confidence, so that they could be at once at ease with him; while there were many cases in his congregation, as in that very family to which I have alluded, where the moment he appeared among them there was shrinking as from a being of a superior order.

Now was this because he put on airs? Was it because he assumed anything? Why, he was the simplest of human beings in his whole manner and speech. But it was the intense reverence, notwithstanding all the admiration which they might have of him as a preacher and as a man, which he inspired through the saintliness of his very bearing and

life on all occasions and under all circumstances; and they could not forget it.

I would say, "I have had a most delightful evening with Dr. Channing." "Delightful? How could it have been delightful? Why, I shrink into nothingness when I am in his presence," would be the response, perhaps. And then I told them that I went there and got just what I wanted; that in the veriest sweetness of condescension he listened to my poor words, and poured out the better words and the richer thoughts he had to give me, and sent me away from that place again and again with the inspiration I had gained quickening my resolves for good, and filling me with a heartier thirst for truth, knowledge, and freedom. I could not possibly make it understood that to me, in the relation in which I stood to him as a very humble and a very desirous-of-learning pupil, it was possible that I had had a delightful evening.

How often have I heard him lament that he could not draw all his people nearer to him in more familiar intercourse in his pastoral walk, — in which no one could have been more faithful, — and divest them of all timidity in their approaches! His sympathy in their sorrows and trials, however, all felt; for the spell of that none could resist. He had no "small talk"; but he was simple and gentle as a child. And this leads me to allude to his love of children and his manner toward them. Never can I forget a little incident in connection with one of my own. I had taken my oldest boy, then perhaps four or five years old, to spend a night at "Oakland," his lovely summer retreat at Portsmouth, R.I. His marked kindness soon won the heart of the little fellow; and the next day, after early lunch preparatory to our drive home, and the chaise being ready at the gate, the doctor took the child, nothing loath, in his arms, and, carrying him to the vehicle, put him safely in, kissed him, and bade him "good-by."

I was about to say something of the charm of this remarkable man in his home at Rhode Island, which I had so often the happiness of enjoying during my first ministry at Providence. It was one of the loveliest spots in the world; but his presence, sweet yet dignified manners, affectionate intercourse with his family and guests, only made it the more lovely. "Happy," says his nephew in his "Memoir," — "happy the guest who is to ride with Dr. Channing in his chaise! It is a most plain vehicle, indeed, and the horse knows well that he may trespass almost without remonstrance on his master's good-nature; but who can regret the slowness of a drive which prolongs the delight of his conversation?" Happy, indeed! On one of these drives, when he had just been reading a spirited paper by Samuel J. May, advocating the extremest doctrine of non-resistance, the doctor, after analyzing the argument of our excellent friend, raised his tiny but clenched fist, — at the moment and under the circumstances seeming almost ludicrously small, — and, turning to me, exclaimed, "Ah, Brother Farley, but there are occasions when we *must* fight!" But I leave this theme, so much fuller and better treated than I can pretend to treat it, to the delightful pages of his nephew and Mr. Brooks.

There are two occasions in my life, Mr. President, which brought me into close and most affecting contact with Dr. Channing, which can never be forgotten, and the remembrance and influence of which will go with me, I trust, to my final account. To him, indeed, more than to any other mere man, more than to any other being that has trod this earth, except my divine Saviour, do I owe whatever of quickening impulse I have felt in my religious, moral, professional life. The first of these was my ordination to the Christian ministry at Providence, in 1828, when he preached that great sermon on "Likeness to God." With all who then

heard him, despite the emotion which naturally thrilled a young heart at such a time, I was carried away from myself. Never, too, was his manner so inspired and grand, so animated and free; and this was the universal judgment on all sides expressed. By accident, the platform on which he stood lifted his tiny form so much above the pulpit cushion that he could not, as was his wont, lean upon it. When he began to speak, he seemed slightly embarrassed, and now and then looked around and beneath him, as though he sought relief; but then, gathering up his strength in his decision to go on, he stood erect, and went through with his discourse with the unction and fervid eloquence of a prophet. Then came the good old symbolic custom of the Congregational Churches, which seems to have well-nigh died out in our branch of that body,—"the laying on of hands"; and he, with others of the fathers and brethren in the ministry, laid his hand upon my head. If anything could have added to the touching and solemn significance of those ordination services, it was the conscious pressure of that hand upon my head, while the prayer of consecration rose in my behalf to the Father of our spirits.

Once more, he it was —in connection with his colleague, of blessed memory, my very dear friend in later years, Ezra Stiles Gannett—who with his own hands joined my wife's hands and mine in the holy sacrament of marriage; and his look and word as he gave us his blessing went, I tell you, to the heart.

Do you wonder, as I close, that I look back on my intercourse with that beloved and saintly man with feelings impossible indeed to express, and which I must leave you to imagine? With unfeigned gratitude, with great joy in the remembrance; and with confident faith that if his spirit be conscious now of what we and so many all over Christendom are engaged in to-day, he joins in our thanksgivings

for what he was inspired to do, and the fruits of which we are reaping, for the Church Universal, and its "unity of spirit in the bond of peace"; yet, let us give the glory to God! [Applause.]

Dr. Farley's address was listened to with deep interest by the audience. At its conclusion, the Chairman introduced, as the next speaker, Rev. J. B. Thomas, D.D., Pastor of the Pierrepont Street Baptist Church, who was heartily applauded, as he came forward to the platform.

REMARKS OF REV. J. B. THOMAS, D.D.

Were there no other occasion, I should be most happy to be here to-day in response to the courtesy of my valued friend and neighbor, whose spotless life and faithful ministry and amiable spirit I have so long known. I find it easy to obey the Scripture precept to love my neighbor as myself; and I am glad to share in all things that make him glad and in all things that he reverences.

But, aside from that, this occasion has for me an interest, as I trust it has for all lovers of their kind, who believe that good men are not superfluous in the world, and are not to be hastily forgotten.

I am associated with that body of people whom Dean Stanley recently called "the austere sect," — the Baptists, — and whom he regards, and probably many others regard, as the most unprogressive Christian people. It might seem strange that there should be the suggestion of any possible affinity between them and you who are accounted the most progressive; and yet, were I to look to-day for the largest and most trenchant compilation of authorities sustaining our views on the particular question which outwardly separates us from other Christians, I should look for it in the Racovian Catechism.

If you and Dr. Channing are the product of the Reformation, so are we. If you insist upon the spirit of free inquiry, so did we. If you insist upon supremacy of the spirit over form, whether in organization or in expression, so have we, so *do* we. The root of our organization is not in exterior separation, by ordinance or by creed, but in the radical proposition that the word of God alone, unmanacled, unperverted by the decree or the organized influence of man, is sufficient for the individual soul. Such is the corner-stone of our organization.

When I say this, I do not forget that, in the years since the Racovian Catechism was promulgated, you and we have gone far apart. I have no fear to-day that you will be mistaken for Baptists because you invite me to speak, or that I shall be mistaken for a Unitarian because I respond to your invitation.

I am reminded, however, that this occasion is a memorial, not of the particular faith which you hold or of the particular organization which you represent, but of the particular man to whom you do honor. I am reminded that that man himself accounted himself, and I trust that by those who appreciate him he is accounted, as above the organizations which he deprecated as merely provisional, regarding them as matters of necessity, but believing that man was before the organized church, that he will be after it, and that he is superior to it. [Applause.] I remember with what earnestness he inveighed and protested against those barriers and hinderances which cramped from without, rather than developed from within, the nature that God has given us. I remember how sterling a champion he was for freedom to seek the truth; and, if you will pardon me, still more by his spirit than by his word, a champion of the purest spirituality in religion.

Many years have passed since he was taken from us. In

that very profound and moving discourse to which I had the felicity of listening with many of you last night, the question was asked, How has the time so changed that men of all faiths are ready to do reverence to Dr. Channing? It is true, unquestionably, that the time has gone by when men will be at once disposed of by classifying them under the organizations to which they belong. Men count as *men*. *Ponderantur non numerantur.* In parliamentary assemblies, sometimes, in haste, they read bills by their titles, and so dispose of them; but let men no longer be read by their titles or by their ecclesiastical relationships: let them be pondered, in order that we may know what is in them. No man was ever more earnest than Dr. Channing in the opinion that the principal thing in a man is not the specific intellectual conception of truth that he has, but his devotion to the truth *as* truth; that a man should be true to the truth,—not that he should accept my opinion or your opinion, but that he should maintain his own opinion until he get a better one, and that he should be seeking always for a better one. This, I apprehend, he put above any exterior relation. This, I take it, he thought would bring the world along, rather than any mechanical process. This, as I understand it, he believed to be God's ideal of, and God's preparation for, the progress of truth and of Christianity in the world. And this I sympathize with.

I remember Dr. Channing's trenchant papers on creeds, copies of which I see here. Dr. Channing was an alert disputant. He was a man of rare clearness in statement. He was a man of vigorous and forcible logical faculty, and, I think, not altogether unwilling to cross the sword in debate,—for men like to do that which they can do well; and yet I have never been prepared to accept the suggestion that his discussions were emotionless, and transparent only because they were icy. They rather seem to me to be luminous with the

light within the cloud. As has been pithily said of another: "His words are vascular. Cut them, and they would bleed." Underneath them, you catch the throb of the heart; and this it is that will perpetuate his memory among all men. Men's thoughts perish in the day that they are born, they are but as the leaves of autumn; but the spirit that informs them lives in them and goes beyond them, as it goes beyond the life of man.

In that noble discussion of last evening, emphasis was laid upon Dr. Channing's loyalty to Christ. "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." I was taught it in my childhood, I seek to apprehend it in my manhood. May God let me die with that spirit in my heart and those words upon my lips.

When Dr. J. W. Alexander died, and the passage was quoted, "I know whom I believed," and it was corrected by inserting the preposition "*in*," he said, "No! no! I know *whom* I have believed." Now, Dr. Channing did not profess to know all about Him whom he believed: he did profess to know Him. As through his clear eye he looked beneath the husk of things in politics, in humanitarian reform, in the discussions of the time, in literature, in all the phases of human existence, and saw life within form greater than form, so he reverenced Christ as revealed through a deeper faculty and a more spiritual intimacy than logical definition brings. Therefore, he was a man of mighty power in his day, and a man whose influence will not speedily die.

I should perhaps stop here, for I am not a missionary to this people; but will you permit me, having expressed, as I sincerely feel, the most unfeigned admiration for Dr. Channing, to make a suggestion, which I would not have ventured but for an allusion that I heard from one [Dr. Peabody] whom men of all faiths reverence, and to whose utterances they listen with devout respect, and with the

most earnest desire to profit by them? Alluding to the widely diverse developments of Unitarianism since Dr. Channing's day, he spoke of it as the "Texas of Christendom," to which men holding all shades of opinion had resorted, when forced by the rigor of creeds to leave their denominational relations. Accepting the figure, the inquiry is suggested, "How comes Texas to be so proverbial a refuge as to make the allusion significant?" Was it not that, lying between the United States and Mexico, it suffered the inconveniences and dangers of the frontier, being open to emigration from either side? Dr. Channing himself expressed great apprehensions, as we are reminded, in regard to its annexation to the Union, lest the Union should be itself deteriorated.

His apprehensions were in some measure realized, but yet were perhaps exaggerated so far as their ultimate results are concerned; for, although Texas did get into the Union somewhat modified, it has not destroyed the Union, and it has a future yet before it.

Allusion was made to the transcendental element which affected theology in New England. If I remember rightly, there was a sentence of Dr. Channing's in one of his articles to this purport: That all sects, all bodies of people, have tried too much to define their religion; that the Infinite is undefinable, and inaccessible to the square, the compass, and the measuring lines of logic; that transcendentalism which is intellectual is but a counterfeit and a mockery. It is the cloud without the glory, thin, cold, and life-destroying.

But there is a transcendentalism that reaches to the Throne. There is a transcendentalism in which life grows and thrives, and in which Dr. Channing himself was perpetually bathed. The dangers of scholasticism, and the damage it has done, he did not overestimate; but will you permit me to say that in his discussions, it seems to me, he

may have opened a narrow gap at least toward the scholastic method, in meeting subtlety by subtlety in the attempt at an intellectual counter-definition of the Divine? The old ecclesiastical enginery, the dungeon-houses, the instruments of torture, might perhaps better have been burned up by the fires of love than hammered down by catapults of polemic discussion.

But, my friends, let me say this,—and pardon me for having detained you so long,— while I do not accept Dr. Channing's theology so far as formal statements are concerned, and while I am not therefore a Unitarian, I bow humbly at the feet of the man whom I believe to have been a brave, pure, devout, unselfish worshipper and disciple of the Master that I serve; and I greet you in memory of the hour in which he was born; and I pray God that, as the years go on, the clash of war and the strife of tongues, and all those divisions that make Christianity to mean anarchy rather than a kingdom, may be overcome, and that the shadows may flee before the better dawn which brings the better day, in which distant things shall be seen to be distant and immeasurable, in which friends shall not be mistaken for enemies, nor enemies for friends. [Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN. — That was a voice from out the great Baptist communion, expressive of the very spirit of Roger Williams. And now I have the pleasure of introducing to you, from another large and powerful denomination which has done much good in the world, which has had great success in the past, and which we hope may have still greater success in the future, the Rev. Dr. Buckley of the Hanson Place Methodist Church of this city, who has just arrived, and will say some words to you.

REMARKS OF REV. DR. J. M. BUCKLEY.

Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen,— I am not doctrinally or theologically in any sense in sympathy with what are distinctively called Unitarian views. The gentlemen who invited me to speak here informed me that I would be permitted to express my candid estimate of the life and work of the Rev. William Ellery Channing; and I have assumed that it is possible to do that in a manner that shall be in harmony with the spirit of this occasion.

The few moments that I shall speak will be devoted to that simple statement. Invited at a late hour, I should not have presumed myself competent to make such a statement if I had not, ever since I entered the ministry, carefully read and studied the works of Dr. Channing. I had the fortune to begin my ministry in the State of New Hampshire and the town of Exeter, the site of Phillips Academy, within a very few miles of Portsmouth, where at that time the Rev. Dr. Peabody was an honored pastor. The system to which I belong rarely trusts a minister, in his earlier stages, very long in one place. Consequently, after having had the opportunity to derive all the good I could from the people of Exeter, and to communicate all it was supposed possible that I could give, I was removed to Dover; but I was still as near Portsmouth as before.

Now, Dr. Peabody I heard preach with profound respect; and I was led to believe, when I heard him, that the difference between his theological views and mine was very slight. But when I removed to Dover, where there was a very large church of the Unitarian denomination, I found the incumbent of that church a very different man theologically, to say no more, from the Rev. Dr. Peabody. And when he and I met on the School Board,— both of us being appointed as members of that Board, according to the custom which prevails in

that city, — while we devoted considerable time to the consideration of matters of education, as required at our hands by the law, in the intervals we devoted a great deal more time to theological debate; and I found that the difference between him and me was so vast as to be absolutely irreconcilable. In order to prepare myself to convince him that he had widely departed from the doctrines of the Unitarian fathers, I procured the works of Dr. Channing, and during the two years I spent there I always managed to have a quotation ready for him. The quotations that seemed to disturb him most were those in which Dr. Channing stated that the death of Christ appeared to have some peculiar and special relation to the pardon of sin. I was familiar with those passages. I could repeat them; and I assure you it gave me a great deal of pleasure to remind my radical friend of those words of Dr. Channing. And while I was studying Dr. Channing, even from that somewhat equivocal point of view, I came to love his style very much,—not the less so because I saw from the beginning that I should never be able to imitate its clearness, its beauty, or its marvellous balance.

Now, I do not know who is in this house; but I fancy to myself that we have in the city of Brooklyn a clergyman whose style in very many particulars resembles that of Dr. Channing. I refer to the Rev. Dr. Storrs. I say in ***many particulars.*** I do not for a moment suppose the resemblance to be perfect; but in the particular of the marvellous capacity to illustrate thought, and to balance every part, and to construct a discourse so that it shall resemble a symmetrical piece of architecture, I think I see a very great similarity. I may be permitted to say that I think in simplicity Dr. Channing surpassed the gentleman to whom I refer, and almost every great speaker in the country to-day. I do not suppose that Dr. Channing as a public speaker would have attracted great attention in the South, from his lack of a

certain kind of fervency, or in the West, from his excess, relatively to the attainments in that region, of refinement; but in New England, and in the more cultivated circles of the Middle States, it seems to me Dr. Channing's style was exactly adapted to make the profoundest impression. I have never supposed that he was a logician, in the technical sense of that term. I think it would have been impossible for John Calvin and Dr. Channing to converse together to their mutual satisfaction and edification, entirely apart from their doctrinal views. I believe that John Wesley would have considered Dr. Channing a genuine Christian, but that he would not have been able to argue with him. John Wesley was a dialectician and a logician, who used his logic as a means to an end, to prove the point he had in view at the time. Dr. Channing — and, in order to assure you that I have not been drawn astray in my former reflections, I will say that I have spent a couple of hours this morning in reading his selected discourses — seems to me to have been a philosopher. He was, however, led aside by a poetic tendency from the straight lines of philosophy; and it appears to me that he was not as logically consistent as some who would go further.

Permit me a single word here. If I adopted the root principles of Dr. Channing himself, I fancy that my temperament, my thoughts, and my way of following out to the last results what I seemed to myself to see, would take me a great deal further than he went. On the other hand, if I had such a pure spirituality, if I may use such a term, as that which he possessed, but which I lay no claim to by nature,— and I say nothing in this presence about grace! — I fancy that my temperament would not lead me to go so far as he did, but would lead me rather to content myself with dwelling in the regions of experience.

Dr. Channing was of very great use to the Methodists in

the following manner. He used the splendor of his intellect against Calvinism. In that respect, he was of very great benefit to us. Our entrance into New England was under peculiar circumstances. Our first preacher stood on Boston Common and lifted up his voice. No church was opened to receive him in the State of Massachusetts. He lifted up his voice in song. He understood then what the world understands now,—that the people will hear a singer when they will not hear a speaker. Though he had but few listeners to begin with, his powerful voice, singing in a style that was not known in that part of the country, soon attracted a vast concourse. He lifted up his voice like a trumpet to denounce Calvinism; and certainly a man is more sure when he is in a dogmatic state of a satisfactory flow of speech than when he depends upon the changing moods of feeling. And he created a great excitement; and, when he waked the people up to understand what he was doing, an old gentleman came forward, and, with a voice as loud as that of the speaker, said, "Are we to stand on Boston Common and hear our foundation principles attacked?" They all agreed they were not there for that purpose; and, as in the case of Paul on Mars Hill, some said they would hear him again, and others said, "What doth this babbler say?"

Such was our entrance into New England, and we could not do much for a long time; but Dr. Channing used the splendor of his intellect and his marvellous influence, and fought our battles, so far as Calvinism was concerned.

Now, Mr. Chairman, if, in the complacency which is a part of our denominational life, growing out of our great success, we felicitate ourselves on having the sense and grace to stop a little this side of Dr. Channing's final point, we should not be blamed for that. We appreciate the work he did in assisting us in our protest against Calvinism. And if he were alive to-day, and were to apply for admission into

our church as a layman, I, standing here as a warrior upon the walls of Zion, would vote for the admission of a man of God, a patriot, a philanthropist, a friend of temperance, a friend of his country, a friend of the laboring classes, and a friend of all good men; but candor requires me to say that, if he were to apply for admission into our ministry, while I should rejoice to recognize him as a friend of humanity, and, I will say with Brother Thomas, as a friend of our Lord Jesus Christ, and as one whose influence in many particulars has promoted the interests of the kingdom of Christ in the world, especially in this country, I am afraid, sir, that logical consistency would compel me to raise some points, the final effect of which might be to delay or embarrass his entrance into the ministry.

This, Mr. Chairman, is my candid opinion of the life and work of Dr. Channing. I rejoice that he has lived. I acknowledge my indebtedness to him. I do not positively know that even, from my point of view, his influence has been deleterious to the progress of Christ's kingdom in the world. But his principles were not mine. I cannot accept his views; and therefore I simply would honor him as a great factor in American civilization, and believe that every citizen of the United States, in making a list of the men of influence and of power that our country has produced, is compelled, with delight and admiration, to include among the foremost the name of William Ellery Channing. [Applause.]

Ladies and gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you for the opportunity of speaking to-day, and for the attention which you have given me.

The CHAIRMAN.— We are glad, you see, to have the freest utterances of members of different communions. We propose to have the greatest possible variety. And so, having

heard from our friend Dr. Thomas, of the Baptist Church, and our friend Dr. Buckley, of the Methodist Church, not to take too large a leap at once, I will call upon our friend Mr. Chadwick to offer some remarks and read us his Centennial Ode.

REMARKS OF REV. J. W. CHADWICK.

Ladies and Gentlemen,— You are well aware, no doubt, that, in making the preparations for this noble and beautiful occasion, Dr. Putnam has said to one man, "Go," and he goeth, and to another, "Come," and he cometh, and to a third, "Do this," and he doeth it; and, when he said to me, "Go you and couch the words you have to say in a sort of rhyme and rhythm," I did just as he told me. But for Dr. Putnam's commands, I should not presume to vary from my ordinary form of speech; but, as it is, I am to read to you a kind of hymn, or ode, on The Hundredth Anniversary of Channing's Birthday: —

CENTENNIAL ODE.

A hundred years ago to-day!
  How often in this latter time,
  In fond memorial speech or rhyme,
Has it been ours these words to say!

A hundred years to-day, we said,
  Since Concord bridge and Lexington
  Saw the great struggle well begun
And the first heroes lying dead.

A hundred years since Bunker Hill
  Saw the red-coated foemen reel
  Once and again before the steel
Of Prescott's men, victorious still

In their defeat; a hundred years
  Since Independence-bell rang out
  To all the people round about,
Who answered it with deafening cheers,

Proclaiming, spite the scorner's scorn,
  That then and there — the womb of time
  Through sufferance triumphing sublime —
Another nation had been born.

"All men are equal in their birth,"
  Rang out the steeple-rocking bell;
  Rejoice, O heaven! Give heed, O hell!
Here *was* good news to all the earth.

And still our hearts have kept the count
  Of things that daily brought more near,
  Through various hap of hope or fear,
The pattern visioned in the mount.

Nor yet the tale is fully told
  Of all the years that brought us pain,
  And through the age of iron again
The dawning of the age of gold.

But naught of this has brought us here,
  With the old saying on our lips,
  What time the rolling planet dips
Into the spring-tide of the year.

Apart from all the dire alarms
  Of field or flood in that old time,
  With reverent feet our fancies climb
To where a mother's circling arms

Enraptured hold a babe new born;
  And who was there to prophesy,
  Though loving hearts beat strong and high,
Of what a day this was the morn?

For in that life but just begun
  The prescient fates a gift had bound
  As dear to man as any found
Within the courses of the sun,—

A gift of manhood strong and wise,
  Nor foreign to the lowliest earth —
  Whereon the Word has human birth —
Howe'er conversant with the skies.

A hundred years ago to-day
  Since Channing's individual life
  From out the depths of being, rife
With spiritual essence, found a way,

And welcome here, and forces kind
To gently nurse his growing power
With steady help until the flower
Of instinct was a conscious mind.

To him the sea its message brought,
Filling his mind with sacred awe
What time his eye enraptured saw
Its wildest tumult; or he caught

From its deep calm some peace of heart;
To him the ages brought their lore
Of books, and living men their store
Of thought, and still the better part

Of all his nurture was the eye
Turned inward, seeking in the mind
Some higher, deeper law to find
Than that which spheres the starry sky.

And so the youth to manhood came,
A being frail — with nameless eyes,
That seemed to look on Paradise.—
As clear as dew, as clean as flame.

He willed in quiet to abide,
Leading his flock through pastures green
And by the waters still, where lean
The mystic trees on either side.

But on his listening ear there fell
The jarring discord of the sects,
Still making with their war of texts
The pleasant earth a kind of hell.

He saw the Father's sacred name
Made dim by Calvary's suffering rood;
Man devil-born — a spawning flood,
Engendering naught but curse and shame.

He saw the freedom of the mind
Denied, and doubt esteemed a crime; —
The path whereby the boldest climb
To heights which cowards never find.

He saw the manhood which to him
Was image of the highest God
Trodden as if it were a clod
'Neath Slavery's idol-chariot grim.

He saw it fouled with various sin,
Sick'ning from lack of air and light,
Abjuring glories infinite
To fatten at the sensual bin.

He heard and saw; his shepherd's rod
With grieving heart he broke in twain;
The wondering world beheld again
A prophet of the living God.

Then, as of old, was heard a voice:
"His way prepare," and "Come with me,
All ye that heavy-laden be,
Take up my burden, and rejoice."

It rang through all the sleepy land
In tones so sweet and silver clear
The waking people seemed to hear
The accents of divine command.

The statesman heard it in his place,
The oppressor in his cursed field,
And hearts beyond the ocean yield
Allegiance to his truth and grace.

Our Father, God; our Brother, Man:
On these commandments twain he hung
The law and prophets all, and rung
For all the churches' eager ban

A hundred changes deep and strong;
Let who would hear him or forbear,
The ancient lie he would not spare,
The doubtful right, the vested wrong.

What words were his of purest flame
When, straining up from height to height,
He felt the Presence infinite
And named the Everlasting Name!

With him the thought and deed were one:
Man was indeed the Son of God;
"What, strike a man!" * Break every rod
Of hate beneath the all-seeing sun!

So greatly born, how dare to trail
Our festal garlands in the mire!
How dare not evermore aspire
To Him who is within the veil!

* His argument against flogging in the Navy.

In weakness made each day more strong,
  Softly his days went trooping past
  Till, robed in beauty, came the last,
And with the sun he went along;

Not to oblivion's dreamless sleep,
  But, like the sun, on other lands
  To shine, where other, busier hands
The fields immortal sow and reap.

And he is ours! Yes, if we dare,
  Leaving the letter of his creed,
  Say to his mighty spirit, "Lead,
We follow hard." Yes, if no care

Is ours for aught but this: to know
  What is God's truth, and knowing this
  To count it still our dearest bliss
To go with that where'er it go.

So shall we go with him; so feel
  That comfort which the Spirit of Truth
  Gives all who with his loving ruth
Are pledged to her for woe or weal.

O thou whom, though we have not seen,
  We love! Upon our toilsome way
  Be thy pure spirit as a ray
From out that Light which is too clean

Uncleanness to behold; shine clear,
  That to our dimly peering eyes
  All hidden truths, all specious lies,
That which they are may straight appear.

There is no ending to thy road,
  No limit to thy fleeting goal,
  But speeds the ever-greatening soul
From truth to truth, from God to God.

[Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN.— Mr. Oliver Johnson was in the earliest fight with William Lloyd Garrison against slavery, and we deem ourselves fortunate to have him here this morning; for he knows something about Dr. Channing's connection

with that movement, and had the great pleasure and privilege of listening to some of Dr. Channing's famous public discourses, as published in his works. Mr. Johnson will now address you.

REMARKS OF MR. OLIVER JOHNSON.

Mr. JOHNSON.— I feel myself very highly honored in being invited to say a few words on this occasion. I have the greatest reverence for the memory of Channing. My acquaintance with him was indeed but slight. When I went to Boston, as a boy, in 1830, I used often to see him in the street. His figure was familiar to me; but that was the time as you all remember — or at least as you all *know*, if you are not old enough to remember — when the great controversy between Orthodoxy and Unitarianism in Boston was at its height,— Dr. Beecher the great leader of Orthodoxy, and Dr. Channing the great leader of Unitarianism. I was then an intensely earnest orthodox man. I had united with the church a few years before, and was looking forward to the Christian ministry; and I was told by those around me, in whom I had the utmost confidence, that Unitarianism was infidelity, or something not much better than that. Therefore, when I first came in contact with Dr. Channing, I was under the influence of very strong prejudice,— not against him personally, however, except as he was the representative of Unitarianism.

It was not a great while after this that the first Anti-slavery Society — the parent of all that great circle of associations which agitated this land nearly fifty years ago, and which prepared the way for the abolition of slavery in our country — was organized in Boston; and, in the preliminary meetings which we held to consider the question of organizing that society, I met the noble man [Samuel E. Sewall]

whose letter has just been read, then one of the young men of Channing's congregation; and I said to myself, "Now I shall see what Unitarianism is." I never shall forget the strong prejudice with which I came in contact with that young man, and with another equally noble, Mr. Ellis Gray Loring, also a member of Dr. Channing's congregation. I expected to find those men destitute of a Christian spirit. I supposed I should hear, when they opened their lips, some utterance of infidelity. I believed with all my heart that figs could not grow upon thistles; and, as I had been told that Unitarianism was a thistle, I was looking out for something very bad to come from these men. But, when I witnessed their Christian deportment and their firm attachment to the truth, I felt rebuked for my presumption; and I began to open my eyes, and to ask whether, after all, I had not been misinformed, and whether it was not possible for a good man to come up under the influence of Unitarianism. And let me say that I was not long in correcting the error into which I had fallen. In the Christian character of those two men was revealed to me the spirit of Channing and of Unitarianism.

It was my privilege to hear Channing preach but once, and then I listened with orthodox ears. It was on the occasion of the delivery of his "Election Sermon" in 1832, which will be found in his works under the title of "Spiritual Freedom." It is certainly one of the finest of his discourses. He addressed the "assembled wisdom" of the Commonwealth in that historic place, the Old South Church. I recall the scene now as freshly as if it were only yesterday that it occurred. As he spake, he held his manuscript in his left hand, and his voice, though gentle as a woman's, filled the house. How vividly I recall his utterance of this striking passage, which will live while the English language continues to be spoken! —

I call that mind free which jealously guards its intellectual rights and.

powers, which calls no man master, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which, while consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instructions from abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt its own energies.

The exquisite intonation and emphasis with which this and other passages of the discourse were read made a deep impression upon my youthful mind.

Dr. Channing at first kept aloof from the abolitionists, partly because of the intense individualism which led him to distrust all organized movements, and partly because our bold and uncompromising utterances grated harshly upon his sensitive — may I not say his over-sensitive? — ear. He could not well bear the noise of the ecclesiastical machinery by means of which his own religious thoughts were sent forth to the world. He shrank from being called an abolitionist, partly from the same feeling which led him to say, "I have little or no interest in the Unitarians as a sect; I have hardly anything to do with them; I can endure no sectarian bonds." He stood for himself in all things. The abolitionists were exceedingly unpopular; and he probably thought he should gain a more favorable hearing if he magnified somewhat the differences between them and himself. But he did not by this means escape the brand of abolitionist. The whole pro-slavery party stamped it upon him, hurling at his head every epithet that they had bestowed upon Garrison. The good doctor, notwithstanding his clear moral insight, was slow in accepting the doctrine of immediate emancipation. He was not quite sure that it would be safe to set all the slaves free at once. The results of emancipation in the British West Indies convinced him at last, as his Lenox address proves. He thought that a great sin did not necessarily imply great sinners, and he had somehow persuaded

himself that there was a way of touching off an anti-slavery gun, and a well-loaded one too, "aisily," as the Irishman said, without making a disturbance. Experience soon corrected this mistake on his part. The reverberations of his own gun, so gently discharged as he thought, startled thousands from their sleep, and made the slave-holders and their apologists angry. The abolitionists, it must be confessed, did not relish his criticisms, and paid him back in his own coin. The account was long ago settled; and they have no unpleasant memories, but are glad to honor him for his noble and timely testimony. His agreements with them were central and vital, his differences but incidental and transient. Nor should it be forgotten that he bore with meekness a load of reproach, such as fell to the lot only of the bravest and truest champions of the slave. Even in his own parish, his message was unheeded, save by a few. When he asked that the doors of his church might be opened for a eulogy upon his beloved friend, Dr. Follen, a warm-hearted abolitionist, to be pronounced by another dear friend, the late Samuel J. May, they were rudely shut in his face. In this and many other ways, he was made to feel that his testimony against slavery had greatly impaired his reputation. But he neither wavered nor turned back. His voice grew clearer and stronger to the end.

When in 1837 Elijah P. Lovejoy was murdered at Alton, and the liberty of the press struck down by violence, Channing was the first man in Boston to seek to bring the people of that city to a sense of the importance of speaking out against that outrage. It was through his influence that a great meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, and held — let me say it to the shame of Boston — in the daytime, because we dared not hold it in the evening, knowing that it would be broken up by a mob. His friend Jonathan Phillips, the senior deacon of his church, took the chair. I shall never

forget the appearance of Dr. Channing as he presented himself in that meeting. His face was all aglow with solemn earnestness, his voice tremulous with emotion, his whole attitude and bearing that of a prophet with a message from God. He spoke briefly, but eloquently. There followed him into that meeting a distinguished lawyer of Boston, a member of his own congregation, James T. Austin, Esq., who sprang to his feet the moment the doctor's speech was concluded, and, intruding himself upon the audience, uttered a most disgraceful harangue, which he doubtless thought would have the effect of breaking up the meeting. For a time there seemed to be reason to fear that he would succeed in his purpose; but, under the inspiring eloquence of Phillips, all such apprehensions were soon averted. The voice of that meeting went forth to cheer the friends of freedom all over the land.

Once, and once only, did I have a personal interview with Channing; but that to me was memorable. It was at his home in Portsmouth, near Newport, in 1838 or 1839. I was then the secretary and general agent of the Rhode Island Anti-slavery Society, and I eagerly embraced an opportunity to visit him. He received me with a gracious sweetness and dignity that I shall never forget, and his counsel, modestly given, was most cheering and helpful. In that day, the anti-slavery lecturer was often called to face a mob. More than once had the tar-kettle been heated for me, and the garment of feathers woven for my behoof. In such circumstances, the words of Channing gave me fresh courage.

There are not many persons, if there is even a single one, in this house, who, like myself, witnessed the funeral rites of Channing, and looked upon his placid, I had almost said his seraphic, face in death. One circumstance connected with that funeral ought to be mentioned. Some years before, when the good Catholic Bishop Cheverus died, and

funeral services were held in the "Church of the Holy Cross," the bell on the Federal Street Church was tolled by Dr. Channing's particular request, as a token of respect for his memory. The Catholics did not forget it; and now the bell on the "Church of the Holy Cross" in Franklin Street pealed forth a requiem in honor of an uncanonized but truly catholic saint.

In conclusion, dear friends, — for I have spoken too long — I will say, Let us, in honoring a prophet of the past, not forget to honor and love the prophets of our own time, — the true messengers of God, who live and move among us! [Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN. — We would ask the audience to rise and sing, to the tune of "America," the first and the last two stanzas, on the printed slip, of the Memorial Hymn for the Centennial Anniversary, written for this occasion by the venerable Dr. William Newell, of Cambridge, Mass., who had some personal acquaintance with Dr. Channing, and who has also sent us a letter, which will be published with others that have been received, but which cannot all be read now for lack of time.

MEMORIAL HYMN.

By REV. WM. NEWELL, D.D.

And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity.— I. COR. xiii., 13.
Charity rejoiceth in the Truth.— I. COR. xiii., 6.
And the Truth shall make you free.— JOHN viii., 32.

All hail, God's angel, Truth!
In whose immortal youth
  Fresh graces shine:
To her sweet majesty,
Lord, help us bend the knee,
And all her beauty see,
  And wealth divine.

Thanks for the might of Faith,
That fears not change or death
  Under God's care;
Bringing the distant nigh
To the soul's quickened eye,
And soaring to the sky
  On wings of prayer.

Thanks for the light of Hope,
As through the mist we grope
  Toward heaven's far goal;
On each dark cloud it shines,
Illuming God's designs
Where ill with good combines
  To round the whole.

Thanks for the heart of Love,
Kin to our Lord's above,
  Tender and brave;
Ready to bear the cross,
To suffer pain and loss
And earthly good count dross,
  In toils to save.

Thanks for the names that light
The path of Truth and Right,
  And Freedom's way;
For him whose life doth prove
The might of Faith, Hope, Love,
Thousands of hearts to move,
  A power to-day!

May his dear memory be
True guide, O Lord, to thee,
    With saints of yore;
And may the work he wrought,
The truth of God he taught,
The good for man he sought,
    Spread evermore.

The CHAIRMAN.— We are very glad to see present with us Dr. Hall, Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in this city. We all know his large and liberal spirit, and need not to be assured beforehand of his interest in such an occasion as this. I know he will respond to our call upon him, and that you will all rejoice to hear him.

REMARKS OF CHARLES H. HALL, D.D.

It is a long time since I have felt so great an anxiety as I do now to speak, or so profound a conviction that to do so would be an impropriety. You must be talked out by this time. I should be very glad if I had time to follow out one idea, which of course it would be simply impossible to follow out at this time; namely, the place of Channing in the history of our various faiths as they are related to us to-day. I must, then, only touch the salient points.

We drop from a man's name after he is dead, if he has been good for anything, his ordinary Christian titles and the honorary degrees that he may have picked up and carried as a burden along the path of life; and therefore I speak of him whose memory we celebrate to-day simply by his one name, *Channing*.

It is claimed that Channing was a Unitarian; but, in the graveyard where he sleeps, denominational lines are wholly lost sight of. Although, according to the vicious habit which prevails in Greenwood, and I presume in Mount Auburn, they may put chains about the lots, and build up stone-walls around them, and erect hideous structures that make the place unsightly, and take away all natural beauty from it, yet under ground there are no distinctions. And in the blessed shrines of the Church of Souls above it there are none. There, I presume, "all hearts confess the saints elect." The value of Channing to every one of us, whether he was a Unitarian or a Baptist or a Presbyterian or a Methodist or an Episcopalian, or what not, is simply very precious. He did manfully the work which was given him to do.

When the Puritans came to this country in 1620, it was a tremendous change for John, the Puritan. Being persecuted, he came over here to be a persecutor. He did not

persecute more than others, but he did something in that bad way. I hide under the name of Prescott, who says that he came hither to establish religious liberty for *himself*,— not, as it proved, for all other men as well. He came over here to assume a totally new relation. He came over here with the tremendous gift of Calvinism, and it is an awful gift for any man to bear!

I reverence old John Calvin, while I differ with him, though perhaps not so much in his ultimate thought. That ultimate thought in his system, as I look at it, was, with such doctrinal materials as he found ready to his hands, to assert the superiority of an illuminated personal conscience against the tyranny of an objective sacerdotal church. I do not know that I differ with anybody in the ultimate thought. I reverence him as I do great names in my own Church, whom I estimate, not so much by what they did as by the spirit which was in their hearts.

Well, the Puritans had had persecutions to keep them together in England, and they came over here to be governors, constructors, and builders. They had a tremendous work.

Singularly enough, the first difficulty which they encountered was in regard to the sacrament. The first great pressure that bore upon them was the sacramental question, though it did not take precisely that definite form.

John, the deacon's son, when he came to be of age, was to be a voter; and Sally, the daughter of the other deacon across the way, was to be married to John. And the question came up as to what should be their relations—civil and ecclesiastical—to the village and to the Church. John said, "I love the meeting, I love the deacons, I love the whole thing, and I believe all you say; but I have not been struck by lightning, I have not had that which every one of the members say they have had."

Under oppression, they had been driven in upon the

centre, and they remained as one body; but the attempt to settle the questions how Sally's children should be baptized, and how John should be allowed to be a voter and a civil officer, agitated New England up to the time when old Dr. Samuel Stoddard, of Northampton, having at last lost faith in the old device of "the half-way covenant," struck out a most peculiar sacramental idea, which our ritualistic friends in my section of the Church are to-day striving to fructify upon; namely, that, though no man could put himself where the lightning is going to strike, yet by the sacraments he could get where he ought to be in case the lightning did strike. Dr. Stoddard, in his "Appeal to the Learned," in 1705, wrote an admirable tract, a copy of which you will find in the Yale College Library. He adopted a system of reasoning on the sacrament to the effect that, while the sacrament would not give an individual the conviction of his personal election, it was a means to that grace; and that, therefore, John and Sally, and all such, should take it, if they would promise to put themselves where the elective decree ordinarily came to an issue.

That device became the acknowledged system of church membership of Northampton, when Jonathan Edwards, that magnificently terrible man, whom none of us can honor or differ from too much, came to be the assistant minister of his maternal grandfather, Dr. Stoddard.

Now we are all Unitarians, Presbyterians, and good fellows together here to-day; and we all have in our hearts, I suppose, about what that grand man, the young Edwards, — and I honor and love his memory almost as much as if I had known him,—felt, when finding, as I think he was correct in concluding he found, that that system must go down unless it could be saved from its own works, he struck out the idea that, at whatever cost, every man must stand on his sense of divine manhood, illuminated by the thought of

the election of God, with no compromise or "half-way covenant." With the most rigid Calvinism,—more rigid than the platforms of Cambridge and Boston and Saybrook, and more rigid even than the Westminster Catechism,—he attempted to carry out that "revival" system, as it is now called, which shook New England to the centre. Just then came in that blundering Irishman, ordained of Providence to bring the hidden thoughts of men to light by his surpassing eloquence and his intolerable egotisms, Whitefield, "whose shade through history halts," as Whittier well says. The issue of his New England career was the remorseless test put to every man of the sternest Calvinism or its most decided negative. Compromise was at an end. It was Calvinism, pure and simple, or a new departure. Then followed the two Tennents, Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, of New Jersey. Then came the fanatical Davenport, of Southold, Long Island. And so came about what is called by Congregational historians "the Great Awakening" of 1740.

From that time, it was predestined that there should be two opposite movements, a Channing movement on the one side, and a "revival" movement with Nettleton and other thorough Calvinists on the other side; and it seems to me that this man that we are speaking of to-day must, to his own friends, as they stood nearer and nearer to him, have appeared almost with an aureole upon his head, evidently sainted before he was taken away. It is the simplest thing in the world for us to stand here and recognize the true pedestal on which he stood in the history of that movement which was born in 1740. He did not create it, for it began long before he was influenced by it. It was the effort of the New England conscience to escape from the awful dogmas of Edwards,—to find its way back to what I conceive to be a better gospel. The real object was to save the gospel and reject the iron system which called itself by that holy

name. Therefore, it was long known as Arminianism, then, after Channing had passed through the paths of Arianism, as Socinianism, or Unitarianism.

As a boy, Channing must have had extraordinary keenness of perception and tenderness of conscience. It was the death of his father, I think, that went down into his soul and stirred it to its depths, and brought him to a conscious religious life, and to a constant thought of it ever afterwards; and then, almost the first man that came in contact with him, and made an impression upon his religious life,— as some old dominie has first made his profound impression upon us when we were boys,—and guided his mind, and turned his thought, was Dr. Samuel Hopkins.

Dr. Hopkins was a pupil of Jonathan Edwards; and I think I am correct in saying that, as such, he had accepted almost entirely Edwards' theological system. He accepted with it another idea, which many of the best of the pagans have held, which, if treated as unskilful men often do, you may make seem fearful; or you may use it wisely, and may make it shine with the very brightness of God's presence. That idea was, roughly, that a man should so live that he shall feel more or less willing to be damned, if it be God's will, for His glory. It is an old Stoical notion, which has run through the human race from its beginning. And it affected Hopkins powerfully; and I imagine that it begat William Ellery Channing. The first of the books that he was profoundly interested in in college was Hutchinson's "Ideas of Beauty and Virtue," which drilled him in that same general idea, that, benevolence could not have a selfish origin. Take that principle, and follow it through his earlier writings, and you find the man filled with its natural results. And, by the way, let me say that we have all been a little incorrect here this morning in supposing or talking as if Channing had been brought up a Unitarian. The

thing, as it appears to us to-day as a rounded system, is not the thing as it appeared to men in 1780. It was then the division or balance between the two sections of the orthodox order,— the Congregational system itself.

I remember that my dear old friend, "Rabbi" Stuart, of Andover, always spoke of the Unitarians as *Arminians;* that is, as the antagonists of Calvin. So I say to you Unitarians here to-day that I am a better Unitarian than you are; because, with all your admiration for Channing, I do not see that you recognize when he gave up his Arianism. And I say — I say it frankly anywhere — that I worship ONE God with all my soul; and I say, looking at the Redeemer of men, that I will not allow any being or creature, however supernal, to stand between the man Christ Jesus and the One infinite God. He was *God manifest in the flesh;* and to me he is not merely a sort of being superior to archangels.

It seems to me perfectly clear that that was the system which Channing received as a boy, and which entered into all his life. He antagonized Calvinism, as it had appeared in the Congregational life of New England. He believed profoundly that benevolence could not have a selfish origin; and he was willing to accept any opprobrium or persecution for the faith that God is all good, and could wish no evil thing. I love to trace the roots of his life-thoughts back into the age before him. For, talk as you please about it, that glorious New England thought, that grand old Calvinistic life, certainly begat men and women. They brought that life up to that point where reaction in dogma was inevitable, their mistakes bringing them here to rigid Calvinism, and bringing them there to freer thought. And at last the Master had occasion for another mode of education. And God, in his mysterious providence, gave to this delicate, sickly boy his wonderful power simply to *love truth for asserting itself,* simply to throw himself in the way of every-

thing that was good and beautiful and kindly and tender, and to utter always the right word and the right thought to his troubled age. As I read his writings, I confess that the chief point about the man is, to my thought, that he was like crystal. I always see through him. I do not stop to think that he was a Yankee, and that I was born in Georgia; or that he sympathized with the abolitionists, while I was taught to detest them. I forget that he was a Unitarian, and that he had ideas about war that I cannot agree with. I care nothing for those things that are merely upon the surface. I recognize that there was in him — always, and in all that he did, and I honor any man in whom it is found — this one thought, "What evil is in me I dare not throne above." In that creed of Channing, on that platform of all true souls, I shake hands with you to-day. [Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN.— We are glad to find Dr. Hall so good a Unitarian, and we cordially extend to him the right hand of fellowship. I see Mr. Mayo here, from Springfield. He has, as you are aware, devoted much time to the subject of education; and who, better than he, can speak to us of Channing's gospel of education for the people? He will now address you.

Mr. Mayo, coming forward, read from manuscript an able and interesting paper, to which we can here make only the briefest reference. He claimed that Channing's educational work was more thorough, far-seeing, logical, and statesman-like than any that had been attempted in America before his day; that the student of pedagogics will find in a few hundred pages in the writings of Channing the most wonderful prophecy and thorough comprehension of all that is most durable and vital in what we call "The New Education." Dr. Channing was no believer in the possibility of "over-education." He always insisted that the laboring man, the

man of affairs, the mother in the home, needed especially the expanding and uplifting influence of education to open their eyes to the sacredness of common life.

Whoever reads Channing carefully will see that never for a moment was he bitten with the plausible fallacy of ultra "secularism" in popular education. He saw that the real difficulty in this matter in America is with the clergy, and very little with the people. The American people, at the beginning, made a new departure concerning religion in public affairs, even more important to civilization than the Protestant Reformation in Europe. That departure assumes the existence through all Christendom of what Dean Stanley so happily calls "a common Christianity."

No man represents more completely than Channing the practically unanimous resolve of the American people, that character training and public morality shall be a paramount element in our common schools, and that the basis of that training in private and public virtue shall be that common Christianity which is the soul of all progress in Christian lands.

The CHAIRMAN.—We must hear from some of our Universalist friends. Rev. Mr. Nye, pastor of the "Church of Our Father" in this city, is with us here to-day. We regret to learn that he is about to leave Brooklyn for another field of labor. Before he goes, however, he must leave with us his thought about Channing.

REMARKS OF REV. H. R. NYE.

I believe I would have preferred, at this hour, to have kept my seat. I have a bit of an address somewhere in my pocket, but I shall utter only two or three words to you now.

The sympathy existing between the Universalist and the Unitarian churches now is, of course, much greater than that of former times. Dr. Putnam, the pastor of this church,

—and that accounts probably for so many excellent things in his character, his spirit, and life,—was brought up in the Universalist Church, and, if I am not incorrect, in a Universalist family. I was brought up in a Congregationalist family, and my father was a Congregationalist clergyman; and I can remember very well the early times in my boyhood days, before the rupture had taken place between the Trinitarian Congregationalists and the Unitarian Congregationalists,—the time to which the Rector of the Holy Trinity Church referred,—when the Unitarians were Arminians, and when the name "Unitarian" was scarcely known; and you remember that it was scarcely known at all until after the war with England in 1812. I can remember very well that then my father, though a Congregational clergyman, was accustomed to exchange with the Rev. Dr. Crosby, the Unitarian pastor, twelve miles distant. The rupture was not quite complete in that direction. Now we are very near together. You may remember Starr King said—and he said many brilliant things concerning the Universalists and the Unitarians—that the Universalists believed that God was too good to damn any human being absolutely forever, and that the Unitarians believed that human beings were too good to be damned.

I honor Dr. Channing for his loyalty to Christ and his broad Christian charity. He believed firmly in different interpretations of the Christian faith. There is the Methodist interpretation; there is the Baptist interpretation; there is the Congregationalist interpretation; and there is the Episcopalian interpretation; and, if you please, they are all Christian, and they stand at last upon the one Foundation and honor the one Name. Jesus Christ is above them all, he being the Master, and we only the learners and pupils in his school. That is the reason why we, in one sense, so largely revere Dr. Channing.

I have a wife, at home, who was in Dr. Channing's Sunday-school. I hold in my hand a sermon preached by Dr. Channing in the year 1819, the year that I was born. I remember that Dr. Channing died in 1842, the year that I was ordained. Somehow, I put these thoughts along in this manner together. In the year 1842, it was my utmost desire to hear this great man preach; but I could not, and it was never my privilege to put my eyes upon his face. But for two things the name of Channing is to me exceedingly precious; first, for his love of truth, wherever to be found; and next for his love of man. And I ask you to remember to-day that in no ancient religion of which any man can speak, and in no ancient philosophy, was there ever such an idea of man as Christianity presents to us; and that, in Christianity, in its grand idea of every man a child of God and every man a spiritual and birthright heir of the immortal life, lies all that is sweetest and tenderest and noblest in the teaching of Channing. I honor him for his love of truth and for his love of man; and I am very glad to utter these few words, which I do with the profoundest reverence, in my whole heart, for the beautiful spirit of his life, for the power which his example has exerted upon the age since he passed away, and for the good which his books have done to my own soul in the Christian life. [Applause.]

Dr. Gottheil of the Temple Emmanuel, New York, being seen in the audience, Rev. Mr. Camp was requested to invite him to come forward and offer his testimony. As he stepped upon the platform, he was greeted with hearty applause.

REMARKS OF REV. DR. GUSTAV GOTTHEIL.

Is there room in this place,—I ask not for much, as I do not intend to detain you for any length of time,—is there

room in this place for the hand of a Jew to lay a flower on the honored grave of this apostle of love and freedom? [Applause.] Is there room for one of the ancient people to express his admiration for, and his great obligation to, the man whose birthday you celebrate? In accepting the invitation that was kindly extended to me to join in this celebration, I hoped to be among the silent participants; but, just as Mr. Chadwick confessed himself to lie helplessly under the spell of the honored pastor of this church, so I avow myself to be in the power of one of his brethren, Mr. Camp. We Jews have recently been celebrating the anniversary of our fathers' emancipation from Egyptian bondage. I did not feel at that time that there was any one chain about me which I should never be able to break; but Brother Camp undeceived me when, a few moments ago, he came to me with the command that I had to say something. I begged for mercy, but he was implacable. He would give me no release. So you must forbear with me, and pardon the crude state of my remarks, as I had not even the privilege of Brother Chadwick in regard to time for preparation. I take, however, courage from the consideration that, where the heart is full, the least preparation often proves the best.

As many of those who have preceded me referred to some personal recollections, permit me to do so in my turn.

Some twenty years ago, I made my entry into an English-speaking community, at Manchester, England, profoundly ignorant of the mysteries of the English tongue. The president of my congregation came to me one morning, when I was just setting out on the dangerous journey to discover the island where the treasures of English thought and feeling are to be found, and, handing me two volumes, said: "Here, this is an American classic. Study him." I opened the books. They were the works of William Ellery Chan-

ning. So you see that my acquaintance with your apostle is contemporaneous with one of the most important changes in my life.

Since that time, I have never ceased to read these works over; and it would be hard for me to convey to you, even if I had had time to prepare, the feelings with which I, a descendant of that ancient race which has fought so long and paid so dearly for the great truth of the unity of God and the brotherhood of man, listened to the solemn accents that fell from the lips of this immortal man; when I heard him solemnize and glorify this central and vital doctrine in accents which I had never heard before, and, to be frank with you, which I never have heard again, from any one professing Christianity.

I came still nearer him through the medium of one in whose friendship I rejoice, and who has always appeared to me to stand to him in the relation in which John the Evangelist is said to have stood to his Master. I refer to Dr. Bellows. He gave me a new and deeper interest in the works of the great divine; and I think I shall not dishonor his memory if I take his name, next Sabbath day, to my own pulpit, and pay him the tribute which is due to one who stood forth the devoted and eloquent champion of liberty and the emancipation of the slave, the apostle of human dignity and of the immortal greatness of the human soul.

The impression I have gathered from Dr. Channing's writings is that his theory of Christianity cannot be substantiated by the literary or historical proofs on which he relied; but it participated of his own deeply moral nature, his own great mind, his deep and loving heart; he roams, as it were, in the ancient halls, calling to his aid all the spirits which he thought would minister to the ideal which alone could satisfy his own spiritual needs and those of his generation. It is Channing reflected on the historical back-

ground which he construed. I look upon the issue which he placed before himself as Channing's ideal, glorious with light and freedom and joy, as against the dark picture of the Church. Though he always meant to speak as a disciple, he, in truth, spoke as a master. You feel, when you read him, that he was much bolder than he knew, and that all his thoughts have the force and freshness of a spontaneous mind, and do not state what he found in the book, but what he discovered in his own reason and conscience.

Since that time, the issue has been transferred to a very different field. The contest now lies between science and religion,— between religion and no religion at all. But, when we trace the way of progress, Dr. Channing will at all times be recognized as one marking a new epoch in the development of Christianity in this country as well as in others. What the issue may be no man can tell; but I believe that the great minds of all ages will ever be held in honor as helpers and coworkers in the advancement of the human mind. I may declare unto you, speaking as to brethren and sisters, gainsaying no man's faith nor insisting upon my own, that I am satisfied to feel the throb of human hearts, as I do now in this temple, in the communion of all the saints, whatever the church that owns them.

I do not ascribe perfection or expect the solution of the last problem to any one church or denomination. Truth would be but a very small thing, hardly worth striving for, if it could be contained within the walls of one church, or if it could be known among men ranging themselves under *one* name only. The human mind is too rich, too abundant in possibilities, for that; and when we leave our narrow bounds, and allow our minds to cross the ocean, and go into distant continents, or recall half-forgotten ages, everywhere we find the same straining of the human mind after the infinite God, though in divers ways and various manner. And,

as Goethe says, because men are striving after the highest, they needs must err. No one has yet appeared on this planet in whom all conditions of men could absolutely believe.

Therefore, I join with my whole heart every movement that tends to widen our sphere, to unshackle the soul, and to lift it to the heights where the eternal One, that Being in whom this great man lived and moved, overshadows all others. [Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN. — The time is drawing near when this meeting must be brought to a close. There are many others here whose voices we would fain listen to, and we regret that the needed time is not afforded us; yet, before we sing the concluding hymn, we want to hear a word from Boston. The pastor of the First Church of that city will be one of the speakers to-night at the Academy; but I think that Mr. Foote, minister of King's Chapel, the first of American Unitarian churches, will consent to address you now.

REMARKS OF REV. H. W. FOOTE.

My friends, I did not expect, at this late hour, to say a word to you; and I must say but a very few words.

The beauty of this occasion has been the voice from every other side of Christendom and from beyond it. I suppose that our friend, Dr. Putnam, has called upon me now, that the chord which Channing touched in the city where his work was done might not be wholly wanting here; and certainly I am more than thankful, not to lay a stone on the cairn of a dead prophet, — for, if he were only that, he would be, like many another, almost or quite forgotten, — but to join with you in our triumphant testimony to a life and a work full of vital and vitalizing power.

The single thought that I would like to put into words, in thinking of Dr. Channing, is one that has not been brought out this morning. Perhaps, from being the minister of a very ancient church, I like to trace historic continuity; and so, as I look at Channing's life, it seems to me that sometimes it has been looked at too much as an isolated fact in the spiritual history of America, and that his spiritual pedigree has not been sufficiently recognized. Dr. Hall has told us, most eloquently and vividly and truly, how that is to be traced through the historic line of New England Congregationalism; but there was another factor which, I think, as I ponder Dr. Channing's life, entered more than that into that life, and that was the very blood that beat in his veins.

Channing was a native of the island where, from the beginning, was the colony of religious liberty; and the ideas that throbbed in Roger Williams' heart, in him, blossomed and bore fairer fruit than Roger Williams knew or could foresee. His life as a preacher was passed in Boston, and he did more than Boston can tell to fill it with larger life; yet the most loyal of us Bostonians can see that it was not the spirit most characteristic of Boston that kindled in him, though he strove to make this spirit more. He brought to us ideal elements of character which he did not fully find there, and he made that the place whence his spiritual philosophy and the large light of his generous soul shone as from a beacon set on a hill. His spirit was the spirit of Rhode Island. He was a typical Rhode Islander. That which we have to remember and to rejoice at in him more than any thing that he taught, more than any one of the ideas, great, living, eternal, which were the very heart of his life, is the fact of what he was in himself. His special influence is and must be, chiefly, in the fact that he stands pre-eminently in our modern America for moral ideas. Here was one who lived in these thoughts, whose life was spent

in communing with them and in setting them before others, the thoughts the greatest, the ideas the most inspiring, which a soul can touch. Who can estimate the infinite value to his country of a man who is consecrated absolutely to such high, grave themes in this land of hasty speech; in this age of theological indifference, on the one side, or of theological virulence, even now, on the other; in this period so devoured with the lust for material things; in this era of an unspiritual philosophy, when, though the stars shine, there are so many eyes that cannot see their shining? How shall we describe in words glowing enough the value of such a type of character, this mind, so calm, and so patient in waiting for the truth to orb itself in its full light, this soul that lived so absolutely in communion with the great Eternal Thought, — the thought of Christ, of duty, of the human soul, and of the living God? [Applause.]

At the conclusion of Mr. Foote's remarks, the audience rose, and joined in singing the following doxology (Hymn 104 of the Collection): —

> From all that dwell below the skies,
> Let the Creator's praise arise.

The Chairman then renewed the invitation to all present to repair to the adjoining chapel and basement hall of the church, where committees of ladies were in waiting to receive them to the social festivities of the day.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Peabody, of Cambridge.

At the close of the morning meeting, some six hundred persons accepted the invitation to the social festival, and soon assembled in the chapel of the church.

The desk in the chapel had been removed from its platform, which was now thickly set with a variety of flowering

plants. Tables bountifully spread with refreshments extended along the centre of the room. A blessing was asked by Rev. George W. Cutter, of Buffalo, N. Y.; and, long after the repast which followed, friends from near and from afar still lingered to talk of the one subject of the day, and to revive memories and traditions of past years.

MEETING IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The final meeting of the celebration was held in the Academy of Music on Wednesday evening, April 7, at 7.45 o'clock. Free tickets had been issued for all who wished to attend, and were placed at numerous convenient centres in Brooklyn, N.Y., or sent with circulars of invitation to friends in and out of the city. The Brooklyn *Eagle* of the next day, in its report of the occasion, said: —

"The Academy of Music has rarely, if ever, held such a magnificent audience as that which assembled within its walls last evening to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Ellery Channing. A large throng waited before the doors were opened to pay homage to the memory of the great preacher and thinker, and eagerly embraced the first opportunity of entering the building. When the portals were unbarred, the multitude, like a mighty torrent released from its bonds, rushed through the doorways and surged over the parquet and along the galleries, submerging every seat in the dense human tide. It was a grand audience that looked up from the main floor and down from the bended bows of the dress and family circles. It embraced a vast representation of thinking Brooklyn, beside delegates from other cities who came to honor Channing and to enjoy the intellectual treat promised in the announcement. All the faces in the throng were reflective of careful atten-

tion and profound thought. Fully one-half of the audience was composed of ladies.

The decorations were almost entirely floral. The orchestra stall was turned into a flower-garden. Huge calla lilies, with snow-like bells and darting golden tongues, raised their pure petals from masses of evergreens that screened the facing of the stage. Azaleas, ferns, and potted plants and flowers of numerous varieties filled the entire space between the boxes. Beneath the proscenium arch, in letters of white upon a ground of emerald green, was this reminder, "1780 — Channing — 1880," which had been seen over the pulpit in the church during the morning and afternoon.

Beside the reading-desk bloomed an immense floral cross and star. Its flowers were radiant and fragrant, and showed all their beauties beneath the gleaming gas-jets. An excellent portrait in oil of Channing stood at the head of the centre aisle. The painting was by Ingham, of New York, and is the property of the Rev. Dr. Bellows. It was adorned by an elaborate floral wreath. The perfume of the flowers made fragrant the atmosphere in the auditorium. When the exercises began, every inch of space in the Academy was packed. At least four thousand persons were present."

Beside those who addressed the meeting, there were seated on or near the stage five or six hundred persons, representing the most prominent departments of social, official, literary, and professional life, as well as all sects and parties in the city. Mingled with these were many distinguished ministers and laymen from other places. Included in this general array of citizens and strangers were Mr. Isaac H. Frothingham, President of the Board of Trustees of the Church of the Saviour; Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D.; Rev. Charles H. Hall, D.D.; Rev. John Cotton Smith, D.D., of the Church of the Ascension, New York; ex-Mayor John W. Hunter; Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, New York; Hon.

Joseph Neilson, Justice of the City Court; Joshua M. Van Cott, Esq.; Hon. J. S. T. Stranahan; Mr. Alexander M. White; Rev. Henry W. Foote, of King's Chapel, Boston; Mr. Josiah O. Low; ex-Judge John Greenwood; Hon. A. W. Tenney; Hon. Ripley Ropes; Capt. Nathaniel Putnam; Prof. R. F. Leighton; Professors A. Crittenden and D. G. Eaton, of the Packer Institute; Rev. J. G. Bass, City Missionary; Mr. R. H. Manning; Rev. J. C. Ager, Pastor of the Swedenborgian Church; Rev. Almon Gunnison and Rev. H. R. Nye, of the Brooklyn Universalist churches; Mr. John T. Howard; Hon. Demas Strong; Col. Rodney C. Ward; Rev. William C. Leonard, of the Church of the Redeemer; Mr. J. G. Hollinshead; Mr. E. W. Crowell; Mr. Gordon L. Ford; Chauncy L. Mitchell, M.D.; Mr. Henry Sanger; Rev. J. W. Chadwick; Mr. Eli Robbins; Mr. Oliver Johnson; Hon. Edwin Reed, Bath, Me.; Messrs. James and Duncan Littlejohn; Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D.; Collector John Tanner; Rev. S. H. Camp; Mr. Reuben W. Ropes; Col. W. B. C. Thornton; Rev. A. D. Mayo, Springfield, Mass.; Dr. Gustav Gottheil, of Temple Immanuel, New York; ex-Mayor Samuel Booth; Mr. George Hannah, Librarian of the Long Island Historical Society; Mr. S. B. Noyes, Librarian of the Brooklyn Library; Prof. G. S. Taylor, of the Adelphi Academy; President David Cochran, of the Polytechnic Institute; Mr. Samuel McLean.

Mr. A. A. Low, President of the meeting, and the various speakers for the evening, were greeted with loud applause as they came upon the stage at the appointed hour.

Mr. Low, the President, excused himself from making any opening address, but called on Rev. Dr. Putnam, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, to offer any introductory remarks that might be necessary. Dr. Putnam said

that his speech would simply be the announcement of the first hymn on the printed programme. He would, however, state that all sects and churches in the vicinity, and the public generally, had been cordially invited to join in the commemorative meetings of the day; and he desired, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, to thank most heartily the thousands present that they had accepted the invitation in the same spirit in which it had been given. He then requested the assembly to rise, and all join in singing the hymn to the tune, "Hummel."

The audience responded to the call, and were led by a chorus of more than fifty voices from the several Unitarian churches of the city, with organ and cornet accompaniment.

After prayer by the Rev. George C. Miln, pastor of the East Congregational Church, Brooklyn, the Chairman introduced the Rev. Dr. Rufus Ellis, of the First Church, Boston.

REMARKS OF REV. RUFUS ELLIS, D.D.

Mr. President and dear Friends, — I count it a great privilege to be summoned to this gospel feast. It is always pleasant, it is always helpful, to look up and recall a deservedly famous man. I love to be able to look up, and not to be called upon, as we so continually are in our day, to analyze, to explain, to account for great men; for that is so apt, as you know, to end in explaining them away, and bringing them down to our poor level. We want to look up, and let the light from their faces shine down into ours; and I am sure it is an especial privilege when we can come together, men and women of different minds, of different opinions, — and yet, as we believe, of the same most precious faith, striving to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, and to be of one heart in one Christian household, if we cannot be just of one mind and of one opinion. It is one of our

privileges, as we all see in these days, that we can so come together, and that, when we make up our calendar of saints, we always go beyond our communion, seeking only for those whose love for Christ is true. And because there are so many such seekers, the name that we are naming to-day will be spoken with affection and reverence in many Christian households,— not only Protestant, but Catholic as well; for we know that one of the best eulogiums upon Channing has been pronounced by one of our Roman Catholic brethren.

Now, sir, it does not seem to me hard to find or long to seek, if we wish to know what it is about Channing that so binds us all to him. Why, the very things that have been said about his limitations, the very things that have been said sometimes seemingly in disparagement of him, only help to bring out his characteristic merits more distinctly. They only help to put a frame around the picture. I think we shall all say that he is always, and everywhere, and at all times, and in all his utterances, distinctively a gospel preacher,— one of the great gospel preachers of our age. People object. They say, "Well, he was not a great theologian"; and they are right. His theology was always only popular theology. It was not metaphysical theology. It was not the theology of the schools and of the professors. They add, "He was not distinctively a man of letters"; and I should say, though not quite so confidently, that I think they are right there. I suppose that even his great sermons will hardly go down to posterity among the great English classics. We do not read them now at a sitting. We do not take in every picture eagerly. We do not read to the very last line, just as we sip the last drop of some precious cordial. They are didactic. They are over-diffuse even, I think, for the reader. They are weighty rather than incisive. Even his essays are all sermons. He always preaches. And they say that he founded no sect. He was only inci-

dentally, indirectly, by the way, connected with a sect. They even tell you that he knew very little of the world, — the great world, the world of the statesman, the world of the merchant; that he was a parish minister, and an invalid at that. And that is true, also. But, then, consider, my friends, that, though metaphysical theology has spoiled a great many preachers, it never made one yet, and it is not an essential part of a minister's outfit; and consider, too, — and we Unitarians have had some sad experience in this, — that a man of letters is often wholly lost upon a great congregation of hungry souls, whilst the man who is thought to be unlettered, and never to have been taught anything, will hold an audience sometimes, out on the parish green, that has been lost from the church.

And, then, as to founding a sect, was there ever a great preacher yet who was not a great deal larger than his sect, or who did not come to be, at all events, before he got through? Consider, too, as to knowing men. Why, how many of us know a great many men, know all about what they are saying and doing, and yet know very little about man and what is in man.

Now, we can admit all these things about Channing, only remembering that, when the moral development in a man is very large, it is likely to overshadow the intellect, and we do not think as much of his intellectuality then as we ought. Remember this. And yet, admitting it all, I shall say that Channing was so wondrously endowed with the prophetic function that it amounted, as it always does, to genius, to which you must add learning, as much as you can get of it, and intellect, as much as you can get of it, and poetry, and wit, and rhetoric, and everything else. But, then, all those things are perfectly useless, and always very tedious in the preacher, without the prophetic function. Channing was, first, last, always, a great gospel preacher; and, if you are

willing to use the old words in the old sense, you had better say that he was a prophet. Being filled with the spirit of his God, and finding God near him and in him, he prophesied; and the world listened to him. And that is why we are here to-night. And we do not consider, I think, as much as we ought, how preaching has been spoiled by those very things which Channing was said to lack, or how much we have lost and left out of sight that old prophetic speech, — the word which the people in Judea and in Galilee heard so gladly, not irrational truth, not unreasonable truth, but unreasoned truth, truth from the people to the people, truth right out of the abundance of a loving, religious heart. The Word of God, that never returns to a man void,— we are spoiling that continually by what we undertake to add to it. And Channing is to be remembered, not so much for what else he was, — and that was a great deal, — but because he was all else in subordination to this great function of a preacher; and for that, I say, we remember him. In that way, he served his generation; and he is laying his hand upon our hearts to-day, still living and working on.

He came, as such men always do come, in the fulness of the times,— not alone, not unheralded. He came at a time when he was greatly needed, and there was preparation for him. As those of you who heard the sermon of last evening know, it was a time in New England when just such a man was wanted. We had had a dispensation of the letter, which indeed was glorious; but there was needed, as we always need, a fresh dispensation of the Spirit, which should be infinitely more glorious. And it came, and there had been preparation for it. There were tokens of such life in New England before the Revolution. Charles Chauncy, in the old First Church of Boston, was a man of mark,— a man who made, or began to make, an epoch in his time. So was Mayhew, in the West Church. And, before the Revolution, they

both of them spoke living words,—not merely words from the old traditions,—and the times went on ripening. There were signs in the New England Congregational body of a reviving of religious life; and it is very narrow, it is a great mistake, to say that it came from only one quarter. It came from both sides of that body,—from those who were called "conservatives," and from those who would have been called, if the word had been used in that day, "liberals." There was a feeling all around that men must come nearer to the reality of Christ's gospel; that they must have something other than what they had been having too much of in New England, and a great deal of in Scotland,—what was called "Moderatism." There were many preachers who had ceased to hold old truths in the old way; and they met the case by saying nothing about them, lest somebody should be hurt, lest the repose of the churches—for it was no better than that—should be disturbed, lest there should be some divisions.

Now, they all began to feel that that was not the way to preach the gospel. And so the more conservative said, "If we are going to have these old doctrines, let us have them, and let us have them clearly and earnestly stated." On the other hand, there was a feeling that the time had gone by for these old statements, and that they must be restated. On both sides, they were reaching out for the reality of the Lord's Word,—the conservatives in their way, and the liberals in their way; and we must not dispose of the whole matter by saying that on the one side it was all bigotry, and that on the other side there were only pale negations. That does not represent the case at all. There were signs of a new life. Channing, in his way, was reaching continually after this great divine reality. He believed that there was still a message in the gospel for men, and he was bound somehow to get it uttered.

He was not alone. You cannot help thinking sometimes, or asking yourself, what might have been the result, if some men who began their career with him had only been permitted to live on. There was a famous man in what was called the Brattle Street Church, one Buckminster (we do not hear his name often in our day),—a man who died at the early age of twenty-eight, and yet left his mark deep in that city,—evidently a man of most earnest spirit, of most wonderful gifts; and another man, one Thatcher, in what was called "The New South Church," who lived a little longer. Both of them were contemporaries of Channing; Buckminster dying in 1812, and Thatcher in 1818, Thatcher only thirty-two or thirty-three years of age at the time of his death, surviving to write the memorial of his friend. These men died in the very bloom of their years. Channing lived on in life-long feebleness, and yet with great power, reaching out after this reality.

We sometimes wish — I am sure I do — that the Congregational body had not been divided, and that Channing might have got at his affirmations in some more direct way, just as the blessed Lord reached his affirmations,— not by discussing with the Jews their theology, but by passing right through the *Halacha* and the *Hagada*, as they called them,— the allegories and the legal niceties that were taught then in the synagogue. He simply passed over them all, paying hardly any attention to them, not destroying, but fulfilling, and went back to the great Book of Deuteronomy and to the prophets, Isaiah and Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Micah, and the rest, building upon them. But such things are not for us men, and Channing must do the best thing he could; and so he became a controversialist, though only for a little while. We wish it could have been otherwise. At least, I do, because the theology of Channing seems to me to be the least interesting part of him. He kept a good deal that

he might as well have parted with; and what interests us about him is not this transitional and temporary thing that we call theology, but his Christian consciousness, his faith in Christ as the One who lived in God and for God, and for God's children, and who had a personal message to his soul. That is what he cared for, and compared with that it was of very little consequence in what it happened to be embodied.

It was, in his case, embodied first in Trinitarianism, then in Arianism, and then we can hardly tell in what; but the consciousness remained, and that was the deep living nature in him, and that was what he lived to bring near to men's need; and every day he became less polemical in his preaching. We talk about his theological sermons and his controversial sermons; but they are very few in number compared with the rest of his sermons. He personally got his subjects from the street, and from men's wants and sins, and strove to apply them in the most practical fashion, not as men had been so much in the habit of preaching all around him, seeming to play with their subject, because Sunday had come and there must be a sermon, but as men who had a point to carry, and who believed that Jesus, in his spirit and life, could help them carry it. That was his manner of preaching; and every one said, "Well, now, here is some one who has something to say"; and they filled his church, as men always fill the church of a preacher who is not coaxing and teasing and trying to persuade them to go to church, but who gives them something to go for. They came and heard him, and heard him gladly; and he was really an epoch-making man. "He founded no sect," you say. Well, why should he have founded a sect? What did we want of another sect? Were there not too many sects then, as there are now? Ought we not to be thankful, when we begin to see the end of one of them? Channing

founded no sect; but he became easily the leader of a still increasing company of men, who may be said — and we say it reverently — to be of the mind of Jesus; to see God as he saw him; to see men as he saw them, with the same faith; to share his great blessed trusts, his great blessed confidences that this world and the world to come are ours, if we choose to have them,—men who have a blessed Christian optimism, men who have a realistic faith that the kingdom of heaven belongs here on the earth, and that, if we ever mean to get into the kingdom of heaven, we must get into it now. [Applause.] That was his faith, and that was what he preached. I do not mean that he was always conscious of this. He illustrates singularly one of Cromwell's great sayings, that a man never climbs so high as when he does not know where he is going. I do not think Channing knew where he was going, but he was always enlarging, always spreading out. He believed that everything in this life is sacramental, that everything can be made the bread and the wine of a divine life. And so he found sacraments everywhere, and he found subjects to which he could apply his Christianity; and he did apply it far and wide.

Although his knowledge of men was so largely intuitive and inspirational, somehow he did get a most practical knowledge of practical things, and he became a leader of a great company of preachers. You do not find them, happily, set apart in a little sect, but you find them in all sects.

Why, when Dean Stanley was in this country, a little more than a year ago, one of his inquiries was, "Where is the Cemetery of Mount Auburn?" The gentleman to whom he put that question was the Rev. Phillips Brooks. He put it with a great deal of interest. Said Mr. Brooks: "What do you care about Mount Auburn?" For, my friends, it is only one of our cemeteries. We do not take people

out there so long as they are living. Said Dean Stanley, "Channing is buried there." He wanted to go out and see Channing's burial-place.

And so you find men everywhere preaching Channing. Channing is preached to-day in pulpits to which, I am afraid, he would hardly now be admitted, for reasons which are doubtless satisfactory to those who so appoint. I make no criticisms upon them. Every man must answer all these things to his own conscience. But it is a fact that he is everywhere preached, because his spirit is abroad.

And so, though I may seem to have spoken lightly of his books, it is not that I think little of them. Their lines have gone out, and are going out wider and wider; but you cannot put such a life as that into any book. It is an ever-unfolding mind. It is an ever-proceeding spirit. It comes in new forms, in new expressions, every day. You think you have got the whole of it, and you find that it is doing a greater work than you ever thought of, and that it has only begun its career. And so I say that he is first, last, always, everywhere, to me, the preacher of this blessed gospel of the Son of God.

In this simple truth,—unformulated, if you choose to use such a word,—as it came from the lips of that blessed and wonderful One, who lived in God, and for God, and for God's children, let us live, and we shall say, as time goes on, in the power and sweetness of this spirit, "The day of Pentecost is fully come." The disciples shall wait no longer in Jerusalem, amid its mingled shadows and light. We mean to know what Jesus says; and his Word is in us, as he said it would be in them. It will be something more than a quotation. We shall know it ourselves, and shall be able to utter it; and then we shall be fit to preach it. We shall have it straight from him. We mean to be as Christian as his disciples were. We do not mean to interpret Jesus

by Paul or by John: we mean to interpret Paul and John by Jesus. We mean to get at the reality. That was what Channing sought; and that was what, according to the measure of his age and time and ability he found.

So, while we take some little satisfaction as a denomination in such a man, we rather choose to belong to the greater company,—to be of all those who, with him, are striving to walk in the one light and to build upon the one foundation; and we believe that, if we do it in his spirit, there will be as little as may be of the wood and the hay and the stubble that will be consumed, and as much as may be of that fine gold which the fire can only purify, until it shall be laid up as treasure at God's right hand.

I am very glad to find that so many, this day, have shown that they are of Channing's spirit; and I do not care how much they may be careful to say to me that they do not agree with him in this and that. Well, who does? And who could find out, without a great deal of trouble, precisely what he thought about this or that? And who would care to find out? It is the man's spirit, that ever-proceeding life, in which we rejoice. [Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN. — You have all heard of the Rev. Robert Collyer, formerly of Chicago, but now, I am happy to say, of New York. He is accustomed to speak to full houses, and he must feel at home here. He will please introduce himself.

REMARKS OF REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

Mr. Chairman and Friends,— I do not know when I have felt more like sitting still and enjoying myself, and letting somebody else do the talking. We used to have a saying in our Methodist class-meetings, when we could not say anything else to save us, "It is good to be here." I would like

to say just that, and then sit down. At our morning meeting, I got so full that I had to go away; and now I feel so full that I am afraid I shall be like one of those bottles that are so full to the stopper that the water cannot get out!

But I was thinking last night and this morning, and again just now, about something I read once about Channing: that if you went to him, and began to praise him — to praise the man — for something he had said or done, his wonderful eyes seemed to empty themselves of concern, and his face of the beautiful, eager interest, and it would seem to the speaker as if you should talk to the snow of its whiteness or to the fresh west wind of its power of refreshing. He did not like to be praised to his face; and I have felt very glad, in every address that has been made, to notice a certain delicacy of touch about it all,— a feeling, evidently, in the heart of the speaker, like that which Charles Lamb had, who said, I remember, "When we talk about those who have left us, to praise them, we should be as modest as we would if they were still with us on the earth." I have rejoiced in this feeling, which has evidently prevailed in these meetings, — the realization that we must speak with a certain delicacy, with a certain sense of the presence of the man among us, and not overpass the mark so that the praise shall sink into adulation. I feel sure that Channing now, where he dwells, and as he is, cannot have that feeling about all this which he would have, if he were with us still in the flesh; but, if he can be conscious of the words that are uttered to-day all over the world, about his life, in praise of him, he has risen so high and grown so great in that life into which he has gone, that any such words as are said do not trouble him, but he simply takes them and gives them up to the Giver of the gift that made him so great and so good, and in some sweet, spiritual fashion says again what he learned to say as he nestled by his mother's knee,— that beautiful ascription,

"Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever and ever, Amen." We shall not hurt him by such words as we say, especially as they are said out of such a heart as we witnessed this morning, in that grand meeting in the Church of the Saviour.

But I have felt, sir, all the time, as if any word I might say during these meetings would take, possibly, a different turn from such words as I have heard, noble, beautiful, grand, and sweet as they have been. I have rather longed for some man to say, more emphatically and more incisively, what I recognize in Channing as his grand, broad radicalism, — his deep sympathy with the wide differences as well as the wide agreements of men.

I have been very much interested in the study of Channing's life for years now; and I confess frankly, sir, that this is what has always gone most warmly to my heart: that, while I felt that I could recognize in Channing that beautiful and noble quality of the preacher about which our brother has just spoken so well, there was this also in him, that he had a perpetual sympathy with all sorts of thinkers on all sorts of subjects, and wanted all the time, if he could, to get down into their mind to explore it, to see what good reason lay in them for their conclusion, and so to come into the closest possible sympathy with them, while he must be the man he was in his own convictions and in his own life.

I notice therefore that he, as a young man, with his life before him, had great sympathy for the writings of men like Godwin and Rousseau, and for the writings of Mary Wollstonecraft, who was, he said, one of the greatest women on the earth. And all through his life those who were drawn to him, who gathered about him, who would come to him for help or direction or sympathy, were very much, I think, like those who gathered about David in the old days, in the cave of Adullum. Those who were discontented, and those who

were distressed, and I guess, also, those who were in debt,— all kinds of poor creatures,— came to him to get some word that would cheer them, and help them to go forth on special missions in this world, and tell the truth according to such light as might shine forth on their way. I like that quality in Channing,—that grand sympathy for the differences of men in their thinkings and in their conclusions. And I notice that, as he grows older, he loses none of this. It is all in him fresh and true to the last. Some man said to him, I remember, when he was far on in years for him, after he had come through one of the many fights into which he was perpetually plunged, "You seem to be the youngest man in the crowd." "Always young for freedom," he said. It was the deepest thing in his heart, that he should stand by the most absolute freedom of thought and word to which a man can attain.

Robert Hall said of a man, in his day, that his mind was hung on hinges, so that he was always in motion, but made no progress. It was not so with Channing. He was always moving onward to those heights of thought and exploration that made him the grand companion of all the prophets of every name. He gave his heart to the whole truth; and that was the reason why he won so many hearts. I remember he says that for the first twelve years of his ministry he does not remember that he mentioned any sect in the Christian church by name for criticism. He did not want to question and bring into court any of the great religious bodies about him. He always wanted to tell the truth, and let it go home and rest there, and do its work. He had the same feeling towards all sides. Let him find an honest man,— one he believed to be sincere to the bottom of his heart,— and then, so far as he could give that man companionship and sympathy, that man was his friend and his companion. I love that quality in the man. I love to find it forever a

flame in his heart. I love to note it as one of the grandest and noblest traits in Channing's character.

Mr. Chairman, in the little village where I lived the better part of my life, three hundred years ago, there were two families, one living on the hill and one in the valley. The family on the hill came there in the time of Henry II. They are there to-day. They have not heard of the Reformation. They are just as nearly as possible what they were at that time, when they went to live there in twelve hundred and something, I do not remember what. The family down in the valley were obscure folk who worked at day's work, and at the time of which I am speaking the representative of the family was earning four cents a day of our present money,—twopence, English. It was borne in upon this working man that this would never do. Something stirred in his heart to strike for a better life; and so at last it came to pass, after another hundred years, they migrated to this New World, leaving the family still on the hill. They were planted down in this soil. They grew, through the grand opportunities that come to a man when he comes from the Old World to the New, somewhere down in the wilds of Maine; and at last they bloomed out into the family of Longfellows, of which we have the poet, and our grand good friend, Sam Longfellow, a minister of our church in Germantown, Pennsylvania. The old family stays on the hill still; but this new one moved onward, and has caught this new life, and has made it noble and beautiful before the world, because there was this fine daring in them to go onward, while the old family remained still in the old family nest.

That was also, in the deeper spiritual sense, the truth with our Channing. He, migrating from the old fastnesses to the new, has made it nobler and more beautiful to those who have to live in it. It was because of this that he became the

man he was. It is because of this that we love him and revere him, and speak of him with this affection as we gather together to-night. He was the apostle of a new and nobler life; and it was sufficient to him that under God he was able to do his day's work in his short day.

Shall I say that I love him also for this? I notice sick men are like sick cats: they like to go into a corner, and be let alone. They do not like the movement of their time. They cease to grow aggressive. Everything may go as it will, but they do not want to be bothered. Channing was a sick man. From the time he came from the South, you know, to the time he died, he did not know what it was to be strong, and stand the racket of every day like a man such as our friend Mr. Beecher, for instance. [Applause.] And yet, with that delicate frame, all the time wondering what he should eat and what he should drink and wherewithal he should be clothed, having in this very constitution and make of him conditions of creeping away out of active life, and being quiet somewhere in a corner, and getting off his sermons, some such sermons as our friend described just now, in which everybody will feel good and everybody will be peaceful, and go home and say, "What a capital sermon!" and care nothing at all about it,—a man with such a constitution, we would think, would drive in that direction; but he gave his heart and he gave his life utterly, regardless of the pain, of the fatigue, of the work, of the wear and tear of it, to those great purposes for which God had sent him into the world.

I told them last Sunday, when I was talking about him, that I used to have a coat of Channing's. It went up in the fire, as nearly all things did in Chicago. He gave it to Conant, and Conant left it to me at his death. It was the coat of a boy. "How in the world," I said, "did you manage to do such a grand work on earth with that poor, lean body

of yours?" If I ever do take to worshipping a saint, I am going to worship Channing. It is this that draws me to him,—that with his poor chance of doing anything he should have done so much.

Brother Ellis said, just now, that Dr. Chauncy was one of the grand men of the former days; and I was reminded of an anecdote that I read about him, that he wrote one of those progressive books in the direction of the doctrine of Universalism, and hid it in his desk, and durst not bring it out to daylight. Channing never wrote a word that he did not show to the world, no matter what folks might have to say; and he did find those that were not in the heartiest sympathy with him in Boston. There he stood, four-square, —if you can apply such a term as four-square to such a little body,—to every wind that blew, and let them blow and blow, and fought his battle, and then, like a brave man, thought less of what he had done than any other man on earth. Ah! we may well think tenderly of him, and we may well think with pride of him.

And now, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I want to say one word more; and that is, through this great, free soul, we are freer to-day, far and wide. That is a nobler thought; and I trust we will all think more nobly, and, because he has lived, we can all live better.

Our dear friend, in his speech just now, spoke, you know, of Channing's being above, and in a great measure aloof from, what he himself had done; that his sermons were but one part of the grand work, and might not by himself be considered to be at all so grand as many consider them to be now. It reminded me of a day which came once when I got, I was going to say, aggravated, reading a poem of somebody in Philadelphia, which bears the title "No Sect in Heaven." The aggravation arose out of this, that I did not find Unitarians there in any shape whatever. There

were the Baptists and the Methodists, the Episcopalians and the Quakers; but there were no Unitarians. And I said, "I am going to make an improvement on that," very much as the Yorkshire man thought he could make an improvement on the Lord's Prayer by making it read, "O Lord, give us this day our daily bread, and some cheese." [Laughter.] I said, "I will write something for the Unitarians"; and this is what I got off. I remember after having got them all in heaven safe and sound, as the other poem got them, I jotted down these lines:—

Then one came, saying, with low, sweet voice:
"I have sermons here: they'd the world rejoice.
I must bear them on to the shining shore,
And make joy in heaven for evermore."
But, as twilight is lost in the springing day,
Doctrine and dogma melted away,
And Dr. Channing cared no more
For the word he had said on the time-bound shore.
And Parker said, "I have sermons seven,
That must be read in the courts of heaven."
But the sermons seven went down like lead
In the waters that run between living and dead.

[Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN.— Rev. Dr. Pullman, of the Sixth Universalist Church in New York, will say a few words to you now.

REMARKS OF REV. J. M. PULLMAN, D.D.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—If it ever happens to you to be called upon to apologize for not being somebody else, you will be able to enter into my feelings at this moment. I am an eleventh-hour man; and I am here because Dr. Chapin is sick and cannot come. But, finding myself in so brilliant a presence, I suppose I must act by the law of contraries; and, since I cannot speak at all like Dr. Chapin, I must speak as differently from him as I can,—and

I can assure you it is very easy for me not to speak like Dr. Chapin. And I would not be here, honorable as I esteem this position, if I did not know how sorry the Doctor is that he cannot be here; how interested he is in this meeting, how he loved the subject of it, and how all the throbs of his great heart are towards this house to-night. Under the circumstances, I feel that I ought to stand up here and say my Universalist word of praise, whether I say it very well or not.

I labor under an embarrassment in trying to say that word here to-night. I feel as I were between Scylla and Charybdis. I loved Channing very deeply and very dearly; and I loved him for the very things that the world at his time did not love him for. And how shall I, in an assembly like this, gathered from all churches, of all shades of opinion, in beautiful amity and accord, go on and praise him for those things that I love him for, and not jar some discordant note? It would be better for me, doubtless, not to say anything about those matters; and yet, if I speak about a man who loved the truth as he did, and who taught me, in my little way, to love it, I must say what I think. So I am between the Unitarian Scylla and the Orthodox Charybdis.

You know we live in the days when something that is called the "Channing influence" has broadened out, and deepened, and sharpened down into — what shall I say, and be respectful and nice as I would like to be? — I will only say that it has come to something that was in that young gentleman who threw his Euclid aside the other day, because the propositions were too dogmatically stated. He said that he really thought he had a right to doubt whether there was that equality in the angles of an equilateral triangle which the author insisted so much upon.

A general adviser of mankind, who has broken out down East of late years, and broken out very well, — and who advises very well, too, — has said, recently, that by putting his

ear to the ground he can hear the retreating footsteps of Channing's influence, or words to that effect. Of course, I must be careful here. I know where the rock is, here and there; but I cannot help saying, men and brethren, that it cannot be very difficult for one who commits himself to the statement that Channing's influence is waning to put his ear to the ground. [Laughter.] If Channing's influence is not making as much stir in the world to-day as it seemed to be making thirty or forty or fifty years ago, it is for the same reason that the water that comes up through my house to the cistern in the attic does not make a noise after a while,—it is because the tank is full; and if Channing's influence does not seem to be as extensive as it was in the earlier days, if it seems to be departing from that level and going downward, it is for the same reason that the water of the reservoir up here sometimes departs from its level, and goes down through a million pipes, and is feeding a million households. I stand for the perpetuity of the influence which I feel so clearly in myself.

If one should ask me what I think is the thing for which William Ellery Channing will be remembered and loved and enshrined among the world's few great men, I should take the broadest generalization I am to make, and say, It is because he taught men to think nobly of God by thinking nobly of themselves. No man that does not think nobly of God can act nobly; and, the more nobly men are taught to think of God, the more nobility you will find in their daily conduct. Is it not so? And is it not true that Dr. Channing himself said, in the preface to one of his published works, that, among all the things there written down, there was this one above all others,—his confidence in the essential worth of human nature, and his disposition to stand up for human liberty? And men thought, "Why, if you elevate the character of men, if you make them think too well of themselves,

by so much you lower God." They seemed to think that, in order to get contrast enough, you must make men abject, prone upon their faces, and that then God will be better pleased. Men and brethren of all churches, and of no church, it does not turn out so. Those men who have been taught to feel their own moral ability, and who have been taught to know that of themselves they can do right, are the men that think nobly and speak nobly of God in all churches, and everywhere.

I want to say, before I close, that, so dearly do I prize what has sometimes been called the dogmatism of Channing, I wish it might go further. I do love to see such a spectacle in imagination as some happy people saw in reality in that church in Baltimore, when he preached his famous sermon at the ordination of Jared Sparks. It must have been grand to have seen that slight, pale man, with deep eyes that looked through all things, and to have heard him say: "We all agree externally, do we not, upon the character of God,—as to his goodness, as to his holiness, and as to his power? Yes: externally we do; but it is possible to speak magnificently of God, and to think very meanly of him,—to apply high-sounding epithets to God personally, and to apply principles to his government that are odious." And then he went on to describe the reasons why he loved and trusted and worshipped God,—that he did it not simply because God had power, but because that power was good, and was exerted for good; not because he was a Ruler only, but because he was a good Ruler. And then came that grand sentence, which I know I shall never forget,—"We respect nothing but excellence on earth or in heaven." Am I wrong, men and brethren, when I say that in the development of the intellectual and spiritual life of Channing he grew toward the Christ, and not away from him? Have I erred in drawing from his words those thoughts that seem to me to indicate that, the

longer and the more closely he looked, the more dearly he loved the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? I may be mistaken,— I know upon what rock I am running,—but I believe that from my heart and soul.

So I speak for the Universalist Church, who see in Channing the exemplification of that which they consider their central light and doctrine, of the moral perfection of the Almighty. The corollary which follows from this is the final extinction of moral evil; and, taking him as one of those who has contributed so largely to a result everywhere so desirable and noble, how can I better close this short address than in the words of Dean Stanley, as quoted for us from Norman Macleod, speaking from the general aspect of the man? "A man broad with the breadth of the charity of Almighty God, and narrow with the narrowness of his righteousness." [Applause.]

The assembly then rose and sang, as before, the following selected hymn: —

Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love;
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

The CHAIRMAN.— I now have the honor to present to you the Hon. George William Curtis. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF MR. CURTIS.

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen,— As a son of Rhode Island, I have peculiar pride and pleasure in this day. My native State is small, but it is rich in great memories and in great men. The stone of religious liberty, which my Brother Ellis's Massachusetts rejected, became the head of the corner in Rhode Island; and upon the foundation principle of that little State is reared the vast superstructure of the civil and religious liberty of America.

And look with me, for an instant, at the contributions of Rhode Island to American history. In our earliest epoch, it gave us Roger Williams, its founder,—the preacher, not of religious tolerance, but of absolute religious liberty, who held that the Quaker and the Puritan who hung the Quaker, that George Fox and John Endicott, were both of them too narrow for the broad church of soul-liberty. To the Revolution, Rhode Island gave General Greene, the friend of Washington, and Esek Hopkins, the first Commodore, the first Commander-in-chief, of the American Navy. To the later war with Britain, Rhode Island gave Commodore Perry, who upon Lake Erie met the enemy, and they were his. And, last of all, my native State gave to America and the world, to liberty and to humanity, William Ellery Channing. [Applause.]

Among the thousand tributes of reverence and of love that are to-day paid to his memory, I have been asked to say to you a word of his anti-slavery career. Why, Mr. President, there is not a man who shall speak of him who will not speak of that. Every breath he drew was an anti-slavery inspiration. Every word he uttered was an anti-slavery battle. Wherever he saw a chain binding the human soul or the human body, he struck it, and he broke it,— not with the might of the trip-hammer that shatters, but with the touch of the sunbeam that melts.

Channing was one of the three great spiritual emancipators in our history. The first was Roger Williams; the second was Channing; the third, in a later generation, was Ralph Waldo Emerson. [Applause.] They all held to what Roger Williams called "soul-liberty." They all asserted that moral independence was the sole source of moral power; that the moment any man looked for his duty to the platform of a party, or to the creed of a sect, or to any authority, to any source, but his own conscience, which is God in him, that moment he lost his moral liberty. And, sir, I rejoice to see this great and brilliant assembly, at a time when every mind in the country is forecasting the vast excitements of the Presidential election, when passions and ambitions, and hopes and prejudices of every kind, are fiercely inflamed. The serene memory of a man like Channing falls upon us like a benediction of manly courage and peace. For so long, fellow-citizens, as we are true to his principles; so long as, in a country of sects and parties, we hold them as servants, and not as masters; so long as we trample under our feet the familiar ecclesiastical, the familiar political sophistries, scorning their scorn, despising their contempt, excommunicating their excommunications,—so long we shall understand the mysterious saying that one with God is a majority; and our beloved country will be truly invincible because truly free.

The supreme passion of Channing's life—if I may use such a word to describe a man so passionless, or, rather, who held all his powers and passions under so strict control—was love of liberty. To him God was perfect love and perfect freedom. It was this which made him intensely individual, and it was this which gave him his profound sense of the worth of man as man.

He lived in a time of tremendous controversies,—political, theological, social. He was always a teacher of the teachers, a leader of the leaders; but he bore himself throughout

with absolute heroism and independence, always serene, superior, solitary. His manner was as gentle and sweet as the dew that falls on Hermon; but his convictions, rooted upon the Eternal Centre, were as absolutely uncompromising as the mountain upon which the dews of Hermon fall. And as to-day we look back into that stormy time, as we catch a glimpse of that slight figure and seraphic glance amid the heavings of the tempestuous epoch, amid the contentions of statesmen, of politicians, of theologians, of reformers, we seem to see a fervent and penetrating flame that purifies while it illuminates; and we catch at least some glimpse of that essential and innate dignity of human nature which was his profound faith, and the theme of his transcendent eloquence.

Mr. President, I can hardly believe, as I look around upon this audience, that there are so many who honor me at this moment with their attention, so many young men and so many young women who have no personal remembrance of our great anti-slavery debate. It was a question which involved a wrong against human nature, a crime against liberty, so immense and so intolerable that it necessarily overshadowed all other questions; and if I have given you, in the few words that I have spoken, my idea of the golden key that unlocks the whole career of Channing, you will understand where a man, arrayed by the very law of his nature against despotism, necessarily stood in that great conflict. The question was absolutely unavoidable. Ah! sir, I speak to men who remember with me how we sought to escape it. I speak to men who remember how we evaded the omnipresent issue, how we said that it belonged to the South; that it was so "nominated in the bond," that it was not our affair, that we were morally free from taint. Why, human slavery, as it existed in this country, was a cancer which could live only by tainting the sound flesh around it; and, by the

very law of its being, slavery within the Union necessarily encroached upon freedom within the Union. It was everywhere. It was not to be evaded. Beyond the Mississippi, the free laborer, planting his happy home and singing at his work in the free territory, suddenly found himself confronted by the spectre of slavery, in the persons of the overseer and his gang, to dispute with slaves the bread of freedom.

It was not beyond the Mississippi alone; but the panting fugitive, guilty of no crime but color, taking his life in his hand, tracked by blood-hounds, suffering torments which have not been written, and following his only friend, the cold north star in heaven, fled across the border, and here, in your very Brooklyn streets, cowering and starving and knocking upon your own doors, brought home to you, at your hearthstone, the crime and the appalling sorrow of slavery.

Nor on the land alone, but on the sea,—far out on the ocean, beyond the sight of land,—innocent men, overpowering other men who, for their own gain only, had robbed them of their liberty, were obliged to go somewhere to shore, and, coming to our coast, piteously appealed to the protection of our flag; and the government which that flag symbolized hesitated and demurred. But let me say it to the eternal honor of a man then living, an ex-President of the United States, whose heart and mind echoed the pitiful cry that he heard, personally a friend of Channing, and also of the religious faith of Channing, but with the ability, with the instinct of a moral gladiator, that he, virtually alone in Congress, with his strong hand and his dauntless will upheld American liberty in the House of Representatives, maintained for us the fundamental American principle of the right of petition, and in the Supreme Court of the United States made the poor foreign slaves, the slaves of the "Amistad," his clients, and gave them liberty.

When I think of this man, I see John Pym in the Commons, thundering against Charles Stuart; I see Lord Mansfield upon the King's Bench, declaring that there cannot be a slave in England: and I feel that, in the darkest hour of American history, America and human liberty had no truer friend than John Quincy Adams. [Applause.]

Well, this was the contest with which Channing was confronted. There was not a man in this country who could feel the crime more deeply than he, and you will see at once that two things were to be expected of him. He would be one of the earliest and most intrepid of the anti-slavery leaders, and he would not be identified with the party known as abolitionists. On reading our history, you will find that both of these facts are verified by the record.

Channing, by temperament, by the intense individuality of which I have spoken, represents everywhere the individual force, the individual influence. His refinement, his sensitiveness of temperament, and his overpowering sense of justice made him, more than any man in the country, alive to what he conceived to be the excesses and the personalities of reform.

Now, fellow-citizens, I do not read Channing aright, if it was the bitterness of invective, so much as what seemed to him its injustice, which kept him solitary in the great awakening. He had no personal aim. He had no private ambition. All his ends were God's, his country's and truth's,—these and nothing more. His object was always a moral object. It was persuasion; and therefore he recoiled from vituperation, and denounced it, as defeating the very object of the reform. Whatever made persuasion, in his judgment, impossible, was to him a flagrant crime against the cause, and a betrayal of the slave himself.

But, on the other hand, the abolitionists, viewing this question with their conscience, with their knowledge of

mankind, with their experience of daily affairs, considered moderation treachery. They regarded Channing as a man who compromised, and who might even be accused of cowardice. But Samuel J. May, one of those saintly souls akin to Channing's, early caught up in the ardor of this great crusade of humanity, tells us that Channing, always open, always generous, as Mr. Collyer has said, to every claim of every man and of every cause, asked him perpetually how that cause was coming on, and one day reproved Mr. May for what he considered to be the extravagance of reform. Mr. May tells us that he at once responded, "Well, Dr. Channing, God works with such instruments as he can find. He has called the world, he has called the mighty, he has called the leaders of men, and they have not answered. We have come in from the hedges and from the ditches, we have come in from the highways and by-ways, and are here to do our work. Look to it, sir, look to it; for the work in the Master's vineyard will be surely done. Is it not time, sir, that you spoke?" Mr. May said that the moment he had uttered this reproof to Channing he sat drooping before him, not knowing what the rebuke might be; but Channing, with the utmost simplicity, answered: "Brother May, I feel the justice of that reproof. I have kept silence too long."

I do not, for myself, think that he had kept silence in an unjust sense. Every word, every act of his, had been charged with the anti-slavery spirit; and of his great co-laborer, William Lloyd Garrison [applause], and Dr. Channing,—both residents of the same city, both moved by the same inspiration, both pursuing the same end, but absolutely different in temperament and training,—all we can say is, as of all the resplendent planets in the great heaven of that agitation, "One star differeth from another star in glory."

For, from the beginning, when Channing was born, a hundred years ago to-day in Newport, Newport was a slave trading port. Its public opinion was what the public opinion of New York was when the anti-slavery agitation began Down to the period just before the war, the public opinion of New York was expressed by one of its greatest merchants, when he said, "There will be no peace in this country until men like Charles Sumner are hung." In that one remark, those who were not familiar with those days may understand what those days were.

Well, in the old Newport in which Channing was born, his first preacher, in the church to which his father went, was old Dr. Hopkins, who preached every Sunday the terrors of hell to a poor congregation in a desolate church, and who insisted to them that the final test of true faith was the willingness to be damned for the glory of God. [Laughter.] Old Dr. Hopkins, preaching that faith, was still a worthy embassador of Him who came to break every bond. And it was from his lips, from his life, and from the whole adverse stress of public opinion there in Newport, that Dr. Channing first acquired his hostility to slavery as it existed in this country.

Then, when he is eighteen years of age, just at the very beginning of the century, he goes to Richmond to teach. And he writes home from Richmond, "Except for their sensuality and their slavery,"—two considerable exceptions,—"the Virginians would be the finest people in the world."

In 1830, when Garrison began his *Liberator* Dr. Channing was in Santa Cruz for his health. But in Santa Cruz, amid all the delights of Elysium, he could see and feel but one thing. Like the princess in the fairy tale who could not sleep upon a hundred beds of down because of the little pebble under them all, so he could not rejoice in all the splendor and prosperous luxuriance of the tropics, knowing

the injustice to human nature that was beneath its whole social system.

When he returned to Boston, he stood in the pulpit of a congregation panoplied in as obdurate a respectability against every form of agitation of the anti-slavery question as any congregation in the land. Yet he did not hesitate to say, as he stood meekly before them, "I have been in Santa Cruz. I have seen in Santa Cruz the mildest form of human slavery; and in its mildest form, brethren, human slavery is the destroyer of the soul."

In 1835 and in 1837, he published his essay upon Slavery, and his letter upon Texas to Henry Clay. I challenge for those two documents the merit of being the most permanent and imperishable contributions to the literature of the anti-slavery cause, as expressing its fundamental reason and principle and scope.

I do not forget for a moment — how could I in this presence? — the words of the prophet, and the John Knox of that movement, of whom I have already spoken, Mr. Garrison. [Applause.] I do not forget the mingled trumpet and flute of the speech of Phillips, which has so often filled this very building with the truest music of eloquence. [Applause.] I do not forget that great appeal, that romance, in which the whole life of slavery was figured, which was borne into every land, which was translated into every language, and which melted the heart of the world, as it pondered the career of "Uncle Tom." [Applause.] I do not forget that, as Emerson said, in every anti-slavery meeting the eloquence was dog-cheap. But the plea of Channing, perfectly tranquil in tone, stands, it seems to me, always separate and apart. These were his words: "God has not intrusted the reform of the world to passion." His argument was a calm and permanent statement. It is the argument which our children's children will read, and feel to be invinci-

ble. It will not have the glow, the fervor, the palpitation of the speeches and the appeals to which our hearts have responded; but it will shine always with the calm light of the stars.

Nor was he wanting — I think my best anti-slavery friends will acknowledge — in his fidelity to his profound conviction. The work of our friend Mr. Oliver Johnson — the last contribution to the history of the anti-slavery reform — tells us that it was not until 1843 that Mr. Garrison felt called upon to declare his gospel of the dissolution of the Union, because it was then his feeling that the Union was a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. But in the essay upon Slavery, eight years before, and in his letter to Mr. Clay, five years before, Dr. Channing had done what every man in this country was warned by the statesmen not to do,— he had weighed the value of the Union; and he had said: "To other men the Union is a means, but to me it is an end. I love the Union with a love surpassing all the feeling that I have for any American institution but that of liberty." "We will make every concession for the Union," said Channing, "but truth, justice, and liberty: these we will not concede." And when he wrote to Clay in 1837, he did not hesitate to speak of the consummation of the annexation of Texas as a justification for the separation of these States. With celestial prescience, he knew that the States could not cohere, slave and free. He knew that they would separate either by the sword or by consent; and, as a man of peace, he hoped that it might be by consent. And, when he said these words, he seems to me to have repeated those great words of Burke,— "All government is founded upon compromise and barter; but in every bargain the thing sold must bear some proportion to the price paid. No man will barter away the immediate jewel of his soul." Channing spoke the deepest conviction of the American people before

they knew it themselves. He spoke for that love of liberty, for that fidelity to the Union, which, when the trial came, was sure to be found supreme. When our Southern brethren made their demand, they asked us to barter away the immediate jewel of our soul. They have had their answer.

Mr. President, many voices in many lands are at this moment speaking of this man. He is shown in a hundred aspects. I have mentioned one. But turn this priceless diamond in your hand; and, wherever you look, every smooth facet will be as pure and luminous as every other.

I never saw Channing, I never heard his voice; but, walking often in the old Newport garden that he loved, I have felt that its sunny solitude, penetrated by the cool, racy breath and the infinite murmur of the neighboring sea, was the truest symbol of his life and character.

We cannot truly appreciate, nor fitly express, our debt to the great men who are not specialists, who are not — if my brother will allow me — preachers merely, nor reformers, but who are great uplifting powers which supply the thoughts that make civilization, who give us the inspirations that make the glory of our life. These things we cannot express; but our deepest souls and all that is noblest within us respond to them, as the shells strown upon that Newport beach of his answer the eternal music of the ocean.

> "Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
> And grow forever and forever."

The heavenly light in those sweet eyes is long since quenched; the music of that voice is silent; that gentle presence has vanished from men's sight forever; that slight figure, that trembling body, lies mouldering in the grave. But in the greater spiritual liberty that we see, in the quickened public conscience, in the downfall of sectarian divisions, in the deeper, higher, truer sense of the father-

hood of God and the brotherhood of men, that soul of fire and of love goes marching on. [Loud applause.]

The CHAIRMAN.—The Rev. Dr. Sims, of the Methodist Church, will now address you.

ADDRESS BY REV. C. H. SIMS, D.D.

A Californian, with whom his nephew had been long visiting, grew strangely sad. The nephew anxiously inquired the cause of his grief, and was surprised to hear his uncle say, "I am so afraid you will never come to see me again." "I certainly will," said the affectionate young man. "No," said the uncle, "I think you never will, for I am afraid you will never go away this time."

Now, my friends, I do assure you our meeting to-night *will close some time*, so you may have a chance to come again. In view of the lateness of the hour, I promise to be extremely brief. Indeed, I only speak at all, because it is fitting that I, and Mr. Beecher who is to follow me, should put an orthodox finish to this centennial celebration, and that it should pass under orthodox revision, as all such meetings ought.

The world is not rich enough in virtue or strength to permit a great, good man to be forgotten. It has no superabundant accumulation of truth, that we can afford to turn away from any truth-searcher, no matter though his methods be different from ours; and we are here to-night, my friends, to speak words of grateful remembrance of one who was a courageous, devoted searcher after the truth, and who consecrated that truth to the best interests of humanity, as he understood them.

William Ellery Channing is one of the few men who have escaped death and oblivion, and who live on forever in the

truest life, because he was a great man, after the Master's deepest and most profound definition of greatness, — being the servant of all. His influence upon the world is twofold. It is impersonal, in so far as it goes out to affect general thought and sentiment. As a rivulet on its way to the river gives its waters to the atmosphere, and then those waters are condensed into dew-drops and deposited upon leaf and flower and bud, and yet are truly of the rivulet, though they may not make their way with it to the river, so there are lives that in their definite and living influence quicken and refresh all humanity, long after they themselves have disappeared from any personality in the matter. But, beside that, there is another influence upon the general thought of the world as we have studied him, the philanthropist, the teacher; the man whose words and thoughts have been before the world, always fresh, never belonging to a departed or to a decayed age; the glorious thinker, searching after truth.

I speak of his continuous personal influence. To the student of his biography, who has followed his labor and struggle and thought, he is still a most living personality, able yet to stir the thought, arouse the enthusiasm, and inspire to noble efforts and purposes. His was the life of a great, consecrated searcher after God's verities. He was a man who gave himself to know the truth. Because the statements of Christian doctrine around him did not satisfy his mind, he sought to make other statements which seemed to him more correct. In order to do his work, he became a great and glorious martyr for the truth as he understood it, willing to part company with old friends, willing to feel whatever pain he may have felt in the disapprobation of those under whom he had been instructed, from whom he had learned, and whom he had loved. He parted company with them for conscience' sake.

And so the student of Channing's character comes to

catch the inspiration of one who loved the truth, not simply to love what Channing believed. If it were that, we could not all mingle here to-night. But we come to stand where he stood, on this broad principle of loving the truth as he loved it, and to judge of the truth for ourselves as he judged of it for himself; and this inspiration is one which must always be healthful and helpful.

Again, the influence of his personal character upon those who study him is felt in his broad, earnest, tender, loving philanthropy. He was a man of generous nature, one who could agree to honor those with whom he disagreed. Not every man can forgive his fellow for holding opinions not in harmony with his own. Many a one can forgive the thief who steals his watch, that cannot pardon his neighbor who fails to find his faith expressed in the same catechism. Because Channing's soul was full of sympathy, he lives largely in my mind and in my affections. It seemed as if his heart was the focal centre of a whispering gallery broad as this wide world; and that every sigh of human woe and every sob of human sorrow came to be articulate and audible, as it reported to his spirit.

So he came to stand before the world the advocate of temperance; the advocate of freedom; the advocate of religion; the man of pure and noble life; the man who loved humanity in its loneliness and poverty; the Sabbath-school man; the pastor who cared for the poor and needy; the man whose broad and loving heart planned all generous things for all men; the man who planned for the emigrant, for the workingman, for the mechanic, for the degraded, for the imprisoned,—planned for whoever suffered or was ignorant or fallen or hopeless in this world,—and who longed to lift up humanity toward the God whom he worshipped. He was a reverent worshipper of God.

This world, my friends, is broad enough, God's love rich

enough, and his character grand enough, for all of us, with our different religious views, to stand on, and gaze straight up into the face of our divine Father, and not be in one another's way. He loved God and believed in him, and he that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure; and his whole life grew beautiful in the sunshine of the divine favor and love, and in the light of God's all-seeing eye, with nothing evil hid away in his heart or in his hand. So he gave his life to humanity. So he lives on, having escaped death. So to-day, in all that makes up life, the helper of the thinker and the worker, of the student, and the down-trodden, he lives on. The life of flesh is past. He does not any longer eat and drink, and suffer and toil; but he helps humanity, and he will help it through all the years that are to come. And so, believing, as I do, in the essential divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the permanent and perpetual power of God's Holy Spirit, and in the doctrine and reality of genuine conversion, I come to lay my chaplet down in memory of one whom I honor; and I pray God that all truth gathered everywhere in this wide world may be consecrated to the service of all men, and that all truth-seekers may be honorable in the sight of their brethren forever.

The CHAIRMAN. — Of course you will all remain to hear Mr. Beecher.

ADDRESS OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I do not propose to speak to-night at any length. It is now a time at which Dr. Channing would have been abed and asleep for an hour. You have had a banquet, if ever an audience had; and you have also had the benediction of a good sound orthodox clergyman at the end of it. And it

seems to me that the consent of men, whether they are in the Mother Church or in any of the scattered sectarian churches, — orthodox, half-orthodox, or heterodox, — is all gained to-night, and gained on one point: that a man who loves God fervently and his fellow-men heartily, and devotes his life to that love, is a member of every communion and of every church, and is orthodox in spite of orthodoxy or anything else!

There is one point, however, that has been pressed upon my mind, as I have been overwhelmed with the richness of the thoughts and illustrations of the speakers gone by. So warm and enthusiastic have been the eulogies to-night, that one might almost imagine that Dr. Channing was himself the light of the world! But no; so rich is God, so all, pervading, so incarnated in every soul that thinks and in every heart that throbs, that Dr. Channing was but one single taper shining in the darkness of this world, and drawing his light from the great solar Fountain, God. He was the mouthpiece of his time; but his time had prepared the material which he expressed. No man, in any age, though he stand head and shoulders above his fellows, is competent to do much more than has been wrought out for him,— to be the teacher of those things which have been made needed and manifestly needed, by the experience of millions of men, and to give intellectual expression to those truths which in their emotive form have welled up in thousands and tens of thousands of bosoms. Dr. Channing felt all the accumulated force, moral and social, of the times gone by and the times at hand in which he lived. And so, though he was great, mankind behind him was greater, the time was greater, and the all-informing spirit of God was greater yet.

In my boyhood, I went to Boston in 1826, and was thrown into the very centre and heat of that great controversy which was raging, in which my father was an eloquent thunderer on

one side, and in which Dr. Channing was an eloquent silent man on the other side. Mostly his work had been done at that time. Do I not remember the image of that day? In my own nature enthusiastic, sincere, and truthful, did not what my father thought become what I thought? And did I not know that Unitarians were the children of the devil? And did I not know that those heresiarchs, if they had not fallen from heaven, ought to fall from the earth? And did I not regard Channing, I will not say as a man misled, but as a man demented, in whom was the spirit of error, leading men down to perdition, and who ought to be silenced, and all of whose followers ought to be scourged? Did I not read in those days the haughty statement, the reply, the rejoinder, and then the diffusive controversy generally? And yet time has wrought with me, as it has wrought with you, and with all men, wonderful changes; and now those two men, my father and Dr. Channing, that stood over against each other,—to my young seeming,—as wide apart as the east from the west, I see standing together, and travelling in precisely the same lines, and toward precisely the same results. For did not Lyman Beecher feel that, as the doctrine of God and of moral government was presented in the day in which he lived, the glory of God was obscured, that men were bound hand and foot, and that the sweetness and the beauty of the love of Christ in the gospel were misunderstood, or even veiled and utterly hidden? And what was he striving for but such a renovation of the old orthodoxy as should let the light of the glory of God, as it shone in the face of Jesus Christ, have a fair chance at folks? And what was Channing striving for? He felt that the old formulas and statements of men did not let out the whole circumference, nor did it give the whole force and beauty of the character of God. He, too, was driving, as best he could, the clouds out of heaven, and seeking to

make the character of God more resplendent, and morally more effective to mankind. And there they stood bombarding each other, both of them with the same grand object and motive; like two valiant men-of-war, that are giving each other broadside after broadside, and yet are on a stream of Providence that is carrying them unconsciously in the same direction! They sailed side by side, and as they met in heaven I think they lifted up hands of wonder and exclaimed, "Is it possible that I am here — and you?"

My estimate of Channing is not less because my estimate of the whole force of society is greater. He was *one* of the men, and but one, — a great and noble and leading man. Ten thousand other things were working. When Sisera was at his battle, the stars in their courses, it is said, fought against him; and, when God hath great work on hand, the stars, and every thing that is beneath them, are working in one direction. The changes in governments, the advance in laws, the development of a better political economy, the evolution of commonwealths, the progress of science and of the mechanic arts, but especially the science of mind, are working out a final theology by working to the same great end, — the emancipation of man, the clarity of his understanding, the sovereignty of his conscience, the sympathies of his soul, and the full disclosure of God, over all, blessed forever. And it is enough glory to say of Channing that he understood the day in which he lived, and understood that he was appointed to be a pilot to the times that were to come after; and that whatever he did administratively he did intelligently, that the young and the vital wood that carried the sap and the life of the tree might have a chance.

Those who are horticulturists will understand that the bark that carried the sap last year will have to get out of the way, and let the bark that comes on this year have a chance; and the kind pomologist, with his knife, often slits

the bark of the cherry-tree that is conservative, to give a chance to that which has a hereditary right to be the bark, and let the bark-bound diameter of the tree expand a little. Dr. Channing, among other men, used his knife for the sake of letting the new truth, which was struggling for a larger diameter in the world, have a chance.

Well, what has been the result? That was one hundred years ago to-day. And what would Channing think if he were allowed to stand here to-night? He would have been half deaf by this time, if he had heard every thing that has been said on this platform; but, if he turned his eye upward, and saw the change that has come over the American world, to say nothing of Christendom, during the last hundred years, and contrasted the spirit of antipathy which existed between sect and sect, between theologian and theologian, and the spirit which exists between them now, what would be his thought? Even so sympathetic a man as my father never saw an Arminian come into his church in that early day, that he did not feel bound to give him such a dose of Calvinism as would physic him for a year! I know very well how stringent were the habits, the methods, the peculiarities of each sect, and how each sect defended itself. They were like so many nests of wasps in neighboring trees, each one stinging for his own nest, and each one fighting against the nest of every other.

So the fiery sects, if they were not dead and buried iu worldliness, or when they revived and came to life, were animated by a spirit of antipathy and suspicion and jealousy. Of course the spirit of envy and jealousy is universal and continuous; but in that early day there was the spirit of criticism and of suspicion, and it all sprang from a very obvious source. For had they not embraced that world-wide heresy, that God had committed his kingdoms in this world to the consciences of his official disciples, and had ordained

their consciences to govern the consciences of all mankind? Has it not been the bane of every sect, from the beginning to this day, that men have felt that they were the special depositaries of divine knowledge, and that the deposition gave them the power to dictate to other men what they should think and what they should believe, and to hold the rod of everlasting damnation over their head, if they did not think and believe as they were told? All men held substantially this view then, and some men hold it even now. So it came to pass that each sect followed its own notion of God, marking out exactly the line of the wall, throwing up exactly the right bulwarks, and defending what each man knew to be the one exclusive truth of creation, and feeling bound to look sharp at all the others, to contest them, and to condemn them, that the deposit of truth which each one had in purity might have a fair chance in this world!

That is all changed. I remember when you could not get a minister of the Episcopal Church, and of the Unitarian, and of the Universalist, and of the Swedenborgian, and of the Baptist, and of the Congregationalist, on to a common platform. You could scarcely do it on the Fourth of July, and it was a wonder then that they did not fight. But, to-day, on how many different subjects are they glad to come together and consult! And how marvellous an event is it of the time in which I live, to see all these stanch churches, by their stanchest ministers and advocates, stand together through one long day with nothing on their tongue but praises of that heretic Unitarian, Dr. William Ellery Channing! Time and the world *do* move. Changes ***have*** been wrought.

And more than that: there has come in, from influences which it has pleased God to give forth and distribute in the heart and understanding of many a man, but by none more than by Channing, a change by which it is understood in

this world that, if God is to have all the glory, then he must be represented to be a God that is altogether glorious; that, if he is to have sovereign and absolute control of men, then he is to have sovereign and absolute control of men because all the faculties of the human soul which he infixed in mankind for the very purpose of judging what is right and what is wrong, what is just and what is unjust, what is holy and pure and what is unholy and impure, are satisfied with the representations that are made of him; and the whole Christian world to-day is feeling after such a representation of God as mankind will not let die out. No view of God will be allowed to reign which does not conform to the enlightened moral sense of good men. While there are men who are atheists largely because the God on which they have been fed is not God, is a misrepresentation of the true God, in churches all over our land,—and, with perhaps more reluctant step, in the churches of other lands,—the cry of Christendom is: "Give to us a God that shall not be apologized for! Give to us a God that we do not need to defend! Give to us a God that, when the child, and the mother of the child, and the just man, and the loving soul, look up, they shall say, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none that I desire upon earth beside thee.'"

The Calvinistic theology of New England before Channing's day had become intolerable to the best Orthodox men, and Channing was but one of many who sought its modification. Judged by the Scotch, the Genevese standard, Edwards, Hopkins, Bellamy, West, Spring, Backus, Strong, Dwight, and a host of others, were smoothing its features, and softening its immedicable harshness. The revolt against this system of organized fatalism and infinite despotism is not yet ended. In the lecture-room of the schools, where intellect has supreme sway and the heart is excluded, it still lives, but in the pulpit it has perished

The educated moral sense of the laymen has slain it. The free air of human life, the play of Christian sympathies upon it, have made it as impossible to employ it as it would be to uphold astrology, or alchemy, or the inquisition.

But, while we thus speak of Calvinism, John Calvin was illustrious as a radical. He broke away from the reigning spirit of his times, and led the spirit of free inquiry. Were he alive in our day, no man would scourge Calvinism with such resounding blows as John Calvin! Nor was his theological system without great benefit, in an age when the king and the priest had more power upon the senses and the imagination than God. Men believed in nothing that they could not see and handle. The Church was busy in bringing all high and ineffable truth into a sensuous condition.

Over against this magnificent Rome, with its cathedrals, altars, robed priests, processions, gorgeous ceremonies, filling the eye, and bringing down the spiritual man to the bondage of the senses, Calvin wrought out a theology of thought, logical, elaborate, complete. When men pointed to the visible church, its flowing rituals and its impressive trappings, and asked tauntingly, "Where is your religion? There is ours, visible to all men, sublime and beautiful," Calvin pointed to his system, invisible yet powerful, addressed to reason, not sense; a system that aroused fear, that developed imagination, that moved in men's thoughts as laws of nature move upon the earth. His God was full-orbed in power, and his light and glory extinguished the false lights of the throne and the altar. It was a time when nations were being dashed in pieces as a potter's vessel; and Calvin's God was the very divine iconoclast, going forth to overthrow idols and polluted temples, and drive headlong all usurpers of His prerogatives. His attributes did not shock the rude ideas of that day. It only

concentred in God the barbaric authority to which men had wearily and long submitted in magistrates and masters. Better one despot than a thousand. That system, which now oppresses the conscience and shocks the moral sense, in its day emancipated reason, developed the moral sense, and inspired men with ideas that led to liberty in the State and in the Church.

But, like the steel armor of our fathers, admirable in its day, it can be no longer worn. The spirit of God has advanced men beyond the need of such an instrument. It must be placed in the hall, or gathered in military museums, with broadswords, spears, culverins, and the whole panoply of antiquated weapons.

Our age has witnessed, and is still rejoicing in, a better idea of justice. There has been a great advance in our day in the conception of justice, as an emanation of sympathy and love, and not a deification of combativeness and destructiveness. Justice has been made vindictive rather than vindicatory. The principle of hate has ruled in civil law, in government, in theology, and in the churches. We have had a fighting, and not a loving Christianity. Repulsion has been stronger than attraction, dislike than sympathy. Upon this dreary winter, spring is advancing. It has not yet conquered. Here and there come blustering days, to renew the rigor and to destroy this new life. But the Sun of Righteousness is now high in the heavens. The days are longer; the light advances, and the warmth.

All things are tending to draw men to each other. The things in which men agree are more and more important than those in which they differ. Love is growing, hate is weakening.

More than that, I think in the past one hundred years — and this, the birthday of Channing, marks the beginning of it — there has not only been a change in the spirit of

sects, in the notions of government and in theology, but there has also been a wonderful progress in true religion. If you measure religion by the exact forms of any of the highly organized churches,—our mother, Rome, and her eldest daughter, the Episcopal Church; if you measure it by dogma and formality and ordinance, in the different aspects in which the denominations present it; if you measure its condition by the Westminster Catechism, or by the Confession of Faith, or by any of the mediæval Confessions, or by the hitherto standing claims of any of the organized religious bodies,— I think it must be admitted that there is a decadence of religion. But how? When the morning star begins to shine, the nimble lamplighters of our cities go around extinguishing one gaslight after another. They were substitutes for daylight; but, when the sun is coming up, there is no longer use for gaslight. And shall any man say, "They are putting out the light of the world"? They are putting out the artificial lights that help up through the night, but are they destroying daylight?

If religion means veneration, there is not so much as there was. Our own institutions do not tend to breed veneration. Our children know as much as we do at fifteen years of age, and govern us at twenty! Our magistrates have but little dignity. We put them up merely that we may pelt them. To nominate a man for office in our land is to stigmatize him; and to elect him is to damn him! There is nothing old in America but trees; and people do not care for them. For it is with us as of old, when a man was accounted great as he lifted up an axe against the trees; and almost nothing in the body politic is sacred in our scrambling, active land, where men are building every one for himself. There is little veneration here; and, if that is religion, Heaven help us! We have tried to breed it. We build big churches with small windows. We put

out what little light can get through, with paint. We have imitations of grotesque things that have come down five hundred or one thousand years, and we try to dress as they used to dress before they knew how to dress! In every way possible, we are trying to coax the old mediæval spirit of veneration. We cannot do it: it is not bred in our day. It will not live in our land. The common school is against it; the elective franchise is against it; the whole of our society is against it. So dangerous are the lapses of men now in theology that we are all of us trying to stop that; and we are refurbishing the old armor, and the word is going out: "We must reprint the old doctrines, and we must introduce a shrewder economy in our seminaries, and we must screw up the system. It is getting loose and shackly." The engineers are screwing it up here and there, and by every means striving to make it work as it used to work. There is such a widespread doctrinal defection — with one or two exceptions — that, if you are to measure the progress of religion by the exact agreement of men to confession and catechism, woe be to religion!

Religion is of the heart. It is a living force. Books do not contain it, but only describe it. Creeds and Catechisms may be honored while religion is perishing; and religion may be increasing in scope and sweetness while creeds are waning. It is born in every generation, and in every heart that is a child of God; and one cannot find whether men have religion or not by bringing them to the catechism, or by asking them how they got it. We have learned one thing, and that is that mankind are greater than all the governments of mankind. We have learned that man is more than the church, and that the church was made for man, and not man for the church. We have learned that, if there is such a thing as religion, it is not to be found in any machinery. We have learned that religion is loving God and loving our fellow-men.

Now, then, tested by that, is there more or less religion in the age in which we live than there was in the days that are gone by? I say, more. I call the whole civilized world to witness that, although there is much of the lion, of the bear, of the eagle, and of the vulture yet in mankind, and though these foul beasts or birds float on our national banners and represent much of the under economy of animalism among men, yet, to an extent that was never known before in the world, there is the spirit of sympathy of man with man disclosed. Never before has God been worshipped by the serving of his children as he is to-day. Never before was there such an adhesion as there is to-day to the words of Christ, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto me." We worship a Christ that stands by the poor, by the slave, by the prisoner, and by the emigrant who lands, weary and discouraged, on our shores. We worship a Christ that identifies himself with the low and the needy and the suffering. We worship a Christ that is in the hospital among the sick. If worshipping God is worshipping Christ, I am Orthodox. I wish others were. I aver that Christ was never worshipped so much as he is to-day by the love, by the sympathy, and by the self-sacrificing helpfulness which we bestow upon all classes and conditions of men. Never before did the human race see a whole age and an organized nation putting their hands under the very bottom of society, and attempting to lift, not the crowned heads, not the middle classes, not the burghers and rich men, but mankind from the very lowest, taking the whole house up from its foundation. And while I see all reformatory societies attempting to reclaim men from intemperance, to cleanse our prisons, to purge out vice, to restrain all wrong; while I see the tendency everywhere to send, by showers of gold, the gospel to benighted nations, and to promote the mission cause at home, and to educate the

slave and every living creature,— shall a man stand by and tell me that religion is going down? A religion that lets these alone is no religion; and a religion by which any man or community takes care of these, and in the love of God sympathizes with man, and cares for him,— that is the true religion.

When the potato was first sent to Ireland, they planted it, and did not know where to look for the fruit. And when it blossomed and bore its little seed-pods, they boiled these pods, and ate them, and did not like potatoes! If they had gone to the root of the matter, they would have liked them. And there are very many men who taste religion as it is shown in the pod, if I may so say; and they do not like this church, that doctrine, this ordinance, and that economy. What if you do not? These are not crops: they are merely the tools by which we try to raise crops. They are the machinery by which we work, and not the thing for which we are working. I never ate millstones; but I have eaten that which millstones have produced. And the things that grind out human love and kindness,—all may be defective; but the flour is the thing. And I say that never before was there so much holy flour ground as there is to-day.

There is one more thing that I think is true, and of which this celebration is significant; namely, that there is no statement of religion like religion itself. You cannot put into words the essential verities of religion. When you have used all the language that the vocabulary can give you, and tacked word to word, you cannot have made a belt that will go around the infinity and eternity of God. When by every figure that is known to fallible men, by all the sweetness of a mother's love, by all the purity of a child's love, by all the fervor of noble souls just mated, you have tried to represent God; when you have gathered up all things that are resplendent, and made them patterns of divine love,— you have

done, as it were, nothing. The love of God that fills eternity, and that is marching down through eternities, bearing benison and benediction to countless spheres of existence, doubtless, besides our own,—when you attempt to put it into language and represent it by figures gathered by the limited experiences of men, it is as if you undertook to find timber for your navy in moss, and as if you undertook to decorate your cathedrals with the inconspicuous flowers and plants that grow too small but for the microscope. God is too big for language, too big for representation by human experience. The thing that most nearly represents God is a man that is living like God. And no man can draw that portrait or put it into language. We can see it, and we can rejoice in it; but, after all, the man that is like God is the best catechism and the best confession of faith. And we have learned one thing,—that, when we see such a man, he is God's, and he is ours. "All things are yours," says Paul. On that ground, I am as good a Catholic as there is in this world, except the pope and the cardinals and the bishops, and their doctrines. And from my ownership of every saintly woman and every saintly man no one can hinder me. They are mine, because they are God's; and I revere them and love them. There is a vast amount of true theology in the good living of the Catholic Church. There are men that rebuke our lukewarmness and our lives by the nobility of theirs,—multitudes of them; and they are all right. Whatever the church may be that makes them, theirs is the true theology. I go from that into the Episcopal Church. It is enough for me that she gave me my mother. Than that there can be no farther argument. The church that yields such blessings is not a church that I can contest, whatever her machinery may be. I ask: "What are the products? Where are the saints, men and women?" If they are Christ-like, they are all right. I go into the Unitarian Church. I want no better

Christians than I find there. They are orthodox, sound, by every Christian man and every Christian woman among them that makes piety beautiful in the eyes of mankind. I go into the Swedenborgian Church. Brother Ager is a good enough Christian for me. He is soundly orthodox, whatever he believes. No matter about that. I don't care what a man believes. What *is* he? That is my question. I say that what a man *is*, is his confession of faith. A man's life is more important than any statement of the philosophy of that life, or of the machinery by which that life was brought into existence.

It is true that some schools are better than other schools, that some methods of teaching are very likely to be better than some others, that some statements of doctrine are better than some other statements of doctrine in their aptitude to carry men on and upward. I will not discriminate as to which I think is the better, though I can well understand that there is a difference between one and another; but this I say, that when any man has been made a Christian, luminous of heaven, he does not belong to the church that bred him: he belongs to that universal church which has no exposition but in the sympathies of the universe; and he belongs to you and to me. And, sir, don't take on airs, as if Channing was your man. He is *my* man as much as he is yours. I have seen considerable of that spirit here to-night,—and I feel bound as a Christian to fight it,—as if you had a man that you would let us come and look at, as if we might be permitted to come on this platform and worship your hero. I thank God that you have some such men to worship and to present to us. It is a sign that there is a sort of grace with you. Your doctrines may be very imperfect; but, after all, there is a grace of God that goes with imperfection. All sorts of instruments have been employed in this world. Oftentimes, too, the instrument has been more

than the prophet, as when Balaam went forth on his famous ride of old. And, since all sorts of instruments are employed by the good God, no matter what the instrument is, it is the man that is created.

Here was a man, in a dark day, in a day of controversy, in a day in which men stood very differently from the way in which they stand now; and I look upon the godly man and see a lambent flame of holiness. I see that he was a light kindled in a dark place; and the sweetness of his humility strikes me. He blushes in heaven to hear what is said of him on earth, if he attends to it,— though I think likely he does not. He was a good man. If he had been in the Roman Church, he would have been a saint; and he is not less a saint, because he was in the Unitarian Church. We have learned that man is a better exposition of Christianity than doctrines, or any of the various instruments of the church. We are learning to receive whom God receives; and whenever a man shows that he is acceptable to the Master, is wearing his spirit, and is blessed by his continual attendance, that man is sacred to us, no matter to what denomination he may belong. A man is more than doctrine, —and mankind are more than church and more than government. Next to God, the only valuable thing in this universe is living men; and all nature is prepared to take care of them. God is the Fountain and Cause of all things; and all nature and all time and all providence and all grace are so many ministering servants to develop manhood in men. And the only difference there can possibly be in our view of God is this: those views of God that tend to beat men down, and to beat down their moral sense, you may be sure are false views; while the views of God that tend to lift men up, to inspire them with a holy horror of sin, to lead them to aspire to holiness, and to give them a willingness to do kindness at their own expense, to live for mankind, and if

need be to shed their blood,—such views are orthodox, however defective the system may be from which they spring.

When we look back, then, one hundred years, what do we see? The greatest change, I think, that has been produced in any hundred since the advent; and, when I look forward from this stand-point, it seems to me that we stand just about in the month of April in the history of the world as we do in this year. We have had our dead winter, we have had our blustering, controversial month of March, and now we have our month of April, which does not know exactly whether it has left March or whether it is entering into May; but it is on the way toward summer, and soon there will come the blossoms of May already anticipated; and after that will come June, the opal of the year; and then the summer; and then the harvest. We are on the full march; and, therefore, instead of looking back to the leeks and onions of orthodoxy in Egypt, the spirit of God, the spirit of philosophy, the spirit of wisdom, the spirit of true religion, is to forget the things that are behind, and to press forward toward the mark for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus.

Mr. Beecher resumed his seat amid the loud and long-continued applause of the audience, which had still remained unbroken, though it was now after eleven o'clock.

The following verses, from Bryant's "Thou hast put all things under His feet," were then sung by the assembly to the tune of "Coronation," as the closing hymn:—

O North, with all thy vales of green!
O South, with all thy palms!
From peopled towns and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms.
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-belovèd Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun.
He comes, a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father! haste the promised hour,
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power
Beneath the ample sky;
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul!

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. F. A. Farley, D.D., in these words:—

Now, with gratitude in our hearts, and thanksgiving and praise to God for this occasion, for all its sweet memories, and for all the blessed words it has caused to be spoken, may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with us, and remain with us always! *Amen.*

Cordial letters, expressive of interest in the celebration and of regret at not being able to attend its meetings, were received from the following near relatives of Dr. Channing: Rev. Geo. G. Channing, his only surviving brother, now in his ninety-first year; Rev. William Henry Channing, his nephew and biographer; Dr. W. F. Channing; Miss Elizabeth P. Channing; Miss Mary Channing; also from Rev. Charles T. Brooks; Miss Mary E. Davey; Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood; George Ripley; Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows; Rev. Dr. James Martineau; Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks; Rev. Dr. William Newell; Rev. Dr. John Cordner; Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge; Rev. E. Turland; Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol; Rev. Robert Spears; Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill; Bishop Joseph Ferencz; Prof. David Swing; Rev. Edwin M. Stone; Rev.

Dr. George H. Emerson; Rev. Dr. Wm. G. Eliot; Dr. Franz von Holtzendorff; Prof. C. C. Everett, D.D.; the Dutch Protestant Association, Holland; Rev. C. C. Sewall; Hon. S. E. Sewall; Rev. Dr. G. W. Hosmer; Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith; Rev. Dr. John H. Morison; Prince Arthur Odescalchi and others, Hungary; Mr. John Fretwell; Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., President of Harvard University; ex-Governor George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts; Henry P. Kidder, Esq., President of the American Unitarian Association; John H. Rogers, Esq., of Boston; Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson; Prof. J. L. Diman, of Brown University; Rev. E. A. Washburn, D.D., New York; Rev. W. H. Furness, D.D.; Rev. R. P. Stebbins, D.D.; Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D.; Rev. L. D. Bevan, D.D., of New York; Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D.; Rev. Messrs. J. F. W. Ware, R. R. Shippen, Samuel Longfellow, S. R. Calthrop, Minot J. Savage, Brooke Herford, James De Normandie, C. A. Staples, C. G. Ames, H. H. Barber, E. H. Hall, etc.

A few of these letters were read at the meeting. All are printed in the Appendix of the Special Report of the Brooklyn meeting.

THE CELEBRATION AT NEW YORK CITY.

THE comprehensiveness of the plan of the celebration in the neighboring city of Brooklyn, and the fact that two of the three Unitarian ministers of New York had accepted invitations to participate in the celebration at Newport, R.I., Channing's birthplace, made any special observance of the centennial day in New York impossible. Sermons appropriate to the occasion were given on the Sundays preceding and following the anniversary day in the three Unitarian churches of the city, and at the Jewish Temple Emanu-el, by Rev. Dr. Gottheil; and reference to Channing and his influence was made in many other pulpits and in the editorial columns of the leading newspapers of the city. At the meeting of the Historical Society of New York, on Tuesday evening, April 6, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood delivered an oration on Channing's Life and Work, which held the interest of the assembly for an hour and a half, and on Judge Peabody's motion was ordered to be printed and placed in the society's archives. This address will have for Dr. Osgood's friends a double interest, from the fact that it was his last public utterance, delivered only a week before his death, on the 14th of April.

Dr. Bellows' discourse was the one prepared for delivery

at Newport. Mr. Collyer's sermon was a fresh and an interesting biographical sketch, which was published in full in the *Christian Register* of April 17.

The following passages from the discourse of the Rev. Dr. Gustav Gottheil, the Rabbi of the Jewish Temple Emanu-el, will, we believe, be read with peculiar interest, as probably the most hearty and elaborate Jewish tribute ever paid to Channing.

The text was from Daniel xii., 3: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever." After an introductory biographical passage, the preacher said: —

Time was when a Christian saint's day struck terror to the heart of the Jew; for it stirred up the embers of a smouldering wrath, and aroused a sleeping hatred, if ever it did sleep, to new fury.

It laid the bleeding, mangled bodies of its victims as a sweet savor on the altar of the saint. Time is now — how can we be sufficiently thankful for it? — when the gates of the church are thrown wide open, and all are invited to gather around and lay their flowers on the honored tomb; and, when the Israelite is found among them, his tribute is gladly accepted. I was invited to take part in the celebration of the day in our sister city, Brooklyn. I responded gladly, and said what my heart prompted me to say. But I asked myself, Have we Israelites as a body no interest in the event beyond that of sympathetic spectators? Do we owe nothing to the great man? And, if we do, why should we remain silent? One of the Rabbinical sayings is to this effect: "This life is to the other what the vestibule is to the palace." And they admonish us so to prepare ourselves in the outer court that we may worthily appear before the

King of kings in the inner court. What better portion can we think of than to remember lovingly and thankfully outside the palace those whom we shall meet inside? Death will have swallowed up all our little creeds, will have blotted out all the dividing lines, and we shall then meet together. What a feeling that will be, knowing that there is nothing in the heart, nothing antagonistic,—no book, no church, no creed,— that any one of us will have to save or to defend, —because God will be in all, and all will be found in God! Suppose we try to bring that heaven just a little nearer to our troubled earth, and lay our ear to a great heart, though it may have cherished a name of its own, just to feel how closely its heart-throbs resemble those of our own hearts.

Here in our own house of prayer, and in the midst of worship of Almighty God, let us honor the memory of Channing.

First and foremost, because he was a righteous man. Righteous did I say? Why that is but poor praise; for so may be the man of flinty heart, from which not a spark of love is emitted. But Channing's heart was suffused with love and compassion. His yearning for well-doing was so strong that it nerved his feeble body to uninterrupted action for his kind. The law of love was in his heart and on his lips. He was a great controversialist. The largest portion of his sermons and writings is devoted to exposure of the fallacies in religion, in politics, and in social life. He applied the scalpel with unsparing hand, cutting down as deep as he thought necessary in order to heal the sore. And yet I know of no other polemical writer so free from all bitterness, from all passionate vindictiveness, from all vile insinuations as he. His classic repose and absolute self-control never forsook him, even in the very heat of the battle. And, when his funeral *cortége* moved to his grave, the bells of the Catholic churches tolled their dirges, albeit

that Channing was a determined adversary of the Church of Rome. So overpowering indeed was the influence of his goodness, and so irresistible the beauty of his benevolent life!

Next to this, we cherish his memory as that of a powerful and intrepid advocate of the emancipation of the slave, who takes his place in American history by the side of such men as William Lloyd Garrison. We honor him as a stanch upholder of the divine rights of man, as the eloquent defender of liberty, as a propounder of a national system of free education, from the primary school up to the university, and as one of the founders of a national literature.

Now, as lovers of this country, as faithful children of this nation, you cannot but share in the general joy that a man was born who contributed so much to elevate America to the position which she occupies to-day; whose diligent hands sowed the seed in the furrows of time, which now cover the fields with such abundant harvests. He has been called the representative man of what is best and most peculiar in the character and tendency of the American.

If some theory or some name must needs be put into our Constitution, I for one shall vote for Channing's theory of a republic; when he declares in his paper for the annexation of Texas that "the ornaments and safeguards of a republic are the higher virtues, the moral independence, the simplicity of manners, the stern uprightness, and the respect of man for man."

It has been said that Channing's influence is waning. So much the worse for Americans. The fault does not lie with them, but with us, in allowing the voice of that prophet of righteousness to be drowned by the noises of selfish passions and mean political ends. We can see that Channing's life, even though it bore no relation at all to our religion, is

worthy of our recognition. If not, we should then leave unnoticed the noblest and largest part of his work, the peculiar work to which he had consecrated himself,— "to educate men to just views of God and man."

In Channing's days, Calvinism ruled supreme. The Orientals dream of a bridge, of the thickness of a hair only, over which the soul will have to pass on its way to paradise. The bridge that leads to the Calvinistic heaven is of no greater strength. One single doubt or misgiving, and the bridge snaps, and down the soul must go to eternal fire. You meet many people nowadays who hold exactly the same doctrine, but you do not recognize them, because these things have now receded to that domain to which they belong,— to the domain of private opinion. I have sometimes strayed into a church,— and I have been to almost every variety of worship,— when I have heard from the pulpit theories that made my blood run cold. And I began to think, What a stern, unyielding, unloving character must the man have, who can adopt and preach such terrible doctrines of wrath and fury and brimstone! But when, by chance, I have seen the man afterwards, come down from the cloudland of his pulpit to our solid earth, and have shaken his hand, I find that he is a capital fellow, whom the worst of theology could not spoil.

It was very different in the days in which Channing lived, at the beginning of the present century. That Christian theory pressed like a weight upon American society, and divided it. The controversy raged not only in the pulpit, but in every-day life. You would scarcely credit the fact that Channing saw, with his own eyes, a man arraigned in a court and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for uttering what was then called "blasphemy." If the same law were still carried out, one-half of New York would have to go to prison. He raised his voice against such a the-

ology. His mind revolted against a view of the Deity that invested the Eternal Father with a character among men that would cause the human father to be pointed at and abhorred as a monster. He crowned God with the glory of Fatherhood, and seated him on a throne of eternal justice, —a throne unshared by any other being.

He held, as we hold, that man is not a criminal chained to this earth as his prison, but that he is crowned with glory and honor; that, if he did fall in paradise, he fell, as has been truly said, upwards; that he took the first step toward a higher moral development; that every soul is God's own property, for which he, as the Creator, is responsible to himself, and being a faithful God he will see to it that his promises be fulfilled. Channing tried to close the gates of hell, because he could never be happy in his paradise so long as these gates yawned to receive his fellow-sinners. He dethroned Satan, because he considered him a usurper of the power which belongs to God alone. So you see Channing preached the brotherhood and equality of men. And, if you look at it a little carefully, you will find that Judaism was preached in Boston long before a single Jew had settled there, at a time when there was no synagogue there outside of Federal Street Church, where Channing preached to throngs of devout hearers. Is it not, then, a cause of joy to us that that truth has burst through all the thin layers of the Calvinistic rock, and has welled up in so pure a state, and reflects such a beautiful light as that man was able to shed upon it? Not that he meant to preach anything but Christianity. Channing was a believing Christian; and, probably, if he were here and heard me so construe his theory, he would turn around and protest. Many preach Moses in their churches, though they do not acknowledge it. Jesus was to Channing, if not God, yet the next of kin, who was sent into this world in a miraculous way, to per-

form a work of such stupendous and unique character that it can be accounted for on no other theory than that of the suspension of all natural causes. But his disciples have long since blotted out the circle of his theology, and clung only to his principles and his spirit; and that spirit is immortal.

Channing spoke for his time. His favorite theory of a church purified by the holy spirit which he thought to breathe into it, as the mother of a redeemed world, will never be fulfilled. But there is a true prophecy in words like these: "Charity," he says, "and forbearance delight the virtuous of the different sects: recrimination and censure we condemn." Those are virtues which, however poorly practised by us, we heartily recommend. We would rather join ourselves to the church in which they abound than to any other communion, however well confirmed their belief in their own orthodoxy. That spirit is destined to burst all the husks of dogmas based on particular histories, and to rear the temple of the living God on the eternal rock of human consciousness and all the common experiences and needs of our common humanity. The sects of which Channing speaks are Christian sects. That follows from the preceding sentence. The Jews are left out in the cold altogether. His references to the Jews are few, and Judaism as a surviving religion seems to have been entirely outside of his horizon. Of the deep pathos of Jewish history, of their martyrdom for the same truths which he defended, and which were so dear to him, he seems to have known nothing. This is not to be wondered at, since there existed in his day but very little of Judaism in America, and that little in a petrified state, the mediæval orthodoxy, symbolized by what we see in his own birthplace in Newport, a burial-place and an empty synagogue. But, had he witnessed the rejuvenescence in our day, he would have felt

the affinity between his spirit and that in which we endeavor to reconstruct our religion just as keenly as do his followers nowadays. He might have stood in this very pulpit. He might have reiterated in our own hearing his adoring homage to the one God and Father in heaven, which would grace any synagogue. He could have repeated his pleadings for the brotherhood of all men, his trumpet-calls to duty and virtue, his tender appeals for the poor and the suffering, his elevating and ennobling prophecies of a glorious future in store for man, both here and hereafter. Had he done so, I know that each one of you would have said with all your heart and soul, To such teachings, Amen.

THE CHICAGO CELEBRATION.

Of this meeting, "C. P. W.," the regular correspondent of the *Christian Register*, says: —

The call for the Channing celebration at Chicago was signed by many of the orthodox clergymen of the city, and the committee of arrangements included Rev. Dr. Felsenthal, a Jewish rabbi; Dr. Lorimer, Baptist; Dr. Thomas, Methodist; Prof. Swing, Independent; and Messrs. Herford, Alger, and Galvin, Unitarians.

Long before the hour of opening, the crowd began to gather at the doors of Central Music Hall on the evening of April 7, and by eight o'clock an audience of nearly two thousand had assembled in celebration of the Channing centenary. The six addresses which constituted the principal part of the programme were happily interspersed with fine music and the reading of letters from a few distinguished *invités* who could not be present. Hon. Isaac N. Arnold served as reader. A *friendly* word was received from our beloved poet Whittier, and messages of sympathy and regret from Dr. Bellows, George W. Curtis, and Edward E. Hale.

The first speaker of the evening was Judge Henry Strong, whose subject was "Channing's Influence on Public Life." The wise, impartial, and statesmanlike qualities of Channing's mind were clearly set forth; and at the close a comparison was drawn between him and Montesquieu, of whom Voltaire said, "When the human race had lost their charter, Montesquieu found and restored it."

Prof. David Swing then read a brief essay, replete with brilliant metaphor, delicate and playful irony, and graceful narrative. It fell to his

share to treat of the religious influence of Channing, which he naturally found to lie, not in his leadership of a new sect, but in the emphasis he laid upon the two ideas of the divine goodness and wisdom and the dignity of human nature. Dr. Channing lived at a time when theology "had gone wrong at both ends," having "set up a bad doctrine of God and a bad doctrine of man." What Channing did was to "take up his pencil and retouch both canvases, so that Christianity saw a new image of God and a new image of man." Respecting the Trinitarian controversies of those days, Prof. Swing thought that it was not the number so much as the quality of the Godhead that disturbed the religious sensibilities of men. A Deity with three faces might not be so bad, if each face beamed with love. The speaker alluded to the criticism of Joseph Cook, that the influence of Channing is on the wane; and the comment, "Well perhaps it is so," was, as one of the morning papers puts it, "spoken highly sarcastically," and with an additional touch of the characteristic drawl. Channing's influence is on the wane, said Prof. Swing, in much the "same sense as abolitionism is, because the slave is free; or from the same cause that induced the woman in the Scriptures, after she had found her piece of silver, to stop sweeping for it; or for the reason that, like Alexander, it has no more worlds to conquer." The definite outlines of Channing's work are lost, if lost at all, in its general adoption and assimilation into the thought of the day.

Rev. G. C. Lorimer, the popular Baptist preacher, whose weekly congregations run up into the thousands and rival those of Central Church, followed in an address on "Channing as a Philanthropist." In a series of brilliant periods, Boston and Boston charities, and lastly and most generously Unitarian labors in these charities, received most glowing tributes. Whether Dr. Channing understood aright the scope and meaning of Christ's *thought* or not might be open to question, but there could be no difference of opinion as to his comprehension of the Master's *heart*. As Dr. Lorimer is a straight-out orthodox clergyman, it should be said that, for a perfectly frank, manly, and courteous bearing toward forms of thought which he must hold in deep distrust, he deserves the laurels of the occasion.

After him came Rev. W. R. Alger, with the congenial theme "The Character of Channing as an Ideal Force in the Life of America." He drew a contrast between the average ideals of the Vanderbilt and Jay Gould order, produced by a materialistic age like the present, and those types of the highest spiritual excellence, among which America has produced one of the greatest in Channing.

To Rev. Dr. Thomas, the liberal Methodist, was assigned the topic of

Channing's relation to the anti-slavery cause, presumably, the speaker said, because he was a Southerner. After expressing the great pleasure he felt in attending a meeting of this kind, he proceeded to give a brief and graphic account of the political condition of the North and South half a century ago, and a *résumé* of the work of Channing in the cause of human freedom. He called attention to the persistent religious purpose underlying all that Channing did and said on this subject, and forming the inspiring motive of his life, quoting those words of high faith and courage, "If I did not see any way to right this wrong, I would still believe there was a way."

Rev. Brooke Herford made the concluding address, his subject being "Channing's Influence in Europe." Channing did not belong to America alone. Channing had the distinction, growing rarer every year, of descent from one of those families that did not come over in the "Mayflower." [Laughter.] Europe was in a mighty struggle when Channing was a young man. He watched the career of Napoleon, appalled at that conqueror's wickedness, and never dazzled by the splendors of his success. He appreciated the fact that England was, almost single-handed, fighting the battle of freedom; and he opposed his country's war with England. As Channing appreciated Europe, so he was appreciated by Europe. Next to Irving, he was the first man to compel Englishmen to read American books. His collected works were published first in England. His essay on Self-culture was the foundation of many a library and reading-club in England. It was in its time almost the text-book of the self-education of thousands of young men of England. Mr. Herford cited the estimates of Channing entertained by Frederic Robertson, Sismundi, Laboulaye, and Bunsen. His works were translated into all the leading languages of Europe. They were softening the Lutheranism of Sweden, they were eagerly read by Calvinistic pastors in Hungary, and an Italian statesman said, "On Channing's line, religion is still possible to Italy." [Applause.] Ten years ago, it was doubted if an edition of ten thousand copies of Channing's works could be sold. Before that edition was issued, twenty thousand were subscribed for; and now an edition of one hundred thousand was being prepared. This evening, Channing's centenary was being celebrated in many of the leading European cities. The finest town hall in England, in his old city of Manchester, was echoing to eulogies such as they were listening to in Chicago; and in London a great meeting was being addressed by Rev. Baldwin Brown, the leading English Congregationalist, and Thomas Hughes; and Rev. James Martineau had come out of his retirement to say one more word in public for the memory of his old

friend. Mr. Herford concluded with a prophecy of Channing's ever widening and deepening influence.

In every particular, the Channing memorial celebration in Chicago was a triumphant success. By means of it, the bonds of brotherly love and religious fellowship will be strengthened anew, and a multitude of sweet and helpful influences set to work in favor of spiritual freedom and moral culture.

The addresses of Prof. David Swing, Rev. H. W. Thomas, D.D., Rev. George C. Lorimer, D.D., and Rev. William R. Alger, are given here in full, as they appeared in the Chicago *Alliance* of April 17.

CHANNING AS A RELIGIOUS REFORMER.

By Prof. David Swing.

This evening, set apart for expressions of regard toward the name of a great Christian worker, our friendship will all be good and true and a unit, but opinions will be many as to wherein lay the influence of him we recall. In my mind, the influence and merit of Channing came not from his opposition to the notion of the Trinity, but from his exaltation of man. The oneness of God and the secondary position of Jesus Christ had been taught fully and clearly for three hundred years. In the north of Ireland there were Presbyteries of Unitarian Presbyterians, and through England there were many Baptist Unitarians. The names of Milton, Samuel Clark, Lardner, Locke, and Isaac Newton, may well remind us that William Ellery Channing was born too late to become illustrious or influential by teaching that only the heavenly Father is God. Adding somewhat to the momentum of this doctrine, his most significant task was to transform man, a "vile worm," into man, an angel; and to transform a despotic Deity into a most just and

tender friend. It was not the *threeness* of the orthodox Deity which harmed that form of Christianity, but it was the infinite cruelty of the "*threeness*" which wrought the injury. A creator of three faces would not harm religion, if each countenance shone with love. For innocent mortals to be punished for the glory of God was not made any less rational or more cruel by the consideration that this God had three persons in the Godhead. The Jehovah which ordered the exterminating wars of old Canaan was not a trinity, but a unity, thus teaching us that the bad element in old Christianity was not the number of the persons in the Godhead, but it was the quality of the persons. Moses and Joshua were Unitarians, but they were not Channings. The beauty of Unitarianism lies more in its picture of God than in its unity of him. Not from unity as an idea, or from it as a spiritual truth, did this noble Christian draw his eminent place in the world's memory, but this high position came from the excessive light which this clear mind poured upon the nature of God and upon human life in all its details of duty and hope. Let us permit him to announce his own form of Christianity: "From the direction theology has taken, it has been thought that to ascribe anything to man was to detract from God. The disposition has been to establish striking contrasts between man and God, and not to see and rejoice in the likeness between them. It has been thought that to darken the creature was the way to bring out more clearly the splendor of the Creator. . . . Man's place is in the dust. The entire prostration of his faculties is the true homage he is to offer God." Channing deeply felt the falseness and harmfulness of any moral system which tended to make man degrade himself, and hence his most powerful blows were always dealt out against those dogmas which made humanity a lot of rubbish fit only to be burned; and for all dogmas

that could make the mind look toward education and high character and which could fill the heart with both earthly and heavenly hope.

In the early days of most of us there were several denominations which could not find language that could express too strongly the richness with which all men deserved eternal punishment. Man was the being to receive and God just the being to bestow inexpressible calamity. Channing came upon this dark scene a messenger of more light and peace. He said, Man is not such a fit subject of pain, and God is not the being to inflict pain. Theology had gone wrong at both ends of its thought. It had set up a bad picture of God and a bad picture of man. He whom we remember to-night took up his pencil and retouched both canvases; and, behold, when his hand dropped, Christianity saw the image of Jehovah in the benignant face of Christ, and saw in the same temple a grand portraiture of man.

The subjects of sermons gradually changed in the evangelical pulpit. It did not abate its zeal over the distinctive doctrines of the cross, but it found time and impulse for discourses upon education and temperance and emancipation, and industry and frugality, and upon all the considerations of success and happiness in this world. A broad man sweeping along with so much of eloquence and sweetness, and touching society at all points, waked up much imitation even among clergymen who differed with their model in some one or more particulars. The old-time clergy came out of their cells of abstraction rather slowly. They always had come out in hours of great peril for State or Church; but, as soon as some great national or religious peril had passed away, they relapsed at once into abstraction about theological, far-away matters, and could not realize that all life is storm-tossed. The old pulpit could preach for liberty in war times; but, when peace came, it

could, if need be, own a few slaves. And it seemed aware of the evils of intemperance; but, for years and years together, it could preach the cardinal doctrines, as it called them, and meanwhile taste a little strong drink, if the weather were too hot or too cold. It sometimes touched mankind in bulk, but seldom in detail.

Into the midst of such forms of Christianity, Channing came, not more as a Unitarian than as a teacher of a whole Christian civilization. His task was an adaptation of Christ to human life,—a forerunner of such teachings as now appear in the *Manliness of Christ* and in the discourses of Dean Stanley and Howard Crosby and Dr. Storrs. He brought new themes to Presbyterian and Methodist and Episcopalian, and helped build up a demand for all such books as Thompson's *Sermons to Young Men.* Powerful as this orator was in presenting the *unity* of God, he was more effective and more demanded in his grand exaltation of the individual man and woman and child. The same rationalism which led this careful thinker to reject the Trinity led him to apply the life and teachings of Jesus to earthly things; for reason dares not slight a life that now is for one that is to come. And the same rationalism attended this heart, when it sat down to interpret the sacred books. Channingism was, therefore, a Christian rationalism, the calmest and most devout that had appeared up to the date of its birth. It was the reason of Bacon or Isaac Newton, joined with the spirituality of a Fénelon or an Augustine. It was prayer separated from credulity. After urging morning prayer, he passes to evening prayer, in the following strain: "The evening is a fit time for prayer, not only as it ends the day, but as it immediately precedes the hour of repose. We are soon to sink into insensibility and sleep. How fit that we resign ourselves to the care of that Being who never sleeps, to whom the darkness is as the light, and

whose providence is our only safety! How fit to entreat Him that he would keep us to another day; or, if our bed should prove our grave, that he would give us a part in the resurrection of the just, and awake us to a purer and immortal life!" Words which strangely mingle logic and piety, and remind us of some one soul that must be partly a Carlyle and partly an Isaac Watts.

This influence upon surrounding creeds came as much from manner as from philosophy. No reformer ever treated an opponent more justly or kindly. It has not often been the good fortune of Calvinism to meet so fair an opponent. In his most powerful review of that form of belief, he makes an opening statement, which many others in similar movements on either side of a question have neglected to introduce: "We intend to treat this subject with great freedom, but we beg that it may be understood that by Calvinism we intend only the peculiarities of that system. We would also have it remembered that these peculiarities form a small part of the religious faith of a Calvinist. He joins with them the general and most important truths of Christianity. . . . Accordingly, it has been our happiness to see in the numerous body by which they are professed some of the brightest examples of Christian virtue. Our hostility to the doctrine does not extend to its advocates." To the favorite ideas of Channing add this justness and even sweetness of spirit, and it will be seen that this Christian affected all adjacent theology, not only by his logical power, but by his wide sympathy.

I must not speak beyond my limited time. Joseph Cook has said that "Channing's influence is on the decline." This may be true. If true, the explanation must be found in the parallel that the fame of abolitionism has declined because the slaves have become free, in the parallel that after the woman in the Bible had found her lost piece of

silver she quit sweeping for it. Channingism has perhaps failed, like Alexander, because it has no more worlds to conquer. Even Joseph Cook himself resembles this new star more than he resembles those that went down before this new era came. If Channingism has failed, it is because it has been so absorbed by the American Church and assimilated that it has lost its definite outline by becoming almost universal. The Evangelical churches have not surrendered their estimate of Christ, but in other respects they have journeyed toward rather than away from him whose memory we recall to-night.

CHANNING'S ANTI-SLAVERY WORK.

By Rev. H. W. Thomas, D.D.

I had no conference with the committee in reference to the part I should take on this programme; and I suppose they assigned me this, because they knew I was a Southerner,— born and raised in a slave state. [Laughter.] Well, I have always been proud of that, and proud that I came from one of the very first families of the South. [Laughter.] We never owned any slaves, and we did our own harvest work. [Applause.] I was quite an abolitionist when I was but two years old [laughter]; and my hatred of despotism and oppression of every kind, physical or mental, by Church or State, has increased with every passing year. [Applause.]

Slavery has always formed a dark page in the history of our world. It has resulted from despotism, from wars, from captivities, and from the cruelty and avarice of men. But not until the last few hundred years did it cease to be general in its victims, and settle down upon the poor, inoffensive, and helpless African.

The great anti-slavery agitation began in England, about a hundred years ago, under the labors of Wilberforce and Clarkson and Pitt. In 1791, Wilberforce moved to bring before the House of Parliament a bill to prevent the importation of slaves to the British colonies. In 1807, under the administration of Fox, he secured its adoption by both houses. Then he and those noble workers for liberty began the agitation of the plan for the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies, and in 1833 — forty-seven years ago — this act was passed.

It was natural that the French Revolution, and all these movements in England for liberty, should have excited the people of our own country; and it was under the influence of such excitements that Channing spent his early and his college years. After graduation, he spent a year and a half in Richmond, Va., making his home with a Mr. Randolph, chief marshal of the State. Here his mind was much exercised. He studied philosophy and theology, and was deeply moved at the condition of society and the sufferings of the colored people. He says, "I could weep over a novel or over the sufferings of the poor; and then the thought came to me that I feel deeply, but what am I doing for these people?" This question aroused him to thoughts of action. A few years later, he spent the winter in the Island of Bermuda. Here he was still more deeply impressed with the call of duty, and began the outline of his first work on the evils of the slave system.

To understand Dr. Channing's position and work, we should reflect upon the condition of society in this country in those days. In the South there was the general pro-slavery sentiment, but there were two classes. One class was radically pro-slavery,—the "fire-eaters" of the South, as we call them. The other class was pro-slavery, but felt that it was hardly right, and yet quieted their consciences

in the reflection that it was sanctioned by the law and the church. In the North there were three classes: the extreme conservatives, who looked with favor upon the Southern institutions; the extreme radicals or abolitionists, who sought the destruction of these institutions; and, between them, the clearly pronounced anti-slavery party, who believed slavery to be wrong, and yet who could not wholly sanction the course pursued by the abolitionists. To this third or middle party, Channing belonged. He was aroused to greater action by the murder of Lovejoy in 1837, and the refusal of the authorities of Boston to open Faneuil Hall for a public meeting.

Dr. Channing's writings on the subject are the following: *The Evils of Slavery* in 1835; in 1837, *Letter to Henry Clay;* in 1839, *Reply to Clay;* in 1840, *Emancipation in the West Indies;* in 1842, *Duty of the Free States;* and, also in the same year, his last address at Lenox, Mass. I can only suggest the bearing of these able works. He sought to bring all questions to the great principles of right. "The universe is ruled by almighty rectitude and impartial goodness," was his foundation argument. He claimed that slavery violated the principles of right,— showed its effects upon the slave, the master, the home, and society. And yet he was opposed to violence, to inciting insurrection. "Better bare," he said, "our own bosoms to the knife than to put it in the hand of the slave to slay his master." But he claimed that we should give the slaves our moral support, and resisted the arrogance of the South in trying to muzzle the press of the North and to silence her orators. Channing calmly met Clay's argument,— that slavery was necessary for the security of the government: he pointed to a statue of liberty with a "slave and a chain as a pedestal." To Clay's claim that the North had $1,200,000,000 in slaves, Channing replied, the more, the worse; that money did not weigh in

morals, and the amount did not change the character. The author of *Memoirs of Harriet Martineau* does great injustice to Channing by claiming, in the presence of these facts, that, while Webster and others were the legal and business apologists of slavery in the North, Channing was brought in to cover its religious aspects. Channing said all a man could say,—spoke wisely, plainly, and well. He claimed the right and duty of the North to speak, and he spoke. He claimed that the earth had better be given over to wild beasts than that men should sanction wrong. He had great faith in the power of trust and principle, and that these would somehow prevail. He believed that the love of God, that had reached the world in Christ, was a power to reconcile the world, and that it would open all prison-doors. In his last address, only a few months before his death, he says, "Come, O Kingdom of God, for which we daily pray,—come, and break every chain, set every prisoner free."

My friends, Channing went to sleep. Wilberforce and Fox and Pitt were gathered to their rest. In our day, the great struggle came. The fife and the drum were heard in the land. Our fathers and brothers and sons went to the war. The flag was saved, the slaves were freed. And, oh! with what joy must these toilers for liberty — Wilberforce and Clarkson, Parker and Sumner, and Lovejoy and Lincoln — look down from the heavenly heights upon the great work, upon a land that is free! Had Channing lived in the days of the Rebellion, he would have been for the Union and the Emancipation. Were he here to-day, he would say, Stand by the freedmen; help the refuges; build schools and churches all over the South for these poor people. And let us take up his work, and carry it on till all minds and hearts may rejoice in the blessings of liberty and justice.

ADDRESS OF REV. GEO. C. LORIMER, D.D.

The highest expression of the religious idea is philanthropy. It is the sublimest, as it is the truest, embodiment of its spirit. It is the purest worship, the divinest ritual. In comparison with it, processions, mitres, crosiers, tiaras, smoking altars, glittering shrines, and all the tawdry frippery of sacerdotalism, are vulgar, childish, and obtrusive. Beneficence cannot but be the supreme symbol of a religion whose Author is pre-eminently Love. Goodness can be the only real incarnation of the infinitely Good; and giving ourselves for others, the only adequate exposition of a system that reveals an All-Father giving his Son, and the Son as giving himself, for the life of the world.

Coleridge has said that, "to restore a commonplace truth to its first uncommon lustre, you need only translate it into action." In my judgment, this was one of the most distinguished features of Dr. Channing's brilliant career. He translated into the language both of doctrine and conduct the great commonplace of Christianity,—its philanthropy,—and set it before society radiant with its original beauty. Dr. Channing was beyond everything else a philanthropist. Whether he fully grasped the vast themes of Christ's ministry, or rose to the high level of his transcendent thought, may be open to debate; but there can be no doubt that he sympathized with the heart of love, and entered deeply into the spirit that led the Saviour to care for the neglected, to rescue the perishing, to deliver the captive, and to lift up the fallen. The philanthropy of Dr. Channing was certainly orthodox, whatever we may think of his theology. And as charity never faileth, even when his teachings shall fail, and the memory of his eloquent tongue shall cease to stir, and his knowledge shall vanish quite away, that shall still abide to guide and bless mankind.

If we may judge the influence of this servant of God by the community in which he lived and labored, we will cease to question its Christly character. Boston, eminent in letters, is supereminent in charities. That old city, radical in its ideas of right, uncompromising in its devotion to principle, stern and rugged, is, perhaps beyond all others, the one most easily moved by the appeals of suffering and sorrow. To the cry of distress, its ear is never closed; to the plaint of indigence, its hand is ever open. And whether the wail of anguish arises from a poverty-stricken South, a fire-scarred West, or a famine-stricken Ireland, it is as ready to help as the dews are to refresh the sun-scorched flowers, or the rain to fertilize the drouth-encrusted earth. Religious, political, and commercial rivalries and animosities melt like snow before the genial warmth of its philanthropy, and no more bound its gracious ministry than glaciers, icebergs, or grinding frozen seas restrain the rising of the sun. This spirit is common to all classes, all societies, churches, sects, and parties in Boston, and is conspicuously prominent in that religious body of which Dr. Channing was an honored member. And, as long as it continues to number among its representatives such noble men as Edward Everett Hale, whose truly human soul, whose cosmopolitan tastes, sentiments, and culture, and whose unfailing love impart a gentle cadence to the music of his speech, the Unitarians will continue to reign a queen among the sisterhood of charity. How much of this spirit is traceable to Dr. Channing, I leave others to determine; but, that it is largely due to his influence, a brief analysis of his philanthropy will demonstrate.

If we examine its source, we shall find it springing from an abiding sympathy with humanity. Throughout his ministry, he laid great stress on love,—the love of God for man, the love of man for man. So deep was this divine passion

in his breast, and so strong, that he was acutely pained at the thought of every evil that afflicts the race. He confessed that "his nature was such that he turned away from the contemplation of evil," and added that "his mind sought the good, the perfect, the beautiful." "It is only," he said, "from a sense of duty that I read a narrative of guilt in the daily papers." To him, "souls in evil" were a terrible sight; and the partial success which attended all efforts to deliver them was appalling. Continually, he was haunted by a grand ideal of humanity. He regarded its redemption as of priceless worth, and as claiming the best endeavors of the pure and enlightened. "One soul," he said, "is worth more than material worlds." "Men travel far to see the wonders of nature and art. The greatest wonder is man himself." He believed in the essential "grandeur of man's nature, its likeness to God, its immortality, its power of endless progress." And describing him as the "victim of sin," "as the fallen, but redeemed," he regarded Christ's advent as the sign of the high value placed by God himself upon his ruined creatures. Condition, station, shame, ignorance, even crime, could never obscure to his eyes the immeasurable importance of the soul, or lessen his interest in its well-being. He never sympathized with the theory now growing in favor,—that philanthropy is simply a measure of society, inspired by social perils, and determined by its necessities. No more did he approve of that selfish utilitarian philosophy that puts happiness before morality. He was not a nice calculator of profits and losses, but expressly taught that good should be attempted, not so much for the benefit to be reaped by the doer as for the blessings it confers on the recipient. In a word, he fully realized the spirit of the Master, who sought not primarily the elevation of society, nor the mere correction of its abuses, but, first of all, the salvation of man as man, and that, too, not from an arithmetical balancing of

advantages to be gained, but from an intense and a consuming love of the being in whom God had wrought his image, and for whom he had given his Son to die.

This thought furnishes the key to Dr. Channing's philanthropic methods. They were essentially spiritual. He proclaimed no superficial cure for the deep-seated diseases and evils of the race. His reliance was not centred in external means and material agencies. In his opinion, poverty never can be permanently relieved by bounteous gifts of fuel, food, or clothing. Such assistance he even looked on with distrust, as tending to pauperize large bodies of people. At best, it could only be of temporary service, and under no state of the case should be relied on permanently. His theory was, Educate the people to take care of themselves, and they will overcome the evils of their condition. Concentrate beneficence on the elevation of the man, and he will take care of himself afterward. This explains the stress he laid on the preaching of the gospel. He knew its capabilities, its tendency to produce a noble type of self-dependent manhood; and he would have every means used to bring the entire community under its influence. For this reason, he took great interest in what is known as the Ministry at Large,—an agency appointed to carry the teachings and offices of Christianity to the poor,—and expressed a desire to see such congregations gathered under its preaching as assembled to hear the Methodists of his day. He carefully sought the reason for Mr. O. A. Brownson's comparative failure to attract and hold the people, when that gentleman tried to draw them to his ministry, and attributed it to the philosophical style of his pulpit efforts. While he did not believe in the perpetuity of the Jewish Sabbath, he regarded the Lord's day as sacred, and advocated its observance as a day of private and public religious instructions, not to be desecrated by amusements, for which he would have society

set apart a portion of Saturday. He thought that the day could not be more highly honored than by consecrating it to instruction in Christianity and to the practical exemplification of its beneficence. He would have it fully devoted to man as it was originally made for man,—not made for him to abuse, to pervert, to degrade into an opportunity for riot, debauchery, or serviceless amusements. The day rightly observed would tend to the regeneration of manhood, and hence the high value it had in Dr. Channing's eyes. This also accounts for the part he bore in the educational movements of his time. Fully sympathizing with Horace Mann, supplementing his labors with his pen, he also gave to the world his stimulating paper on Self-culture, which has exerted so wholesome and so wide-spread an influence for good both in Europe and America. The secret of all these endeavors was his profound conviction that the needs of the race required pre-eminently the elevation and enlightenment of each individual, and that every method that came short of this would be fatally defective. I am inclined to-night to remind you emphatically of his position, as it may warn you against some illusions of philanthropy that are at present current in almost every community. We have only recently been told that it would be better to break up our churches, silence our preachers, sell the property held by different denominations, and give all to the poor. This has an air of philanthropy about it, and many regard it as the outcome of lofty wisdom. Channing would have denounced it as the consummation of folly. Hew down your orchards, dry up the sources of your streams, and expect fruit and expansive rivers afterwards, and you will be less deceived than you are by the expectation that the extirpation of Christianity and the conversion of the proceeds for the benefit of the indigent will end all poverty and suffering. Such a measure might bring temporary physical relief; but,

as the sources of spiritual renewal would perish through it, the permanent condition of humanity would remain sadder and more debased than ever. Some of our modern reformers look to government, to agitations and strikes, or to associations, as affording means of practically solving the problems which perplex society. It is simply another form of the error that relief is to come from without, not from within. Channing appreciated good government, but he recognized the limits of its beneficent power. Some things it cannot do. He realized this, and compared it to the walls of a house, affording protection to the machinery, but it cannot fabricate the goods. The people make the government, and only in a very inferior sense does the government make the people. Strikes and revolutions Dr. Channing looked on with distrust, and he dreaded the "tyranny incident to associated action." He was not the enemy of associations, but in a paper pointed out their perils, and reaffirmed his old doctrine of individual and family improvement. And, in this, I venture to say that he interprets the method of Jesus Christ as it is presented in the gospel; and I am old-fashioned enough to avow myself a sincere believer in its efficacy.

It remains for me to add that the philanthropy of Channing was all-inclusive in its scope. Every year produces some reformer, who is one-sided and partial, the partisan of some special virtue or improvement. He is apparently ignorant of every other interest than the one that has secured his special advocacy, or, if not, is at least indifferent to its welfare. It may be temperance, labor-reform, Sabbath observance, kindness to animals, the social evil, or some other movement of equal importance. Whatever it is, he gives himself up absolutely to its success, becomes so absorbed in it that it casts into the shade all other claims. He judges the virtue of others by the degree of sympathy they feel in

his idol, and is ready to stone them, if they fail to worship it as unreservedly as he does. But this was not characteristic of Channing. His mind was too broad, his heart too large, for so narrow and discriminating a philanthropy. He advocated temperance, he pleaded the cause of the laboring man, he uttered his protest against war, he befriended the criminal, he denounced slavery and defended liberty. Even Abner Kneeland, condemned by the courts of Massachusetts on a charge of atheism, he petitioned for, in the name of that freedom which is the heritage of unbelievers as well as believers. Thus his philanthropy was full-orbed, comprehensive, symmetrical, as will be the philanthropy of every man who has been taught in the school of Christ.

As I close this *résumé*, I deem it a fitting opportunity to urge upon the good citizens of Chicago the example of this eminent friend of humanity. In his name,—yea, in the name of One higher, from whom he derived his inspiration, —I plead for education, for the extension of its blessings to all our children, and for special efforts to make this one of the great university cities of the world. I plead for temperance, for the better observance of the Sabbath, and for sympathy with the poor and with the struggling laboring classes. Let us not be indifferent to these great objects; let us not lose sight of them in the mad pursuit of wealth and material splendor. These words of mine are but echoes of that philanthropy which you admire in Channing. Happy shall we be, if even the echoes shall guide us to the field where real glory is to be won. Remember that the greatness of Chicago is indissolubly interwoven with her charities, her benefactions, her seats of learning, and that the brotherhood of citizens can only be perfected by the spirit of philanthropy reigning among them. Let philanthropy prevail, and our people will be blessed; and, though creeds and nationalities may sometimes divide us, let philanthropy

rule, and, though we be Calvinists, Arminians, or Unitarians, in each other we shall trace the features of a brother, and in each other's grasp feel the warm pulsations of a brother's heart.

ADDRESS OF REV. W. R. ALGER.

There is an extreme fitness in the democratic nature of this celebration, in which not only the liberal professions and the leaders of society are represented, but also the doors are opened for the people to come in from the streets. For a great man sheds lustre on those below him. They are seen lifted up and glorified in him. The greatness of human virtue is revealed in him. The transcendent qualities shown in his life, which enable us to think of him as a God-like and immortal creature, help us to hold the same belief as to the common crowds of men, since they have a common nature with him.

My wish on the present occasion is to illustrate the working of the character and power of Channing as an ideal force in the life of America. In the good sense of the words, what *is* an ideal force? Any influence acting through our intelligence and sensibility to purify, free, and ennoble us, to expand, enrich, and consecrate us. It is by means of ideal forces that our moral education is secured, that our passions and sentiments are restrained, impelled, regulated. These forces are of several distinct varieties and ranks. If we glance rapidly at their definitions, it will enable us to grasp the conclusion which I am to establish.

First comes *perceptive education*, or the *Theoretic Ideal*. This embodies in rules, maxims, exhortations, the average moral perceptions current in society, the standard of conduct established in the ordinary acceptance and profession of the community. The power of these precepts as incul-

cated in the family, the school, and the church, is not very vivid or profound. This is usually overrated as a saving influence. What power it exerts comes chiefly from the personal authority of revered and beloved characters associated with the precepts in the memory of the pulpit.

Secondly, we find operative as a moulding moral force what may be called *social education*, or the *Realistic Ideal*. This is the action on the individual of the living social order around him, the embodiment, not of the profession of average mankind, but of the sincerest and strongest passions. What the ruling multitudes environing us say is right and desirable has some influence on us; but what they demonstrate to be their sovereign convictions and desires, by actually incarnating them in their daily conduct, this influences us far more deeply. The verbal profession of society enthrones morality, but the genuine life and constant struggle of society enthrone self-seeking. Therefore, the predominant power of the realistic ideal, worshipped everywhere in the great battle of the world, is a demoralizing influence which more than offsets its high precepts.

Thirdly, we come to *irritative education*, or the *Inciting Ideal*. The most resolute and energetic champions in the social struggle, who surpass their competitors in the fierce game for money, position, power, reputation, luxury, stand out conspicuously as the objects of popular admiration and envy. Their examples catch the attention and inflame the ambitions of younger aspirants, and thus shape their desires and direct their toils. In this way, the actuals of men of exceptional success become the ideals of the men of mediocrity. The tendency of this style of influence is more evil than good, because it excites still further passions already too intense.

And now we come to *personal education*, or the *Divine Ideal*. There are men who extricate themselves from the

vortex of selfish contentions, and consecrate their powers to the worship of God, the pursuit of truth, the cultivation of beauty, the doing of good, the perfecting of their own souls and experiences. These are original characters, endowed with direct insight into the highest things, subjects of a fresh inspiration from the Infinite Spirit. Exalted by the sacred superiority of their lives, they lift the gaze of meaner men from servile tasks and perishable interests, and enkindle in them moral devotion and religious aspiration. Thus, in turn, the actuals of these sacred types of humanity become the ideals of less gifted but generous and susceptible natures. The mission of every truly great man or original genius who appears is, by setting up a better example, to free and advance other men out of their bondage to the inferior examples which were established in honor before him. But the final ideal will not be made up of the special actuals of any: it will arise from a consensus of the true insights and aspirations of all, harmonized and perfected by history and criticism. And every successive instance of pure worth and genius which wins public recognition, and is crowned with general applause, makes its contribution toward this result.

The sweet and noble countenance of Channing has long since been added to those portraits of illustrious men with which fame sprinkles history. It is a profound gratification to see in how many far places there is a spontaneous uprising to encircle his spotless memory with a garland of cosmopolitan praise on the arrival of his centennial day. It is indeed a high omen of good. For he is, perhaps, the purest instance of the divine type of man that has appeared in our country. He is pre-eminently worthy of reverence and love and study. No character in American history is fitter to be lifted up for popular adoration and gratitude, or worthier to be commended to the emulous docility of the

rising generation. He was not a man of meteoric mind, set off with dazzling attributes which challenge approach or reproduction; but everything in his genius and methods is sober and clear and imitable by those who, appreciating his worth, desire to become like him. By calm, patient, humble, severe painstaking, he purified himself from vices, and built virtues into his character. He took the most unwearying care in the formation of his opinions, to help out error, prejudice, and extravagance, and to render them sound and proportionate. He cultivated a direct personal consciousness of the living God, whose omnipresence he realized with a vivid constancy which filled him with authoritative sanctity and clothed him with awe. He repudiated all yokes of dead usages, every form of unrightful dictation, and exemplified a liberty as sublime as his faith. And there are things for all to do in accordance with the degrees of their ability.

Channing conceived of God as a being of infinite power, freedom, consciousness, wisdom, love, and beneficence, whose attributes are to be seen in fixed revelation, in material nature, and to be recognized in perpetual play in the free spirit. He thought of himself as a finite filial copy of God, and destined to an equal eternity. He therefore had an overwhelming self-respect, which forbade him to wrong or defile his own being. And recognizing with intense clearness in all his fellow-men incarnated representatives of God, sympathetic copies of himself, he was irresistibly impelled to love and honor and serve them. He did not live for money, office, power, pleasure, or fame; but he lived sacredly for God, humanity, truth, beauty, good, perfection, eternity, resolutely resisting all temptations to the contrary, and steadily growing more calm, wise, holy, useful, blessed, commanding, and divine to the very last. When he was yet a young man, he said, "I practise temperance, and strive for

purity of heart, that I may become a temple for the spirit of God to dwell in." And, while the radiance of the setting sun was answered by the angelic smile on his dying face, he said, "I have received many messages from the Spirit."

. Ay, gild his name with new honor. Peruse his record with fresh interest. His example will work as an ideal force in the life of America with results of still greater reach and beneficence, just as our people fix their attention upon it with the spiritual conditions requisite for assimilating its influence.

And I must add, in closing, a reason of the strongest urgency for asking the attention of the American people to the life and spirit of Channing, to the perfect timeliness and adaptation of his thought and example to the exigencies of the present moment. In the crisis of selfish ambition and materialism through which we are passing, the experience and authority of Channing are needed as a counter-weight in the other scale. After a full lifetime of supreme devotion to spiritual themes, he affirmed with unhesitating conviction the reality of God, the soul, duty, and immortality. He united the acumen of the philosopher and the vision of the seer. After the long consecration of his deep and pure gifts, his matchless spirituality and loyalty to truth, he had a right to speak and a claim to deferential attention. But his single assertion, based on grounds of positive perception, may justly outbalance the negative reports which coarse and unthinking millions of observers base on their failure to perceive.

The most harmonized and competent judges are invariably modest and expectant, because they clearly see that the known is petty, the unknown immense. Such minds hold that those who affirm from a positive apprehension always have an inexpugnable advantage over those who merely deny, whether from emptiness or from rebellion.

Indeed, it should be evident to every trained reasoner that the rejection, on the mere ignorant ground of the senses, of the truths approved by the spiritual intuitions, is an incompetent procedure. For the physical facts, which are all that the vulgarest minds perceive, are enveloped in mysteries which not even the profoundest thinkers have ever yet explained. The eyes translate the undulations of the ethereal medium into light, and then the soul uses that light to discover loveliness, and then in the perception of that loveliness thrills with ineffable joy, and then in the entrancement of that joy recognizes a symbolic revelation of the presence of God, and then in that intuitive fellowship with God finds a tacit proof of its own immortal destiny. And I will put one such positive declaration of a consecrated seer, who speaks from what he believes, against the hostile declarations of a wilderness of atheists and an ocean of infidels, who speak only from what they do not believe. A Hottentot can see nothing in the mathematical calculations of Newton. A Patagonian can see nothing in the musical scores of Beethoven. So a materialist, looking from over the solid landscapes of the earth into the open spaces of faith, gazing on the blank blue of the infinite, the empty socket whence the All-Seeing Eye has winked itself out, can perceive nothing in the great formulas of the religious believers of all ages. Nevertheless, Newton is authority in mathematics against the Hottentot, and Beethoven is authority in music against the Patagonian. Why is not Channing, with his tremulous and divine sensitiveness to the true and the good, equally an authority in religion, as against the stolid materialist?

If the affirmations of the believers are true, it places these in a rank of superiority to the unbelievers. And so the latter reverse the verdict, and give themselves the supremacy, by declaring that idealism is delusion and error, that

materialism contains the whole truth. But every pure thinker whose intuitive faculties have been developed and illuminated knows that to all which appears in outer manifestation to the senses, the entire material universe is but a series of transient phenomena, glimpsing out of that unmanifested infinitude of real being, which is forever hidden from sense, but forever open to reason and faith.

THE CELEBRATION AT ST. LOUIS.

THE Missouri *Republican* of April 8 contains the following account of the celebration at St. Louis: —

The services commemorative of the centenary birthday of William Ellery Channing were held last evening in the new hall, corner of Jefferson and Washington Avenues, and were honored with an audience worthy of the occasion. Rev. John Snyder, of the Church of the Messiah, Dr. William G. Eliot, and Mr. Wayman Crow were the committee in charge of the arrangements for the celebration.

The new hall had been especially placed in order for the occasion, the interior decorations not being fully completed. The platform was handsomely dressed with flowering and foliage plants; and upon the wall over the stage was a large evergreen shield with a silver monogram "C" in the centre, the figures "1780–1880" being conspicuously displayed at either side of the shield.

The exercises opened with singing by the choir of the Church of the Messiah. A short prayer was offered by Mr. Snyder, followed by singing by the choir. Mr. Snyder then came forward, and said it was always a work of supererogation for a writer to put in the preface what was to appear in the body of his book; and it would be equally so for

him to explain at any length the object of the meeting. He would merely say that they had met to honor the memory of William Ellery Channing, one of the noblest and greatest men known to the nineteenth century, and leave it to the other speakers who were present to tell the story in detail. He then introduced, as the first speaker, Rev. John C. Learned. Mr. Learned was called upon for a biographical sketch of Dr. Channing. The speaker called attention to the difficulty attending an effort to put a sixty-two year biography into a ten or twelve minute sketch, but went on to say that Dr. Channing was born April 7, 1780, a time when Wordsworth and Napoleon I. were youngsters of ten years, and Coleridge was eight. Dr. Channing was well connected, and had advantages for developing his natural talents. His father was a graduate of Harvard, and was a man held in high esteem among his fellows. The subject of the sketch was given an excellent home training, and among other things was thoroughly grounded in the catechism. His mother was not only a woman of marked originality of mind, but was possessed of the most undeviating rectitude. His father died, leaving him at the age of twelve just preparing for college. At that time, Newport was becoming a fashionable place, as it has since remained. British and French officers and Southerners visited it in great numbers, and the peculiar ideas they brought with them had their effect on society. France was then in a state approaching anarchy; and, amid all the exciting political doctrines discussed, there had also begun to appear open attacks on the doctrines of Puritanism. At such a time, an active mind found a ready field for employment. Channing, though connected with various societies at college, would never indulge in wine. He stood well in his classes, but excelled chiefly in composition, attaining rare elegance as a writer. On leaving college, he went to Richmond as

a tutor in a private family, remaining a year and a half. This time proved most eventful to him in the matter of shaping his career. He came in close contact with slavery, and formed his estimate of it. At the same time, from his study of the French situation and troubles, he developed his views on war. He made this year and a half a time of such incessant and hard study as almost to break himself down, and in fact did sow the seeds of disease which kept him ever after in frail health. It was during this time that he read Rousseau and other authors, who did so much toward developing his mind. Then it was that he decided upon the study of divinity, and he began with a most exhaustive examination into the evidences of Christianity. He began to preach in 1802 in Boston. Crowds thronged to hear him almost from the first. He was never a sectarian. He always refused to lead or be led by a party. He wanted all to be as free in thought as himself. His advice was not to unite with any church, if required to subscribe to any principle the truth of which did not appear beyond doubt. He was thirty-four years old when he married. He went to Europe in 1822, and there met some of the great thinkers, in whose writings he had long taken delight. At the age of forty-four, he had to have a colleague to lighten his labor, being no longer able to bear the fatigue; yet, his active mind obtained no rest. His idea of freedom went out to all mankind. He was the father of New England Transcendentalism. He left Boston in 1842, and went to Bennington, where he was taken with typhoid fever. Sunday, the 2d of October, they read him the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer, after which he turned, and, looking out upon the mountains he loved so well, his body fell asleep, and no one knew when the spirit departed from it.

Dr. Eliot was introduced as the next speaker. He said

he desired to ask why should this Channing memorial service be held. Such services were being held by Christians, scholars, and philosophers everywhere in the civilized world from England to India, and all over the United States; yet Dr. Channing was a quiet, retiring man, not distinguished for great learning. He was not a popular man, nor the leader of a party; yet his works were now read most extensively. Recently, an edition of one hundred thousand copies of his writings was sold in England. At the present day, so long after his death, he was more honored than ever. This was because of his earnest and sincere convictions. He planted himself firmly on the principles of Christianity, and dared to apply the doctrines of religion to his daily life. He was now spoken of as the apostle of liberty,— the liberty of a lover of truth and a servant of God, — one who held to the justice of law. He was not a willing iconoclast. It was painful to him to break down old customs. He was the same all the time, alone or with the multitude. In quiet gentleness, he received the new light, and caused it to shine on all around. He could never discover any conflict between science and revelation. True science he held to be essentially religious. The speaker quoted several passages from Dr. Channing's sermons, illustrating his views. He was a man of stern, unbending integrity, and under no circumstances was he ever known to strengthen his argument by unfair treatment of an opponent. In his first work on slavery, he declared that if a work, no matter how good, could not be carried out by the benevolent workings of Christianity, then the time for doing had not arrived. He held that the first object of zeal was not to prosper, but to do right.

Judge McCrary was the next speaker. He said it was always a healthful thing to study the lives and commemorate the virtues of the great and good men of the past, because

the more these were dwelt upon and the more familiar they became, the more the men of to-day would be led to imitate them. Consciously or unconsciously, the speaker supposed, all men had their saints and ideals; and it was of great moment whether their ideals were high or low, such as to lift up or drag down. In this, he believed, was the true secret of the hold the Christian religion had obtained, because by it the perfect character of Christ was continually held up before the people. On this occasion, there was held up a life affording an example as perfect, a model as uplifting, as could be found among all the great men of America. It was an example of honesty, not only with his fellow-men, but also with his own conscience. Holding clear convictions, he uttered them without fear and in the face of opposition, sometimes amounting to persecution. He was the apostle of freedom of thought, and at the same time the peaceful teacher of Christianity. He never held his peace when he felt it his duty to speak. He was also an example of catholicity. His writings would be searched in vain for any expression of unkindness toward those who differed from the views he held. With him, it meant liberty of thought on all subjects, but especially religion. It had fallen to the lot of but few to impress their thoughts on the world as Dr. Channing had done. To-day, that broad catholicity which he preached in the face of such violent opposition is preached from thousands of pulpits. His theology permeated the thoughts of men as did Jefferson's political views. He proclaimed a declaration of religious independence founded, as Jefferson's declaration was, on the dignity of human nature. He believed man was fit to exercise his own judgment. Though he belonged to the Unitarian denomination, he really belonged rather to the world. He did not believe that all good could be found in any one denomination, and he found brethren in all denominations

and outside of all denominations. The speaker was glad the memory of Dr. Channing was so widely celebrated. It would be good for the world that this great and pure character should be held up as an example, and emulated.

"I will now introduce to you a gentleman from another room of the family household," said Mr. Snyder. "In my Father's house there are many mansions," quoted the clergyman, as he introduced Rev. Joseph H. Foy, pastor of the Central Christian Church.

Mr. Foy said he esteemed it an honor and a privilege to speak a word of honest eulogy to one who was a living *force*, he had almost said a living *presence*, in their lives. Being a member of a church which held some tenets totally at variance with those grandly advocated by Dr. Channing, he could not be accused of bias in the favorable judgments he had soberly formed and would candidly express. The speaker formed his opinions from no memoirs nor laudatory biographies; yet he knew as much of the man from a study of his works as any one living or dead. The incertitude in respect to doubtful men, like Byron, Napoleon I., Frederick the Great, or Thomas Paine, drove one to investigation; but he was so certain of Channing's truth, goodness, and purity, that he would as soon have investigated the genealogy of an angel as to distrustfully scrutinize the personal character of this almost inspired proclaimer of the "fatherhood of God" and the "brotherhood of man." His comprehensive and philosophic mind, his almost divine tenderness, his devotion to truth and principle, that raised him above the earthly plane, made a profound impression upon the speaker. He had dawned upon the lecturer in his works as a gentle, princely man, thoroughly human, yet moving in a large orbit around the central sun. He took hold of him as a man of profound mind, unalterable convictions upon all questions of right and wrong, justice or injustice, of quick

sympathies with the down-trodden everywhere. He grew upon him as a man who, though not having learned evil from sad experience, could, by the sympathy of a common nature, enter heartily into plans for the recovery of man, and his restoration to that dignity which was his birthright. Of all the sons of men who had, in imitation of the Blessed One, "gone about doing good," there was none whose name was worthier of perpetual embalmment in the considerate regard and tender affection of all succeeding generations than Channing's. No biographic praise or silver voice of oratory could give their souls a tenderer veneration than they had for the one who labored that "every wrong, injustice, and oppression in the world might cease to be." The deathless truths from Channing's majestic brain were among his most treasured possessions. Though bigotry and prejudice blinded hundreds as to the value of Channing's works and their marvellous influence upon modern thought, they are nevertheless gradually finding their way into every thoughtful preacher's library. He had spoken to a number of ministers of his own Church upon the subject, and he could not recall one who did not possess these works. His own copy was so marked up as to be almost a curiosity. Mr. Foy paid an eloquent tribute to the man who had taught by precept and example that "truth only endures," who had been an instrument in God's hand to remove distressful doubts, who taught the "rational character of the Christian religion," and who brushed away any doubts as to "immortality" and "future life." Campbell, Fletcher, Flavel, Newman, Marvin, Alexander, Hall, Channing, and Dewey, were sources of intellectual and spiritual sustenance to him. The speaker referred in glowing terms to Mr. Channing's absorbing interest in the elevation of the laboring classes, and asserted that his essay on "Sunday-schools" gave him a better idea of the importance of this department than all

other essays or speeches he had ever read or heard put together. The same applied to his "Address upon Temperance." Channing's "Discourses on War" were the foundation of the modern peace societies. His "Essays on Slavery," coming as they did at a time when discussion was intemperate and the State itself in peril, swept everything before them by their irresistible logic. The cathedral bells of the Catholic church in Boston were tolled, it is said, by order of Bishop Cheverous, when Channing died. "All his ends were his country's, his God's, and truth's." Already, great foreign academies had accorded prizes for the best discriminative analyses of the man and his works. The speaker concluded with these words: "As the chilling snows of bigotry, once piled high and hard upon the bleak peaks of prejudice, melt and disappear before the sun of enlightened Christian liberalism slowly climbing toward the zenith, the overflowing Nile of William Ellery Channing's influence will deepen, rise, and widen, carrying refreshment, strength, and joy beyond measure, to parched hearts, bowed heads, and drooping spirits, in all the coming ages."

Mr. Snyder said, upon the conclusion of Mr. Foy's remarks, that it was difficult to tell whether he belonged to their church or they to his, but he supposed they belonged to each other. He then introduced Hon. George Partridge, who, he said, had sat in the choir of Dr. Channing's church and listened to him preach.

Mr. Partridge said, although he had been a member of a quartette in Dr. Channing's church, he did not intend to speak of that. He referred particularly to Channing's sympathy with humanity. He never received a salary of more than $1,600 a year, and began at $1,200. He gave half of this away to the poor members of his church. No one went away from the church without thinking over what he had heard, and would probably pray when he got home. His

gentle, soft voice impressed the listener as if he was above humanity, yet he was always with them. These impressions of the man were still strong within the speaker, and would ever remain with him.

Rev. Samuel Young, an Episcopalian minister of Canada, staying in the city for a few days, was introduced as another member of the common household. The English, he said, were like Moses, and possessed many virtues; but they needed the help of an Aaron, or Americans with their silver tongues and ready utterances. He was not an off-hand speaker. People could be divided into two classes: first, the supporters of ecclesiasticism; and, secondly, those who thought themselves privileged in their conceit to say, "Orthodoxy is mine, heterodoxy and all other doxies are yours." The speaker believed in the royal supremacy of reason. He believed in exercising reason in regard to supposed revelation. His religion circled around the trinity of God, Channing's about the humanity of Christ. If they would turn their heads toward the front and not look behind, the lines would almost converge, and there would be but little difference.

In a few appropriate words, Mr. Snyder introduced Rev. Dr. Boyd, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, who said:—

It were impossible for me, after the exhaustive and eloquent addresses which have been delivered, to enrich the thought or add to the interest of this occasion; but I cannot withhold my simple, grateful tribute to the memory of a man with whose generous Christian spirit I am in full sympathy, and to whom I owe so much in the matter and manner of my thinking. Sure I am that this centenary memorial is in accord with the apostolic injunction, "Honor to whom honor is due, tribute to whom tribute."

The estimate in which I hold the life and character of William Ellery Channing has been formed, not from bio-

graphical sketches, but from the six volumes of his published writings (put into my library by the kind thoughtfulness of a friend in Boston), which I have read and reread with ever-increasing interest and profit.

Dr. Channing's own language is the key to his character: "Men are distinguished from one another not merely by difference of thoughts, but often more by the different degrees of relief or prominence which they give to the same thoughts." The greatness of Dr. Channing's soul is seen in the intensity of the feelings and thoughts which predominate in his writings. His conception of the dignity of man, though conceding the "weakness and limitations of man's present development and the moral degradation that sin has wrought, yet reveals the capabilities of the race and the grand future which God has in store for it." "God's sovereignty is limitless," he says, "still man has rights. God's power is irresistible, still man is free. On God we entirely depend; yet we can and do act from ourselves, and determine our own characters." On the union of the infinite and the finite, not on their contrast or opposition, Dr. Channing founded all hope of ameliorating man's condition. In this union, he recognized an escape from both pantheism and fatalism. Here were the hidden springs of all social order and reform. From this conception of man's nature and possibilities sprung his profound reverence for liberty, his earnest advocacy of human rights, his love for the poor, his appeals for the laboring classes, and his active opposition to slavery, war, intemperance, and every form of mental oppression.

Believing most sincerely and broadly in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, he gave utterance to the purest religious sentiments concerning God, Christ, duty, self-culture, immortality.

Rarely in the history of the race do we meet with one

who combines in such grace and symmetry the claims to high renown. His essays, especially those on Milton, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Fénelon, full of research, of profound insight into human nature, of critical and well-balanced judgments expressed in "burning words that clothe the God-breathed thoughts," reveal the ripe scholar. His dissertations on the "evidences of revealed religion," "the imitableness of Christ's character," and on many devotional themes, bring us face to face with the large-hearted and yet incisive theologian. His exact and comprehensive views on the subtile influences of society constantly in exercise to rob us of our individuality show that independence of mind which made him a prince of reformers.

There is nothing which the world resents so much as an attempt to carry out a better measure than existed before. The world never lets a man bless it, but it first fights him. But the criticisms evoked by Dr. Channing's labors in the interest of temperance, of education, of the freedom of the slave, and of the higher emancipation of the intellect and heart from the thraldom of traditional and severe theology, have but made his ideal of human destiny the more sublime and his charity the sweeter.

Of all the professions, it has been said that the ecclesiastical one is that which most decidedly and most constantly affects the judgments of persons and opinions; that it is peculiarly difficult for a clergyman to attain disinterestedness in his thinking, to accept truth just as it may happen to present itself, without passionately desiring that one doctrine may turn out to be strong in evidence and another unsupported. But disinterestedness in the pursuit of truth was Dr. Channing's pre-eminent trait. I do not agree with all of his conclusions in theology, but I do most sincerely admire his untiring effort to attain and to express the simple, scientific truth. He never writes for the sake of argument,

even in the heat of controversy: it is light and truth which his spirit yearns for, even at the sacrifice of past opinions and preferences. This is the great charm of his character, and this it is that makes him not the exclusive possession of one denomination or time or country, but the sainted teacher of all Christians for all time the world over.

Love is ownership. We share in the work of all the great and good whom we reverence along the centuries. And so I claim some humble share of Dr. Channing and his work, because I admire his Christian character and revere his memory. He is not dead. He lives and will live in the heart of ages so long as men honor purity of life, reverence truth, and love liberty.

Dr. Eliot stated that a letter had been received from Dr. Post, regretting his inability to be present, and expressing his high appreciation of the character of Dr. Channing. A similar letter had been received from Rev. Dr. Nichols. He referred to an article upon Dr. Channing, published in the New York *Evangelist*, and said nothing could be more cordial and hearty. He spoke in favor of their church paying for a memorial window to be placed in the memorial church at Newport. The meeting closed with singing the doxology and pronouncing the benediction.

THE CELEBRATION AT ST. PAUL.

THE *St. Paul and Minneapolis Pioneer Press* of April 5th gives the following report of the celebration by the congregation of Unity Church, St. Paul: —

Yesterday being the hundredth anniversary of the birth in Newport, R.I., of Rev. William Ellery Channing, the distinguished Unitarian divine, the event was appropriately celebrated by the congregation of Unity Church, St. Paul. There was an unusually large and intelligent congregation present, there being many members of other churches in attendance. In front of the reading-desk was placed a large photograph, copied from a painting of the subject of the day's celebration, to which allusion was made in the discourse. The picture was elegantly framed, and around it were entwined smilax, pansies, and roses, while a bunch of calla lilies overtopped the whole. After the usual devotional exercises, Rev. W. C. Gannett, the pastor of the congregation, delivered the following eloquent sermon: —

I desire to do two things,— in three or four quick pictures to show you Channing coming to himself, and then to show you Channing in relation to the so-called Unitarian movement; and this is all. Next Sunday, I hope to speak of that which Channing himself has called "my one sublime idea,"—

that idea central to all that he thought or spoke or did or was, the idea for which his name stands in the world of churches. Already, I have spoken once, in preparation for to-day, of the general gain in religious liberty made during this century since Channing's birth. Three Sundays are none too many for the great themes connected with his memory. And perhaps to-day you will allow me to claim a little more of your time than usual.

The first picture takes us to the ancient, dingy, dreamy town of Newport in Rhode Island. The time is the middle of the war of revolution, 1780. The blackened ruins of several hundred houses show that the British troops have just left the place. A drowsy old town even then, where people lived long, they lived so quietly. Sundry nonagenarians, white and black, are in its chimney-corners. It is the town of the famous old "Stone Mill," which nobody remembered being built, and which was therefore referred to the Northmen of eight hundred years before. Queer characters, strong characters, abound; for it is a seaport and a capital, and a place of families with wealth and refinement. It might be called too the "slave-market" of the Northern colonies. The pavement in the main street was paid for by a town tax upon the Africans imported; and it was quite the thing to do for even a thrifty minister to send his venture to the coast of Guinea in the ship of some friendly parishioner to have it return to him in the shape of a likely Guinea boy.

Here the little child was born whom his parents christened William Ellery Channing. The Ellery was for his grandfather, who had just been signing the Declaration of Independence. The father was a genial lawyer, much beloved by friends; the mother, a small, straight, elastic, bright-eyed lady, who looked alert and self-reliant, kindly and yet blunt. That last she was, sharp-witted, plain-spoken,— with a ready frown for any kind of sham,— truth-

telling, truth-dealing, truth-exacting. If the man who was her boy had one trait above others, it was truthfulness. That mother gave it to him. He was a little, straight, quick lad, like the mother again in this, fond of racing, climbing, wrestling. Very tender-hearted, he let the rats out of the trap, and could not bear a deed of cruelty; indeed, was ready for a fight to defend boys smaller than himself. A generous, chivalric child, then; thoughtful, too. As a five or six years' youngster, the playmates called him "little minister"; for he used to take texts and preach nursery sermons, and summon the household by beating on the warming-pan. A little older, his name was "little peace-maker." A little older yet, and we hear of his fondness for long, lonely rambles about the beautiful island shores. Of course, he was brought up to go to church and say the Westminster Catechism.

Now we change the picture, and get a glimpse of Harvard College life. He is but fourteen when he goes there, now a fatherless boy; and the mother, left poor, can ill spare the little that a college education cost. Cost what it would, William must have it. No famous scholar, but a good one, especially his translations, and very fond of history and moral science. Fast deepening now, growing more solemn and yet more enthusiastic, as college boys are apt to after Sophomore year is gone and they begin to hear the noise of the great world at the gates of manhood. One day in college life, the very place and hour, the very tree under which the experience occurred, the very chapter of the book that kindled the experience, he remembered all his life as the hour, tree, book, of his "new birth," when a glowing vision of the majesty of rectitude and the beauty of holiness broke upon his soul.

Now change the scene to Richmond, Va., whither he went, college days over, to teach in a rich Southerner's family. If in college he had had his "call," now he had his "forty

days" of trial in the desert. But the days were twenty months,—days of inward tumult and outward self-discipline, days of poverty, of sleep upon the floor, of stoical exercises to "harden himself," days of reverie and sentimental longings for he knew not what; yet ever of self-watching and self-correction, that brought him nearer to the discovery of the purpose of his life. Finally, he reached it; and again we hear dimly through the hints of a biographer, who says the record is one of those too intricate to be given to the world even after death,—again we hear of an hour of very intense and solemn consecration, a giving himself heart, soul, mind, strength, to God for life.

It is said by friends and critics that Channing never knew the agonies of inward conflict, never in his own experience glanced down into the chasms of sin, and slowly and with stumbles climbed the heights of the repentance that most men have to climb, and therefore was not fitted to know much about "sin" and the degradation of poor human nature. I doubt it much. I doubt much whether those whom the world calls saints, and who are saints and innocent from the great transgression common enough to most of us, do not perhaps know more about such falls and struggles than even we. They fall upon a higher plane, but it is worse to fall upon a higher plane; and it is upon the edge of the heights that one best knows the sense of depths. At all events, this much is true of Channing, that something in Richmond, and it was inward experience largely, so took hold of him that he who went there a young fellow buoyant with health came back to be for life a thin and pallid invalid,—came back scarcely to know henceforth a day free from lassitude and pain. Even his native town, to which he now returned, with its quiet for study and its wonderful shores, and its beach, of which he said in after life, "No spot on earth has so helped to form me as that beach,"—even that

failed to restore him. He himself tells us, "My body pined away to a shadow there, under the workings of a troubled mind." I suspect that Channing had some of the experiences which most men have, and christen "sin."

And now we must follow him to Boston, where, as young pastor, the lad scarce twenty-three was settled over the Federal Street Church, in 1803. The beginning of Channing's ministry! As we look at that beautiful face before us, chastened, disciplined, sensitive, yearning, it seems like an open book, written, though in some language of the spirit, to tell us what a "minister's" life may be,—"minister," "servant" of mankind. And now we see him beginning that life. Let me quote some sentences that show us his conception of such a life: "Nothing calls forth the soul like a consciousness of being dedicated to a sublime work, in which illustrious beings are our associates, and of which the consequences are interminable." "The minister is a fellow-worker with Christ and the angels." "For true eloquence, there is but one preparation: it is to make the thought of spiritual perfection, of God's life within the soul, real to ourselves by habitual experience." "The only true dignity is that which results from proposing habitually a lofty standard of feeling and action." "Power and majesty belong to him who yields himself up in willing obedience to the rectitude of God." "The preacher has to penetrate men with great convictions." "No man is fitted to preach or promote Christianity who is not fitted to die for it." Listen again to these, his definition of essences: "The essence of Christianity is a spirit of martyrdom in the cause of mankind." "Religion means the adoration and imitation of the perfections of God." "Is not faith in the perfect love of God, the knowledge of him as infinite goodness, the grand, commanding, central view? This God as having no other end in creation than to communicate his

own life to his children." "This correspondence of the soul to God, this principle of virtue or inward law impelling to unbounded progress, I consider as the very essence of human nature."

I do not mean that all these great sentences came into his first sermon or out of his early years; but the life purpose, the conception of the ministry, and, in not very vague germ, the conception of religion, of the soul, of God, which framed these scattered sentences, and hundreds like them, was in the early years and sermons. In his very first sermon, he struck the key-note of the long life-anthem when he said, "We glorify God when by imitation we display his character." A commonplace,—of the kind of commonplaces that make up the Sermon of the Mount.

What wonder, then, that, with this conception of his work irradiating him from the outset, he should make what is called a "spiritual impression"? Add to his face, so irradiated, his sweet voice, an organ of wonderful clearness, delicacy, expansiveness, as those who recall it delight to tell us, and what wonder that men should remember as events his reading of certain Bible passages and certain hymns, even his pronunciation of certain words? A sense of the Eternal came out from him, even in those days of boyish pulpit-work. The little children were awed by it, and remembered it to tell about as grown men and women, —how they caught their first strong impression of a man at worship from his look and tone. What is Mrs. Browning's mark of the angel? She uses words like these, "You saw by his eyes that they had looked on God." That seems to have been true of the young preacher of Federal Street. The sermons were not "great" sermons. Boston was regarded as a sort of "paradise for ministers" in those days; and there were brilliant preachers in the city,—notably, young Buckminster. But Channing would scarcely have

been counted among them. Indeed, he never would have been called a "brilliant" preacher. His style is "sunlight, not lightning." He was a careful pruner of all superlatives, carefully left out metaphors and illustrations, almost completely abstained from quotation. His sermons preach truthfulness, whatever the subject be,—preach the utter disuse of all trick, all exaggeration. His thought habitually was on such high themes that his reverence for them made unornamented words the only worthy style. "I come to another great truth," he was apt to say as he passed along his sermon. "This is an infinitely important truth." There is a superlative, to be sure. He kept them then, sacred to such use. Now, all this makes life-giving sermons, but not brilliant,— impressive only with spirit-force. And it made his so impressive in this way that the young pastor soon saw his congregation — which he had chosen as the smaller of two Boston parishes offered him at once — increasing, till a new church was needed in place of the quaint old barn that had descended to them from the Presbyterians; for Channing's church happened to be in origin the single Presbyterian foundation in the city of Congregationalists.

And what was the young man's thought at this time, doctrinally speaking? It might be called vaguely un-Calvinistic. It was like the common Boston thought around him. And here my "pictures" cease, and I come to the second part of my sermon; or, rather, the picture that I now would outline is a moving picture, is the drama of a Change of Faith. To understand "Dr. Channing's relation to the Unitarian movement," we must understand something of the movement itself. It is a well-nigh forgotten story, nor is it worth while often to rehearse such stories. Yet it is well enough to know, for instance, what happened sixty years ago to give us a Unity church to-day, and specially

well to trace this story, because it is a clear-cut, typical instance on a small scale of evolution in religion.

The orthodox critics are perfectly right in calling "Unitarianism" a transitional theology. That is its chief merit. Still more exactly, it is but a single phase in a long movement of transition, not beginning and not ending with itself. In this country,—to limit our look to that,—the movement thus far embraces three phases: (1) The "Arminian," from about 1740 to 1800; (2) The "Unitarian" phase proper, from about 1800 to 1840; (3) The "Transcendental and Critical," from 1840 onwards. Channing's life barely lasted through the second.

The starting-point of all is the rigid Calvinism which the Pilgrims and Puritans brought with them to New England in the seventeenth century,—the century of which the Westminster Confession is the theological monument and the survival. We smile at that rigidness to-day,—the modern Calvinist no less than others,—as a faith that put seven solemn Sundays in the week, and legislated by the light of "Moses his judicials." But it was a faith that filled the wilderness with psalms, and made each log hut a temple of the Eternal God. A noble faith,—to have had in one's grandfathers far enough removed. The iron in it then was largely in the form of bars; but, absorbed by the self-disciplines that it imposed, that iron became constitutional, and it still runs as iron in our people's blood.

The "great awakening" of 1740 found the bars already shaky. That revival revealed New England to itself. It waked some minds to strict Puritanism, others to a more deliberate dissent from Puritanism. The latter class discovered that they had unconsciously become "Arminians,"—a name of evil omen, that implied beliefs in man's free will, in the impartial love of God. It implied, besides, a growing dislike of creeds, a growing like of toleration, a tendency to

reduce faith to a few fundamentals, and a care to phrase those fundamentals in simple Bible words. As years went by, such minds as these began to question, further, the vicarious atonement; a little later, to examine the divinity of Christ. In Eastern Massachusetts, a silence about these and kindred doctrines fell upon the pulpits; the Trinitarian doxologies were quietly dropped; young parsons were less closely questioned by the ordaining councils; the ordination sermon itself was apt to hold a plea for toleration; books of devout English heresy were lent from minister to minister. Now and then, some bolder voice — Mayhew's, perhaps, or Bentley's — startled the brethren with a pointed doubt or slur of the old faith; but that was apt to cost them some "exchanges." No break as yet, however, was feared in the old Church of the Pilgrims. These men were only "moderate" or "liberal Calvinists." Freeman of "King's Chapel" in Boston, an Episcopalian,— and a half-alien, therefore, in this land of Congregationalists, and therefore with the less to lose by being independent,— was the first to reach, and to dare to avow anything like open Unitarianism (1787).

Meanwhile, among the other class of minds, those whom the revival had waked to a more loyal Puritanism, a process of "transition" was also going on, slower, but not a whit less certain. Hopkins, a disciple of Jonathan Edwards, was teaching a "rational Calvinism," which the fathers of New England would have called but milder heresy than that of the Arminians. It was Calvinism bettered by a decidedly more moral theory of vicarious atonement; by a statement of man's total depravity that mystified the totalness without spoiling it; and by a sort of *laissez-faire* scheme of reprobation, which represented God as calling whom he pleased to his grace, and simply leaving the rest uncalled to that native depravity which made their deep damnation as

inevitable as it was to be eternal. This was so great an improvement that, when Hopkinsonism was fully formulated a few years later, the Presbyterians of the Middle States, who remained genuine Calvinists of the good old type, called the New England sort "another gospel," nonsense, impiety, the high road to infidelity and atheism. That is the chronic trouble with all "transition" movements. They always lead in that direction.

Channing's sole but sufficiently ample relation to the movement thus far was that he was born toward the century's close; that his birthplace, Newport, was Dr. Hopkins' own town; that Dr. Hopkins' house was just across the garden from his own; that he heard his first sermons as a child from Dr. Hopkins' lips, doubtless recited his Westminster Catechism in Dr. Hopkins' study, and owed more, as he tells himself, to that good old man and burly thinker than to any one except his parents; also, that he was brought up amid earnestly religious Calvinists of a moderate and tolerant kind, while college life removed him to the still more liberal Boston influences. He must needs have been well acquainted, therefore, with all forms of the changing faith.

Only two years after his ordination in 1803, an event occurred which may be said to mark the beginning of the second — the "Unitarian" — phase of the transition. It was the appointment of Dr. Ware as professor of divinity at Harvard College. Henry Ware, known to be "Arminian," suspected of being "Arian!" Five years later, Kirkland, one of the most advanced of the liberals, was called from a Boston pulpit to its presidency. It was too true. Harvard College, simply descending from generation to generation in the line of Massachusetts culture, was, by that title, found to be in the hands of the liberals in 1800.

The orthodox, now thoroughly alarmed, began to muster

their forces for attack; and for ten years they tried in vain to drive these liberals to avow "Unitarianism." But that name the liberals very honestly repelled, because at the time it was closely identified with "humanitarian" views of Christ, while their own views were earnestly and strongly "Arian"; that is, to most, at least, of them, Christ, though not longer regarded as the Eternal God, was a being far above all archangels in his nature and his dignities. Yet between 1805 and 1815 the liberals, as a whole, must be called a silent and non-committal brotherhood. No doubt, many were still vague in their own thought; no doubt, all deprecated the irreligiousness of angry theological controversy; no wonder they could not bear the thought of a break in the dear old Church of the forefathers. In other words, they were in the "Broad Church" attitude, so well known to-day, and not admirable then or now, because not simply and honestly self-representing; and yet to have been forward for the fray would have shown a still more fault-worthy spirit, and even more misrepresenting. In spite of this silence, however, many signs — the temper of the magazines, and the convention sermons; the limiting of ministerial exchanges; an occasional church-break or trial for heresy; the founding of the Andover Theological School, and young Thacher's keen criticism on its "designedly ambiguous" and everlastingly unalterable creed; the bold anti-trinitarian stand at this time taken by the Universalist leaders, and the scholarly defence by Andrews Norton, and his friends of the same position — all these signs indicated a fast-approaching crisis.

It arrived at last by a strange transatlantic route. A Mr. Belsham, London Unitarian preacher of the extreme sort, printed in a biography some Boston letters received from Freeman of "King's Chapel," — letters describing the non-committal liberalism in vogue around him. Promptly,

those letters were made to appear in pamphlet form in Boston; and then Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, father of the father of the telegraph, in his magazine well named the *Panoplist*, bore down on Boston, and gave three ringing blows, charging: (1) that the New England liberals shared Belsham's low, humanitarian view of Christ; (2) that, in sharing it without avowing it, they were systematic hypocrites; (3) that, for so thinking and so doing, they ought to be denied all Christian fellowship.

The liberals could not keep silence now; but who should be their spokesman?

Channing was thirty-five years old. The beautiful face in Allston's portrait — not the one before you, which was from a painting made many years later — shows him as he then was, with the light of his great thought dawning on him, before the eyes gazed widely and the lips were set. He had been a quiet minister, making his calls, preaching his twice a day, not often going to the Anthology Club, but becoming known as one who made men feel religious. Sad and indignant, Channing answered the attack. He admitted the Unitarianism, using that word in its broad sense, unconfined to Belsham's view of Christ. Opinions differed among them as to Christ, he said. "To think with Belsham was no crime." But, as a fact, few did. For himself, he had always scrupulously avoided every expression that might seem to acknowledge the Trinity, and, when asked in conversation, had explicitly avowed dissent. As to the pulpit silence about the Unitarianism, he admitted, justified, glorified it. The charge of hypocrisy was a slander. "We preach precisely as if no such doctrine as the Trinity had ever been known." No doctrine was more abstract or perplexing, so apt to gender strife. "We all of us think it best to preach what we esteem to be the truth, and to say very little about (speculative) error." About Calvinism, had they not been

also silent? Yet they were well known anti-Calvinists, and no preaching was more easy or more popular than attack upon its dogmas; and they deemed its errors far more injurious than any about Christ's person. "Yet the name Calvinist has never, I presume, been uttered by us in the pulpit." Not hypocrisy, but self-denial rather. And then, with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, he deprecated the threatened break in the Church.

To answer him, Samuel Worcester now stepped forward in behalf of orthodoxy. To and fro the letters went, till each had three in print. It was the first set debate of the "Unitarian controversy," and as such turned less upon the doctrines themselves than upon their importance as ground for breaking fellowship. Were the liberals, in ceasing to be Calvinists and Trinitarians, ceasing to be Christians? was the question. Channing said the differences are not fundamental. "Fundamental!" said Worcester. That was all, but that was final.

At last, then, the heresy was out; a name had been forced on it; the schism had begun. The orthodox were peremptory; and, spite of all reluctance,—felt mainly by the elder liberals, who had out-thought, but not in sympathies outgrown, the old faith,—the two churches, no longer now two parties of one church, drew off from one another. Twenty stormy years followed,—years of clashing controversy with each other, years of inward organization on both sides.

Channing kept the leader's place; and once, twice, thrice again, his plain, strong words served to draw the fresh attack. Whatever he said seemed to have more power than any earnestness of others. The first time was in 1819, when he preached at Baltimore the famous ordination sermon defining Unitarianism. It was published and republished, and probably created a greater sensation than any

single sermon ever preached in America. At once, it led to three more set debates, two of which became the classics of the "Unitarian controversy," — those in which Prof. Stuart and Prof. Woods of the Andover School faced Prof. Norton and Prof. Ware of the Cambridge School, Stuart and Norton debating with each other the dogma of the Trinity, Woods and Ware the doctrine of Calvinism. From the Baltimore sermon and these debates, men at last began to plainly see what Unitarianism was, both in its denials and in its affirmations. Saw, namely, that it was a Bible faith buttressed by Bible texts; that it meant belief in revelation, miracles, the superhuman Christ; but that it said Unity, not Trinity, in naming God; that it said superhuman, not deity, in naming Christ; said revelation, not the "literal God word" in naming the Bible; that in saying atonement, it meant man uplifted and reconciled to God by the power of a holy Saviour's life and martyrdom, not God reconciled to man by the agonies of a sacrificial death; that it rejected as essentially immoral all idea of vicarious guilt or vicarious punishment; that, above all, no shred of "Calvinism" with its creed of total depravity and arbitrary election was left, but in its place came a new and mighty affirmation that human nature and human reason were in themselves akin to God, and deserved not vilification, but rather a reverence due to things that shared divinity. This was "Channing Unitarianism."

Three times, I said, his words proved battle signals. The second time was the famous dedication sermon at New York in 1825, in which he vindicated this "Unitarianism as the system most favorable to piety." His opponents have never forgiven him the allusion in it to the "central gallows of the universe." The third time was the "election sermon" in 1830, in which he spoke of modern forms of "inquisition." This word brought on one more debate, and then the "Uni-

tarian controversy" was virtually over. It had been short, and during the last few years had been sadly sharp on both sides. Yet, perhaps, no church schism that involved so clean a break has had less of bad blood in it. The hottest anger was roused in certain parishes where the supreme court's decision that the church property belonged to the parish at large, and not to the inner circle of "church-members," wrought some real hardship. By this decision, many a "First Parish" of Eastern Massachusetts, the very earliest homestead of the old New England faith, was found to be by large majorities in "Unitarian" possession; and a second steeple now rose in place, where, till then, the church had been only the "meeting-house" for the whole town.

Meanwhile, in other ways the new party had been organizing itself. It now had a name, doctrines, churches, chiefs, ministerial conferences, the "American Unitarian Association" (1825), and several literary organs. Harvard College was largely under its control; and many of the strongest, probably the most of the well-educated, minds of the State were its helpers. And yet this outward triumph was already nearly over in 1830. It was confined to Massachusetts, and in that State to the eastern half. Cultured rationalism can never quickly generate fresh material; and the material slowly accumulated through three generations of growing liberalism (since 1740) had already been appropriated. Already Lyman Beecher had kindled a strong back-fire in the very heart of Boston; and, as the country population came pressing to the city year by year, they brought with them their country Calvinism, ready to be modified indeed by the new views of their own chiefs, ready even to be modified somewhat by Unitarian principles, but by no means ready to accept the Unitarian name or Unitarian positions. Thenceforward, say from 1830 to 1835, the growth of Unitarianism has been inward, by its own devel-

opment, its own renewed "transition"; and outward, chiefly by a certain "leavening" influence upon the sects in contact with it.

Next, it should be observed that he fought but little even against opinions. Nothing that he wrote of a controversial nature remains unpublished, says his careful biographer; and the pieces, only eight or ten in number, show how very little of a controversialist he was, in spite of his fame of leadership. Apparently, through all that stormy time, he did not carry to his own pulpit one single sermon "against Calvinism," one set argument "against the Trinity," one systematic exposition of "the Unitarian system"! Think what a calm in his own soul, above the storm, that implies,— what nobility of judgment, what true proportioning and right estimate of things by their real importance! "The most effectual method of expelling error is not to meet it sword in hand, but gradually to instil great truths with which it cannot easily coexist, and by which the mind outgrows it." "Never distrust the power of a great truth fairly uttered." The words, his own, state his method of controversy. It was the positive, not the negative, method. His specific work as a "theologian" was to affirm and unfold the doctrine of divinity in human nature,— that larger and perpetual incarnation, ignored by those who made a single historic incarnation one corner-stone of Christianity, and man's total depravity the other corner-stone. His work as a "social reformer" was to apply this doctrine of divinity in human nature to human institutions,— a work somewhat, and naturally, neglected by those who took the more hopeless view of the race. This was constructive work: the destruction, the negation, was but incidental. This work was for religion: that belonged to the ism, which they might organize to emphasize who would,— not he. He was the inspirer, not the organizer of the Unitarians; the prophet, in no way the

general, of their movement. Only in this sense can he be called its leader.

Not their organizer; that is a point to be emphasized, if we would understand Dr. Channing. Indeed, he distrusted organizations of all kinds with remarkable distrust. Neither in the cause of war nor of temperance nor of abolition of slavery — his three chief lines of social work — nor of Unitarianism, would he ally himself to "parties," fearing their tyranny only less than he feared the tyranny which they opposed. True, he openly on all occasions shared their reproach with his fellow-believers: he took the front in the first announcements, and afterwards, as needs demanded him; but as openly he refused to identify himself with any settled and consolidated system called "Unitarianism." He took but little interest in the "Unitarian Association." His own preference would probably have been to speak, write, publish, confer together in an annual meeting, under some slight bond of union. And, in this preference, he had the sympathy of many of the older liberals. It was the younger men that, for good or ill, "organized" Unitarianism into a denomination.

As he grew older, and, withdrawing from his parish work, gave his mind increasingly to the social applications of his views, in pamphlets on the slavery question and the elevation of the laborer, the prisoner, the intemperate; as he grew older doing this, his interest in the Unitarianism even lessened. The open mind, the principle of liberty in religion, the freest use of reason in its problems, he seemed to trust more and more; the day's solution of those problems, less and less. "This Unitarianism, which so many seem to think is the last word of the human mind, is only the vestibule! We have everything to learn." That was said quite early in the "controversy," I believe. But, in his later years, such expressions grow even common. "I have little

or no interest in Unitarians as a sect. I have hardly anything to do with them. I can endure no sectarian bonds. Old Unitarianism must undergo important modifications or developments. It cannot quicken and regenerate the world. It pledged itself to progress as its life and end; but it has grown stationary, and now we have a Unitarian orthodoxy." This was said in the opening years of the "Transcendental" period, that which I called the third phase of this whole transition movement. It indicates no symptoms of return to the old orthodoxy, surely. Neither does it indicate sympathy complete with the young Transcendentalists, Emerson and Parker and their friends, who now began to follow out the logic of the Unitarian principle to results quite different from those which Channing cherished. What it does indicate is, as said before, sympathy with that principle, that method, as, above all other treasures, the thing most precious to religion.

His advice to the friends who brought him the little covenant of the Newport Unitarian Church, formed in 1835, shows the daring of his piety in his fear of harm to religious liberty. The one thing he demurred at in the covenant was the expression "believing in one God, the Father." Channing, whose very life was that belief become inspiration and serenity,— Channing whose sermon at the dedication of that very church was on "The Worship of the Father a Service of Gratitude and Joy," demur at that confession? Yes, in a church-covenant,— fearful lest even that dear faith might exclude a true worshipper, and set orthodoxy of opinion above the filial and fraternal spirit.

Here we must stop. The second phase of the transition in American theology was passing to the third, and Channing's death in 1842 almost marks the date of the passing. His relation to that third phase can be told in a single word: it was the relation of a dawn to a daybreak, of a May to

a June. We will not speculate on what his own opinions might have become, had he lived to "inspire" men through that June-time with his gracious "prophecy." Let no young "Radical," emphasizing his Bible criticisms and miracle denials, dare to claim him. Let no "Conservative," clinging to the dear old ism, dare to claim him, either. Channing would have been above them both, even as in his life he was above such things full of the unessential. One thing only may be said: for one thing both may claim him as their own, and with them all true lovers in all churches,—namely, this, that Channing would have been as "young for liberty" to-day as in the day when his living lips made men feel the Eternal in them, and "know by the look in his eyes that those eyes had looked on God."

THE CELEBRATION AT MEADVILLE, PENN.

THE following account of the meeting at Meadville, Pennsylvania, is taken from the report in the Meadville *Republican* of April 9: —

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. William Ellery Channing was commemorated at the Unitarian Church Wednesday evening by appropriate services. The audience was not large, but what it lacked in numbers was more than made up in refinement, and in appreciation of the services of the occasion. The celebration was in no wise exclusive or sectarian. It was rather a union of all sects and denominations in paying tribute to the memory of a man whose life was spent in heroic effort to harmonize sectarian differences and in inculcating that spirit of broad and liberal tolerance which binds all denominations in the common Christian brotherhood, finds some redeeming quality in every form of religious worship, "and good in everything." Many gentlemen prominent in denominations other than the Unitarian were present, and evinced a lively interest in the services, one of them, Rev. George Whitman, delivering a highly interesting address upon Channing's life and character.

The regular services were preceded by some excellent music by the choir, after which Mr. Harris, of the Theological School, who conducted the meeting, read a portion of the Scriptures, and Dr. Livermore offered a fitting prayer.

Mr. Harris began the regular services by reading an essay giving an outline of the history of Channing's birth, his ministerial labor and his death. The paper was a carefully prepared historical sketch, and abounded in extracts from the writings of Channing's contemporaries,

giving their estimates of his wonderful genius. The essay was listened to with marked interest, and indicated deep and patient research in its preparation.

Professor Frederic Huidekoper was the second speaker, and our inability to present a verbatim report of his remarks is a matter of genuine regret. He spoke of the intense sincerity everywhere apparent in Channing's writings, of the deep earnestness in every sentence he wrote or uttered, and of the strong, manly faith which characterized every act of his life. Professor Huidekoper referred to Channing's clearness of statement, to the simplicity of his language, and the ease with which he made his meaning clear to his readers, as among the secrets of his success as a minister and a philosopher. It was doubted if Channing ever penned a sentence for mere rhetorical effect. He never sacrificed sense to sound. He always thought before he wrote, and when he wrote his words carried conviction with them.

Professor Huidekoper spoke of the great affection for Channing in Europe, and referred to numerous expressions of this affection which he had heard in Great Britain and various points on the Continent. Even among those races who opposed his teachings, and regarded his love of liberty and his devotion to the cause of humanity as menacing the safety of their social and political relations — even among those races, Channing's purity of character and the vigor of his arguments compelled universal respect and esteem. Channing's critics have charged him with being an idealist; but his idealism, if he had any, was that which was exemplified by his own life.

No more has been attempted in the above synopsis than the briefest outline of Professor Huidekoper's address. His admiration of Channing's conciseness of statement and simplicity of terms was expressed in language that was of itself a model of simplicity and clearness. His remarks were clothed in the plainest, purest Saxon, and were a worthy tribute to the eloquent simplicity which adorns every page and every sentence of Channing's writings.

Mr. Savage, from the Theological School, followed Professor Huidekoper, and offered what he had to say as a general report from fields beyond Unitarianism, as a report from the Evangelical Church. He spoke of the growing interest in the Evangelical churches in the life and works of Channing, and related a number of instances of the beneficent results which had followed a study of his writings, among both ministers and laymen. He said this interest in Channing's writings was growing, not only among the clergy of the Protestant churches, but among those of the Catholic Church on both sides of the ocean. Channing's broad

philanthropy, his love of humanity, his strong, brave words for universal liberty and progress, and his pure, simple life endeared him to all mankind, and possessed an influence that would be felt and recognized for generations to come.

Dr. Wilson was the fourth speaker. He said that until four years ago his acquaintance with the life and works of Dr. Channing had been meagre and unsatisfactory. Four years ago, however, while in London, he picked up a volume of Channing's works in the house of a friend; and the astonishment of his friend, when he informed him that he, an American, had not read it, was so great, that he lost no time after returning to this country in giving them a careful reading. Dr. Channing, the speaker believed, was one of the men whom lovers of the good and the great and the true would place in the gallery of the world's noblest heroes. Not with Napoleon nor with Alexander, because they were great only in a transitory or a worldly sense, but in a higher, brighter niche, beneath which it might be written, "He loved and lived for his fellow-men." His example, his spotless life, and his ringing words for truth, liberty, and justice, are a legacy, not alone for this church or for that, but for all men and all churches and all time. He was a pioneer in the great cause of Christian progress; and, in the criticisms and the contumely that were heaped upon him by those who blindly fought against the truths which he represented, he only experienced the antagonism, often amounting to persecution, which reformers have met with in every age of the world's history. As Socrates was doomed to death by a court of his fellows, whose cloudy minds even the brightness of his intelligence was unable to penetrate; as the Saviour was sacrificed by a council whose ignorance and mental darkness debarred them from an understanding of the glorious truths of his mission; as all great reformers in all ages have been opposed and often persecuted,— so Channing was no exception, and upon him fell the contumely, the denunciation, of those who stood in the clouds beneath him. But, though scarce a generation has passed since he withdrew from the field, the truthfulness of his teachings and the nobility of his life shine forth like a beacon light, a priceless legacy to all mankind.

Rev. George Whitman, of the First Baptist Church, followed Dr. Wilson, and delivered an address so befitting the occasion that we take real pleasure in presenting it in full. Mr. Whitman said: —

All denominations have their great names. Among the Roman Catholics, we have a Fénelon, a Pascal, and a Massillon: among the Episcopalians, a Leighton, a Taylor, and a Sherlock; among the Lutherans, a Jean Paul Richter, a Tholuck, and a Melanchthon; among the Baptists,

a Wayland, a Robert Hall, and a Spurgeon; and, among the Unitarians, we have at least one great name that deserves to be placed among the stars, and that is the name of William Ellery Channing.

Great names are the inheritance of humanity. Prejudiced men may seek to confine these names within the narrow bounds of their own sect; but true greatness overleaps all barriers, and lives not for party, but for humanity. Truth is the property of mankind; and, when a man comes into the world full-freighted with heaven's inspiration, and bearing a message of truth for man, it is madness for little souls to gather around him, and claim him as their own. True greatness is the heritage of the race. So far from being jealous of the great men in other denominations, we ought to rejoice in them. They are all ours. We take a pride in their greatness: we share an interest in their fame. For, while we are not compelled to accept their errors, we joyfully acknowledge their charity, philanthropy, and devotion, and claim these qualities as the richest legacy of man to man.

And so I claim a share in the greatness and goodness of Channing. He was not thine alone, but mine as well. And, as I should have been proud to have stood by his side in Faneuil Hall when he pleaded the cause of the enslaved African, so now I am proud in the privilege of placing one little laurel leaf upon his broad, manly brow. We honor ourselves, my friends, in honoring the memory of one who lived so unselfishly, so devotedly as he, and of whom Dewey has said, "He strove to give birth to his own glowing idea of the true Christian man."

With the best of New England's blood in his veins, and the best of Harvard's culture in his head, Channing lived to do noble service for humanity. He was one of the few men of earth who clearly saw that greatness and goodness are inseparable. He might have risen high in the realm of science, of jurisprudence, or *belles-lettres;* but his religious instincts early taught him that the crowning greatness of man was only compatible with the truest goodness; and so, in early life, he made companions of such authors as Fénelon and Pascal, and attained to that purity of character for which he is justly distinguished. In his youthful days, he was called "the peace-maker"; and he quickly learned that life's noblest duty is to set men at peace with their Maker. In a letter to a friend, written in his twentieth year, he speaks of having met with "that change of heart which is necessary to constitute a Christian"; and, to the facetious laughter of the worldling who would call his conversion a farce, he opposes that conscious assurance which the restored blind man of Jerusalem felt, when he said, "This I know,— that, whereas I was blind, now I see." Previous to this change, he regarded mere

moral attainments as sufficient; but, from this time forward, he solemnly devotes his life and services to his God.

But, though Channing knew that greatness and goodness are inseparable, he knew also that goodness is not acquired by the sacrifice of convictions. He was no pulpy man, no man of putty,—to yield his principles at the solicitation of a false liberality. He had his convictions of truth and duty, and they were dear to him as the apple of his eye. He knew the world was not to be made better by the sacrifice of truth, but by the earnest, sincere, and kindly advocacy of it; in other words, as Paul says, "By holding the truth in love." Without this courage of his own opinion, this earnestness of conviction, his name would never have passed into history.

If I were to select the one characteristic that shines brightest in Channing's life, it would be this; namely, his large-hearted philanthropy. He held that "the distinguishing principles of our holy religion are humility, purity of heart, forgiveness of our worst enemies, forbearance under the heaviest injuries, detachment from the pleasures and prosperity of the world, and supreme affection for the Deity." These were the governing principles of his life. His philanthropic spirit, his tender instincts, his sympathy for the suffering both among men and beasts, have received the recognition of his admiring countrymen. Many of you will remember that story of his early days, so illustrative of his sympathetic nature. One day, in his rambles, he found a bird's nest, in which were four little ones, that opened their wide mouths to him, as if they were hungry. He fed them some crumbs that he chanced to find in his pockets. Every day thereafter, he hastened homeward from school, in order to get crumbs for his little pets. They had now become feathered, and were nearly ready to fly; but what was his amazement, in coming to feed them one evening, to find them all cut into pieces, and their little nest covered with blood,—the work, no doubt, of wicked boys. There on the tree mournfully sat the mother-bird, looking down upon young Channing, as if he were the cause of her desolation. The lad never forgot this inhumanity; and, in after years, his native sympathy found expression in feeding the hungry mouths of men and women. Such men of philanthropic mould are nature's truest noblemen. They constitute the true knight-errantry of this present age. May God grant that you and I, like the great Channing, may always write such words as Love, Right, Justice, and Humanity, with a large capital letter.

Rev. J. T. Bixby spoke next. He said that great names were the most valuable inheritances of our race. They come to us as common property: they are for all and to all. Dr. Channing was a great man,

and his greatness was of the kind that grows and brightens with every passing year. His greatness was based upon two great traits of his character, love of God and love of man. His love of the Creator was the central principle, the inspiration of his whole life. It developed his moral nature, awakened his spiritual energies, and brought him face to face with those great problems of Christian progress with which he was subsequently to grapple in the great field of theological discussion. This love of God, awakened in his heart so early in life,—it was this love for the Master which fully explains that uprightness of character and gentleness of manner for which his whole life was so distinguished. Out of his love of God, his love for man flowed naturally and freely. His unstinted philanthropy, his sympathy for the weak and the down-trodden of mankind, was as broad and deep as life itself. He stood for liberty, for light, for charity, to all humanity. He preached the nobility of man, and attested his doctrine by his own life. He taught charity and forgiveness, not alone in the pulpit, but by precept and example. His bitterest enemies basked in the sunlight of his forgiveness, and the poorest slave who sweltered beneath the task-master's lash found in him a loyal friend and an advocate whose eloquence was irresistible. His manner was severe, as his life was earnest. Life with him was a solemn fact, but not a sad one. It was his destiny rather to look upon and deal with its graver aspects; and he did so bravely and fearlessly. His splendid labors in behalf of morality and true religion, the record of his busy life, and the inestimable inheritance of his works place Channing among the great benefactors of his race. His writings are at once a monument to his genius and a golden legacy to posterity.

Professor Livermore was the last speaker. He paid an eloquent tribute to Channing's genius and his character. Professor Livermore's address was devoted chiefly to an analysis of Channing's religious feelings, and a refutation of the charge of "idealism" which has been preferred against him. Instead of "idealism," so called, Professor Livermore believed the predominant trait in Channing's religious thought might better be termed an intense Christian spirituality; or that, if there was idealism, it was that species of idealism which finds expression in the highest type of moral and physical manhood, which, it seems to us, is no idealism at all. Professor Livermore's thoughts upon this subject were particularly interesting, and indicated a deep and careful study of Channing's character from a psychological stand-point. We regret that we are unable to publish the address entire.

The audience united in singing, and were then dismissed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Whitman.

THE CELEBRATION AT WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE *National Republican* of April 8 gave the following brief account of a memorial meeting held in All-Souls Church on the evening of April 7:—

His honor Justice Miller took the chair, and after a fervent prayer by Rev. William Silsbee, of Trenton, N.Y., made an interesting and instructive address upon the place Dr. Channing has occupied in the development of religious thought in America, and the evident greater influence he is yet to exert in the way of the liberalization of theology and the exaltation of piety and faith. At the conclusion of his remarks, Justice Miller called upon Hon. George B. Loring, who eloquently discoursed of the career and character of Dr. Channing as a man, thinker, and Christian reformer, showing the surroundings through which Channing entered his work, exhibiting the condition of civil and religious thought in New England, how there were difficulties which the great soul had to overcome, how grandly he overcame them, and became a leader in a new era of thought and culture in religion, social affairs, and literature in America. Dr. Loring's address was a broad, scholarly, masterful picture of the early growth of the American republic, with Dr. Channing selected as a central figure and shaping actor. Dr. Loring was followed by Hon. Horace Davis, of San Francisco, who, in touching words, told of the personal debt he owes to the influence of Dr. Channing at a time when he greatly needed the help only Dr. Channing's faith and hope seemed able to give.

Hon. Fred. Douglass was expected at this point to round out the evening's tribute by treating of Channing's memorable work as a philanthropist; but, unfortunately, Mr. Douglass was detained from the meet-

ing. In order that there might not be an omission of this phase of Channing's many-sided service to mankind, Rev. Clay MacCauley made a short address on Dr. Channing's anti-slavery labors, referring also to the one principle which guided the great man's life,—his faith in the essential dignity of human nature, which faith lay back of his many efforts to ameliorate the condition of all the down-trodden and unfortunate members of human society. Mr. Robert Purvis added a few words to Mr. MacCauley's remarks. Justice Miller, then, with some happily chosen thoughts, brought the meeting to a close, reminding the audience of the fact that all over the world men were then honoring not a warrior, but a man of peace; not a hero of State or commune, but a leader of religious faith and aspiration. With a benediction by Rev. A. Kent, of this city, this interesting and instructive meeting closed.

On a following Sunday, the Rev. Clay MacCauley delivered a discourse upon "Channing's Place in American Religious History," of which the *Republican* said:—

All-Souls Church was filled yesterday by an interested audience, gathered to hear Mr. MacCauley's discourse upon "Dr. Channing: his Place in American Religious History." In honor of the day, there was a special floral decoration of the arches back of the pulpit. In the two side arches were wrought in immortelles the year of Dr. Channing's birth, "1780," and the present year, "1880"; while in the central arch, in the same kind of flowers, appeared the name "Channing." Over all was a beautiful white star.

Mr. MacCauley's discourse was an elaborate analysis of Dr. Channing's character, thought, labors, and influence in the religious development of our country. He traced the great preacher's career, from his childhood to old age, showing how the remarkable character developed, —as the child, in a serene home, responding to the light breaking through the gloom of the ancestral faith; as the college student, ennobled, in spite of his surroundings, by a growing self-respect and his new-found faith in the dignity of human nature; as the lowly tutor at Richmond, Va., struggling through some decisive inner experience; as the preacher of the Federal Street Church, Boston; as a leader in the Unitarian controversy, and at last as the great-souled apostle of the Church of Christ, beyond all sectarian bounds. Mr. MacCauley then made a minute exposition of what was peculiar in Channing's theology, and showed how his beliefs surely and steadily grew with his years in breadth and strength, and were the outcome of a constantly increasing

freedom of thought. Channing was indeed free among the free. "To vindicate the rights of mind, to save the churches from spiritual despotism, Channing claimed, had been nearer his heart than to secure a triumph for any distinguishing doctrines." The importance of Channing in the development of religious thought in this country comes from his successful moral protest against Calvinism, the example he gave of the personal moral dignity possible among men, and of the consideration they can show to an ideal welfare for mankind. "Prophet of the dignity of human nature though he was, hero of the struggle in New England for the liberation of mind from the ecclesiastical thraldom, and leader though he was to the discovery of some of the most inspiring truths we now possess, above these," said Mr. MacCauley, "we behold, sublime in moral grandeur and radiant with love for man, a love that sought to make real among men his ideal of a divine humanity." The services closed with the singing of the following memorial hymn, prepared for the day by the pastor of the church.

CHANNING.

Eternal Being! Source of all, and Lord!
Humbly we bow beneath thy sovereign sway:
Both joy and woe, at thy resistless word,
Brighten and cloud each creature's fleeting day.

But not to us, O God, is now this faith
Fraught with the doubt and fear our fathers saw:
We follow one, who, from thy Spirit's breath,
Caught the glad message, Love works through thy Law.

He, like thy Christ, thy name, the Father, found;
He, like thy Christ, in man thy child discerned;
Wide as the world, he saw thy grace abound,—
Saw, and to men with eager spirit turned.

Prophet of grace, of human dignity;
Truth's bold evangel; foe to every wrong;
Brave by thy might to set the bondman free;
Girt with a power to make the freeman strong!

Father, may we, with like devoted zeal,
Live for the faith that Law Divine is just;
Strive for the life that aims at human weal;
Hasten Christ's day of perfect love and trust.

THE CELEBRATION AT ANN ARBOR, MICH.

FROM the *Argus* of April 16, we condense the following report: —

The Unitarian church was crowded on Sunday evening by people who came to listen to the exercises of the occasion. The altar was tastily adorned with flowers. After prayer, singing, and the reading of an extract from Channing, the Rev. J. T. Sunderland gave a brief biographical description of the eminent divine. Several letters from distinguished Unitarians, among the number one from Rev. Mr. Collyer, of New York, were read. Mr. Sunderland then called upon Judge Harriman, who spoke of "Channing as a Teacher of Religion *versus* Theology."

JUDGE HARRIMAN'S ADDRESS.

We people of Ann Arbor are not peculiar or alone in celebrating, as we do to-night, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Ellery Channing. In many towns and cities and villages, all across this broad continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the event is commemorated as well as here. The fame of this modest and unassuming man has crossed the sea; and this centenary is celebrated in England, in France, in Italy,— in Florence, honored and

consecrated by the grave of the heroic Parker,—in Hungary, in Asia Minor, on the southern slopes of the Himalaya, by Buddhist and Theist and Brahmin on the great plains of India. So that to-day the praises of Channing are spoken in twenty tongues "from the Orient to the drooping West." And it is probable that the moral and intellectual influence of his teaching and character is greater than that of any other American.

Yet Channing was not a man of extraordinary genius. He was not a great scholar. His literary style, pure and crisp as it was, was not the best that our country has produced. He had none of those adventitious aids secured by great wealth or official position. He possessed delicate physical health. He was sensitive, retiring, and unassuming, without confidence in himself, and utterly lacking in "push" of character, or will.

What, then, was the secret of his large fame and influence? In my opinion, it is explained by the simple fact that, like Jesus of Nazareth, he was a teacher of *natural religion* in its highest sense, and, like Jesus of Nazareth, *not* a teacher of theology in any sense.

Do you suppose we should be celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Channing to-night, if he had been the apostle of some narrow creed, or if he had been the champion of some metaphysical dogma of no interest or value to mankind? Who commemorates the birthday of Jonathan Edwards or Stephen Hopkins? Where is the antiquarian who can tell us the names of the men who wrote the "Saybrook Platform," or the "Proceedings of the Council of Dort," or the "Thirty-nine Articles," or the "Westminster Catechism"? These were theologians all, notorious in their day; but mankind has allowed their names to fade into oblivion. But in the city of London, almost in sight of the spot where two hundred and forty years ago the politicians and the clergy

of England and Scotland met to frame the "Westminster Confession of Faith," there has been laid, this very week, the foundation of a church dedicated to the memory of Channing, a man who has done so much to break the influence of that Confession. And hard by, in the great Abbey, unawed by the dust or opinions of England's most illustrious dead, Dean Stanley, Sunday after Sunday, reiterates the teachings of Channing, this unassuming plebeian from over the sea.

It seems to me that there is a confusion of ideas, in some minds, as to the relation of *religion* and *theology*. The opinion seems to prevail that these words stand for one and the same thing,— that they are inseparably connected, counterparts of each other. The truth is they stand for entirely different things. The truth is that reason, logical analysis, and history prove them to be the deadly enemies of each other. The truth is they bear no more relation to each other than the light of the little fire-fly that flits before the vision on a summer's eve bears to the light of the eternal star that stands sentinel far out on the frontiers of creation. *Religion* makes people love one another, and so binds them together in the bonds of brotherhood and peace. *Theology* makes people hate one another, and so divides them into hostile and warring factions and sects. *Religion* is the beautiful goddess descending from the skies, clothed in robes of innocence and charity and purity and truth. *Theology* is the scowling and wrinkled Titan that comes up from the mud. *Theology* is the dry and worthless chaff which shrinks and shrivels and starves the soul. *Religion* is the clean golden wheat from which we may all of us, if we will, obtain the very "bread of life." Survey the history of the world, and behold the black and bloody devastation following in the track of wars caused by theological dogmas and quibbles! We are almost justified in denouncing theology as an enemy

of the human race. With an arrogant and a supercilious air, it has seized infant science by the throat and attempted to strangle it; with satanic impudence, it has seized divine reason by the throat and attempted to strangle it; with heartless and unparalleled tyranny, it has strangled civil and political liberty whenever and wherever it had the power. I have sometimes thought that the great tragic poet of Greece looked forward into the centuries, and with an inspired prescience saw the crimes and cruelties engendered by theological hate, and personified them, when he described those strange and loathsome creatures, dripping with gore, who crouched at midnight in mockery of worship around the altar of the Eumenides. Channing clearly saw the distinction between the religion which is natural, eternal, and divine, and the theology which is unnatural, temporary, and human. Like his divine Master, he taught a religion which does not have its origin in any book, which is broader than any creed or race, older than any church, a religion which finds a natural and spontaneous response in every human heart. Herein is the secret of his fame and influence. He taught men the inestimable value of character and conduct. He taught men that there is no spiritual salvation in this life or in any other life, worth anything, except salvation from sin, and that the only way to be saved from sin is to stop sinning. He taught men the inspired and inspiring truth that, if they would live pure, upright, and honorable lives, they would have the "kingdom of heaven in their hearts." He taught that all mankind everywhere were his brothers and children, equally dear to the same heavenly Father. So all mankind everywhere, who have learned his character, revere his memory with a fraternal gratitude.

The Catholic Church cherishes with a pious enthusiasm the memory of Thomas à Kempis, who wrote the *Imitation of Christ.* Without fear, we may place alongside this great

Catholic writer of the Middle Ages our Channing of the nineteenth century, who *lived* the "Imitation of Christ"; and when we think of his pure, unselfish, and noble life, devoted to "doing good," and to the improvement and elevation of his fellow-men, we feel justified in applying to him those words which the breezes of Galilee bore upon their rejoicing wings eighteen centuries ago: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "Bessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." And when we consider the circumstances of his ministry, which we will not repeat, we may apply to him that other beatitude: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake."

We shall none of us see the second centenary of Channing; but the millions who will then swarm upon the earth will see the divine religion which Jesus and Channing taught, glorified by twenty centuries of struggle and trial, and invincibly armed at last by reason in her right hand and science in her left, going forth conquering and to conquer, banishing ignorance, bigotry, and superstition from the earth, and elevating, ennobling, blessing mankind.

Addresses were also made by Prof. T. P. Wilson, Mr. Anthony Reynolds, Prof. B. C. Burt, Prof. Donald McLean, Judge Cooley, and Prof. V. C. Vaughan. Several of these addresses were quite fully reported in the Ann Arbor *Argus* of April 17, which also contained a poem by George Newell Lovejoy, received too late to be read at the meeting.

THE CELEBRATION AT MADISON, WIS.

THE one-hundredth birthday of Dr. William Ellery Channing, the father of modern Unitarianism in America, was celebrated at Madison, in the Jewish synagogue, by the Unitarian Society of this city. Addresses were read by Rev. H. M. Simmons and Prof. W. H. Allen, and remarks made by Prof. D. B. Frankenberger, Hon. H. H. Giles, and Rev. W. E. Wright. The exercises were of an exceedingly interesting character. The attendance was not large; but the company was principally made up from the literary and educational circles of the city, and entered with marked spirit into the very interesting proceedings, which consisted of music, essays, and impromptu remarks of a character appropriate to the occasion.

The music, consisting of a vocal quintette,— Mrs. DeMoe, Misses Giles and Norton, and Messrs. Perkins and Wright, —was a prominent and highly creditable feature.

The pulpit was profusely decorated with foliage and flowering plants, and appropriate mottoes and designs in evergreen adorned the wall.

The exercises were commenced at 7.45 o'clock, by Rev. H. M. Simmons, pastor of the Unitarian congregation, who spoke substantially as follows:—

One hundred years ago to-day, William Ellery Channing

was born in Newport, R.I. It was a day when human rights were little regarded in our country, even though the "Declaration of Independence" had just been proclaimed, and the Revolutionary War was in progress. African slavery was allowed, and seldom rebuked; harshness and inhumanity in many forms prevailed. The religious freedom which the Pilgrims came to establish was anything but free. New England still had its Established Church, which demanded taxes from all and governed all. Still less free and humane was its theology. Total depravity and eternal damnation were taught in nearly every pulpit, and nearly every Sunday. Right there in Newport, when and where Channing was born, Samuel Hopkins was preaching his stern doctrines that man is, by nature, wholly bad; that his very efforts after virtue deserve the divine wrath, and only increase his guilt and condemnation; that he cannot be saved, until totally converted, and willing to be damned. This gloomy "Hopkinsian Calvinism," as it was called after him, was the prevalent theology of New England.

What a change the century has seen! Slavery has been overthrown; humaner feelings everywhere prevail; men to-day worship where and how they will; of that theology but a faint echo is heard in the most orthodox pulpit; and, in nearly all churches, that religion of tyranny and terror has given way to the gospel of liberty and love. In this emancipation, Channing has been a conspicuous worker, and often a leader. He has been indeed only one among many workers in many ways; but, as William C. Gannett says, "it may be doubted if any one has done more to bring freedom into the faith and keep faith amid the freedom." So that all true lovers of liberty are glad to honor him to-day.

Reading his life to-day, we almost wonder whence this power was. We find few striking incidents,—one long pas-

torate of thirty-nine yeârs in Boston, varied with public addresses and literary work. Physically, frail, weak, small, — "As I knew him," says Dr. Bartol, "scarcely more than a hundred pounds of flesh clothed and served in him the informing soul." His speech seldom, if ever, rose to impassioned eloquence; though his marvellous voice, sending its gentlest whispers into the furthest corners,—called by Emerson one of the three most eloquent he has heard, reading into Scriptures and hymns "more than I could afterward find there," — always hushed an audience. His style was neither brilliant nor incisive, though wonderfully clear and luminous. He was not famous for large learning nor profound thought. He avoided controversy; and though the acknowledged leader of the Unitarians for twenty years, and sometimes taking the occasion to define and defend Unitarianism, he generally kept to the common themes of life, practical and spiritual. He was ever calm and rather conservative, and in the new movement of thought, just at the close of his life, did not quite keep step with Emerson, Ripley, and Parker. We almost wonder at his power. Yet it was there. He had a rare honesty and sincerity of thought and statement, a lofty seriousness and spirituality; so that, with his weak body and unadorned speech, he could yet, as Dr. Hedge said, from the spiritual height on which he stood, by mere dint of gravity (coming from such an elevation), send his word into the soul with more searching force than all the orators of his time. So his pulpit became the attractive one in Boston; the voice from that frail body echoed through all New England; his words have spread through most of the languages of Europe, and are circulated there even more widely than in America; and, of our English edition, fifty thousand copies are said to have been sold, while the sale of the centennial edition, just published, is expected to reach one hundred thousand. Nor have his

words failed to bear fruit. All admit to-day his influence in the cause of temperance and anti-slavery. Those humaner doctrines of religion he preached have softened theology throughout the land; his thoughts have become commonplace in the liberal pulpits, and are heard in all the great orthodox pulpits. And though he did not share that new movement of thought, which began in the last years of his life, still that idea which he said was the central one of his religion — the greatness and divinity of the soul — has been the inspiring one of Parker and Emerson, and of the highest religious thought since.

I notice that this April 7th is rich in the number and variety of the great men it has produced. To-day is also the birthday of Xavier, Wordsworth, Fourier, and Rubini. But Channing's heart was warmed with a devotion as deep as Xavier's; Channing, though no poet, still as much as Wordsworth, loved nature both in the sea and the soul; Channing wrought for social reform more truly than Fourier; and Channing's life, so attuned to reverence and charity, was a song richer and sweeter than Rubini's tenor. I am glad so many people in Madison have met to honor him. I am glad we have met in this Jewish synagogue. For no American more than Channing has reasserted that doctrine of the unity of God, which Jewish writers, both of the Old Testament and the New, declared; and no American preacher more than he has shown that charity which should bind Jews and Christians in one religion.

Prof. W. F. Allen, being then announced, spoke at some length concerning the work of Dr. Channing in influencing the old creeds and in preparing the path for modern free religious thought. He said, in conclusion: —

Channing's theology may be summed up into three words, which we have placed upon our walls: *Faith*, as the foundation of all; *Reason*, as a method of inquiry; *Righteousness*,

as the chief object of effort. The whole summed up is *Unity*, the fellowship of all who have faith in right, and are willing to work for the advancement of righteousness.

The movement toward Unity, which is so marked a feature of the present day, belongs in large part, no doubt, to a general movement of the age. Mankind has outgrown the old intolerance and exclusiveness; and, if Channing had not proclaimed this gospel, no doubt somebody else would have proclaimed it. But this does not lessen the debt we owe to Channing. It might with equal truth be said that, if Luther had not lived, still the Reformation would have come in due season. We are grateful to the men through whom it did come. And to illustrate how completely Channing's agency in this work is recognized outside of the denomination, and even of Protestantism, I will read some extracts from a work by a French Catholic, a writer who absolutely rejects Channing's theology, and even hesitates to call him a Christian, but who has written a volume of nearly three hundred pages to make him known to his countrymen, in the hope that a strong influence for good may be exercised where it is so much needed. "How can we help," he says, "wishing that France may have another Channing, as radically religious, as sincere a friend of progress, as tolerant, as good a patriot, as free from party spirit, as devoted to the interests of the working class, as determined to improve its moral and material condition? How can we help wishing that we were ourselves working to understand his language and follow his counsels? . . . The author of these lines would believe himself abundantly rewarded for his labor if, by placing in a clear light the great qualities of the celebrated American moralist, he could aid in some degree to allay the political and social hatreds which threaten to devour France and modern society."

Again: "Such words prove by themselves the beauty of

Channing's soul, and the fervor of his faith. I cannot forget all that separates him from the Catholic faith, all that he lacks to have a right to the title of Christian; but, whatever may be, in this regard, my differences from him, God forbid that I should ever see anything but a brother, a spiritual friend, and a Nestor in the Unitarian minister who traced these admirable lines.

"He may not be a Christian by belief: he is already one by spirit and by sentiment; and we cannot forget what he constantly reminds us of,—that a Christian, according to the gospel, worships in spirit and in truth. Moreover, we do not live at a time in which it is possible to make an issue on such an article of the creed. We have to do, at the present time, with something very different. An ardent, stubborn contest, of unequalled violence and ability, has been excited against the very innermost idea of all religion and philosophy. God himself is attacked and denied. In the presence of such a danger, it is a positive duty to suspend all purely theological debate, and confront the common enemy. In the face of the destroyers of all morality, all society, all science, all philosophy, all consolation here below, all hope beyond the tomb, divisions must, if not disappear, at least be softened down."

Prof. D. B. Frankenberger, being called upon, spoke of the different manner in which birthdays were celebrated, saying that appropriateness should always be observed. Upon the anniversary of the birth of the nation, we indulge in rockets and smoke and powder; upon Washington's birthday, we have flaunting flags, parading troops, and military insignia everywhere prevalent, to remind us of the warlike grandeur of the Father of the Republic; but, when we celebrate the birth of a great moral hero, like Channing, flowers and songs and music and literary communion are appropriate. Channing was the power which rendered mod-

ern liberalism possible. He was not an ultra thinker: he preached what might be termed orthodox Congregationalism to-day; but he was as much in advance of the faith of his day as is now the most ultra thinker in advance of present orthodoxy. Because Channing was not as advanced as are the Unitarians now is no reason why he should not be upheld as a prophet of advanced religious freedom; for he thought for himself, and led others out of spiritual bondage, even if he did not lead them so very far away, at a time when advance in such matters meant the loss of popularity, the hatred of the average Christian. Channing's power lay in his spirituality. He moved by the force of his character, the power of his soul. As it was fabled that the hunter, by dipping his bullet in his own blood, could never fail of hitting his game, so did Channing drive home the charmed bullet of truth to every heart,—he was so alive with his subject, his argumentative missile was so steeped in his own heart-blood, so much a part of his own soul. He broke loose from the cumbersome restrictions of creed; he wanted no heaven made with hands; he sought the open air and universal sunlight.

His power was in his honesty of intellect, in his idea of the dignity of human intellect. To-day there is no vice so prevalent as dishonesty in matters of belief,—as, in all transition periods, men are always trying to get under some particular banner that shall lead them to victory. But Channing was a man who stepped out and from under, not wanting to be trammelled; and, for his honesty and independence, he became unpopular, almost hated by the sectarians.

Prof. Frankenberger said that he did not know whether a second Channing centennial would be celebrated or not. But he thought that the general truths asserted by Channing would become universal, those common to our human-

ity will live and cluster around his name. Channing's works are translated into nearly every tongue, and are everywhere having their influence. Each germ once planted cannot be uprooted, and the time will come when the refreshing shade of the principles of man's brotherhood and God's fatherhood will be sought by all men. It matters little whether Channing's name be associated with it: the truth will remain, and forever grow.

Rev. W. E. Wright succeeded Prof. Frankenberger. Mr. Wright suggested that perhaps the place of Channing's birth — by the seashore, in sight of the great, broad ocean — might have had some influence in shaping the character of the great leader, some tendency to awaken in him the prophetic mind. His theme was the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; and he preached upon it with unabated enthusiasm. He was a great man, a grand soul: this was the secret of his power to move men. His influence was wide-spread, and growing, and Mr. Wright called especial attention to the fact that, even in far-off India, his works were translated into the native tongue, and read with keen interest.

Hon. H. H. Giles was the last speaker of the evening. Mr. Giles had some recollection, he said, of those early times when Channing was alive and about his great work. In those days, the great leader was held up as a very dangerous man, whose teachings uprooted all kinds of religious faith. Yet to-day Channing's doctrines, with one or two exceptions, constitute the very platform of the liberal orthodox churches. In spite of the bitter attacks made upon him by the Puritan pulpits of forty years ago, very few orthodox preachers of this day would venture to controvert the positions then assumed by Channing. He stood, a half century ago, as the representative of intellectual freedom: he was the father of advanced thought in America. And that

freedom is to-day acknowledged all over Christendom, in every creed; and that thought has become the accepted doctrine of to-day. Mr. Simmons read an anecdote illustrating the precocity of Channing, and then, after music by the choir,— which had also interspersed the proceedings,— declared the memorial exercises at an end.

THE CELEBRATION AT CINCINNATI.

Two great meetings were held in Cincinnati on Sunday, April 4, the Unitarian and Universalist congregations crowding the Unitarian Church (Rev. C. W. Wendte's) in the morning, and the Universalist Church (Rev. J. H. Hartley's) in the evening. The former was richly decorated with flowers, the two pastors sharing the exercises. After music and a reading from Channing, Mr. Wendte told briefly the story of Dr. Channing's life, after which the people heard with delight a discourse by Rev. William R. Alger, of which the *Commercial* gave the following outline : —

By celebrating the memory of great men, their spiritual presence is kept alive. How much of that knowledge and thought, of that sentiment and sympathy, which constitute the costlier parts of an acquired experience, is bestowed by gifted men who were the pioneers, instructors, refiners, and ordainers of their times! What would induce the people of Switzerland to have William Tell removed from their annals, and the spots his deeds immortalized taken from their soil? Is not the verdure of spring greener, the rose more beautiful, the warble of birds more delicious, because the poets have gazed and worshipped, and passed them through their hearts? Is not Thermopylæ a beacon-fire, blazing courage and exultation through the wide night of time, because there Leonidas and his three hundred threw themselves into the sea of Persians that Sparta might be

saved? What an incalculable loss from our inner wealth would we experience, what a blank left in our souls, if all the starry names now studding the mental firmament were struck away, all the inspiring instructions of departed genius banished!

To appreciate the exalted traits of great men is to show by this recognition that kindred elements are in us. There is naturally a gradation of the spiritual scale of qualities. It is a duty for everything below to pay homage to everything above itself. That variously modified hero-worship which has followed man to every nook and isle is the gratification of this natural instinct.

Handing down with faith, appreciation, and eulogy the histories of men of distinguished deserts, kindles in us the noblest aspirations after excellence.

But as a most important use of a true commemoration with the spirits and histories, with the greatest and the best of our race, the chief justification for paying them the homage of public honors and fresh appreciation is that we thus lift up before the community higher ideals for popular adoration to fasten on and for popular ambition to copy. There is no educational or moral force in society so effective as the ideals chosen, in constant contemplation, to direct the energies of other aspirants. That which any strong and earnest person most admires in another marks what he most desires to be in himself. The superior whom we worship guides and influences and moulds our characters more than any other single free power. The vulgar ideals which allure and govern the common crowd of men are the conspicuous examples of success in those rôles of selfishness, social prominence, wealth, luxury, power, honor, which are the strong average ambitions. These scarcely need to be multiplied or strengthened.

But when, after a hundred years are gone, the character

and the example of a pure and noble man still shine out conspicuously, and he is remembered with a loving regard, as one who represented the grandest type of humanity,— a lawyer who strove for justice more than success; a statesman who subordinated self and party to country, and country to mankind; an orator or a philosopher who cultivated his gifts, not as a means of shining and feeding his vanity, but to fit himself to be an instrument of God in doing good; a man who lived supremely to acquire truth and diffuse beneficence,— then when the people come spontaneously forward to crown his memory with fame and praise, they give the sanction of public opinion to the divine ideals of life. They give to that ideal a new charm and intensity of appeal. They clothe it with a more inspiring fascination to draw disciples and imitators.

As a rule, it is out of the actuals of eminent conquerors or heroes that common men make their ideals; and it is thus that the vice and crime of the hostile struggle of society are prolonged. Oh, if the divine ideals could be popularized as the genuine inspiration and desire of the whole world!

The final ideal will not be made up of the actuals of any: it will arise from a consensus of the true insights and aspirations of all harmonized and perfected criticism.

In order really to gain from the great men of the past the divine uses which they are meant to bestow, we must not be content blindly to worship them, and mechanically repeat the formulas they have bequeathed. We must personally study to get at the secrets of their greatness, and apply the same principles and methods to ourselves. All-important as this truth is, it is not commonly practised. The degradation and bane of the average multitude is their gregarious conformity to what is established, their slavish and unthinking routine. Every great man shatters this dead crust of custom, spurns this ignominious yoke of authority, and with audacious orig-

inality employs his own faculties to lead a fresh, free life of his own under the spirit of God. This, in every instance, is the dynamic lesson of their inspiration to every one who would emulate their glory. Only one in a million appears capable of learning this lesson. All the rest either gaze in stupid wonder without a thought of attempting to become like them, or else are subdued into mechanical disciples, mumbling ritualistic repetitions of words and forms, instead of reproducing in endless variety the living genius of the Master.

A large congregation of the two societies filled the First Universalist Church in the evening. Mr. Hartley read selections from Dr. Channing's writings. Rev. C. W. Wendte, in his remarks on the "Brotherhood of Man," recalled how great as a philanthropist was Channing; that, above all things, he was the Friend, in a high sense of the word. He was interested in temperance work. He took an active interest in prisoners, and in pointing them to hopes of personal regeneration of character. We should take Channing's life into our own, and be moved by the many high motives, that when men went to the polls to vote to-morrow they should vote from principle, and strive to put good, honest, pure men into office.

Rev. W. R. Alger spoke of the dignity of human nature in remarks characterized by his fine insight and profound thought.

Rev. J. H. Hartley felt it a matter of congratulation that these two bodies of Christians should thus unite, that it had been to him a very happy Sunday, and before another Channing centennial should have come he hoped many Christian bodies would thus be united.

The exercises were gratifying to both congregations, and there will not soon be forgotten the Sunday celebration in this memorial service of Channing.

THE CELEBRATION AT SAN FRANCISCO.

At the Unitarian Church, the Rev. Dr. Horatio Stebbins delivered the following discourse:—

It matters little where a man whose thought and spirit are as universal as humanity was born, or by what particular earthly circumstances he was surrounded. His being is chiefly unfolded from within, and not from without; and, according to his moral and spiritual greatness, the breadth and universality of his sympathies, his earthly accidents are unimportant—the vanishings and fallings-off of mortal history. The point at which our interest culminates is in the relation he sustained to the mind of his period, and to those great human and divine principles that pervade all periods.

Channing was born twenty-two years after the death of Jonathan Edwards, that Coryphæus of American Calvinism, who had written himself upon the theologic mind of the country in its prerevolutionary period. It was amid the noise and tumult and fortitude and despair of a political revolution,—a new impulse of the Protestant Reformation in the New World, carried on through seven years of fluctuating fortunes of war. It was a period of transition, when the principles of the sixteenth century were beginning to be darkly felt in the blood of men here on this oldest of the

continents, which Providence had reserved to be the field of the newest liberty. Channing was born into a new age,— an age in which civil and religious liberty were to take a new form and a new spirit. No true idea of his place, his character, his influence, can be got without recognizing this great fact of time and Providence. No man makes an age or a period. No solitary effort avails anything. Intellectual and moral gravitation must be with it,— the time, the now. It is said, "The time finds the man." Doubtless, that is true, if the man is there. If we mean by "the time" any particular period of human stress or need, when guidance is the instant demand, or "the common soul" needs a voice, there are many "times" that do not find the man. And it may not be the man's fault, inasmuch as he cannot see. To appreciate what is near, to see that now is the great day, the day of salvation, is the peculiar gift of a few rare spirits, to whom the light of truth is not refracted by distance. To ordinary minds there is nothing great that is not remote. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" The individual soul that feels and knows that powers of truth are coming forth and maturing in him which shall voice the common heart and mind when the common heart and mind are awakened, that sees the first tokens of a new day upon the mountains of its own spirit, and heralds the coming light,— that is the inspired genius, that is awakened not by noise without, but by whispers within; and, while the time finds him, he finds the time also, and unconscious, it may be, of his own greatness, speaks for the future when he utters the simple convictions of his own spirit. Channing's experience, his convictions, his opinions, his aspirations, were a growth. They were the result of the workings of a genius, imbued with intellectual and moral light and love, upon the materials which Providence provides for such a being. He discerned the good, the best; and his being increased by that which nour-

ished it. His mind did not wear the cap of liberty; but his soul was imbued with the spirit of it, and he conceived truth to be the only freedom. He avoided things not true by a sure instinct of his moral nature, as domestic animals in the pasture avoid poisonous grasses. He did not renounce Calvinism, but went by it, and was as free from it as if he had lived in the second century or been a fisherman on the sea of Galilee. He discerned and appreciated the good there was in it, and loved and honored the good men that were reared in it; but he saw from the rectitude of his own moral nature the fundamental fallacy of it as a way of thinking about man and God and destiny. Thus, at the start, we have an important element of his greatness and power. He thought and wrote and spoke from his own experience and from the level of his own mind. There is nothing so mighty on earth as the individual soul filled with the spirit of truth and completely thorough in its inward life and thought.

In Tennyson's drama of *Queen Mary*, he makes one of his characters say,—

> "Yet thoroughly to believe in one's own self,
> So one's own self be thorough, were to do
> Great things, my Lord."

That defines and contains all the moral grandeur of individual being, and is the secret of that personal greatness through which the world receives its chief inspirations. It was the secret of Christ's self-possessed soul, and by it he said, "I am the truth." Of this greatness, Channing was a conspicuous example. He felt the power of truth within, and felt his being move in the rhythm of divine law and love, and thoroughly believed in himself because himself was thorough. Thus the new age of spiritual liberty and humanity had its best exponent in him. Thus the time found him

When we read the accounts of those who saw and heard him, who were capable of interpreting the occasion and describing the subtle influences that produced such moral effects on those fitted to receive them, we are inclined at first to say that these are the qualities of the living person,—his material presence, his voice, his countenance, his eye,—and his name and influence are the name and influence of a popular orator, that time obliterates with remorseless hand; and thus we should only repeat the verdict of time and history pronounced on all merely extemporaneous powers. But it was not so. Inspired as he was, wonderful as was his mortal presence transformed to a spiritual body, his voice breathing upon all that was sublime or beautiful, touching or tender, in his theme, like the winds of heaven among the strings of a harp, he still was not a popular preacher, nor had he a great following. He was so far above the ordinary thinking of his time, his mind and heart and soul and spirit moved on a plane so elevated that the earth-bound wings of common human sympathies could not beat the rarefied air in which he breathed. He was felt to be great by those who were able to come near him and be touched by sympathy of moral grandeur; and he had a great reputation among the few, but he had no common notoriety. Those who know him only through the traditions of his unique personality would be very naturally led to the conclusion that his reputation and influence were merely cotemporary, and lived, like the name of a popular orator, in the breath that fanned its transient flame. His broad human sympathies; his supernal heights of attainable good for mankind; his profound trembling reverence for human nature amid the ordinary and humble conditions of human life, where common men see only the discouraging facts of human character; his near-by and present realization of immortality in his own consciousness of indwelling life,—these were more than men could

enter into fully, and they knew not what he said. For this reason he is much better understood and more widely felt now than in his own time, and he will be much better understood in time to come. Not that he will be the conspicuous figure of human thought; for the success of great principles absorbs the men who first promulgate them, and they are lost to view in the splendor of increasing truth, as the sun rising over the eastern mountains attracts our wonder more than when from noonday height he sends abroad his fervid beams and fills the world with glory. But, when I say that Channing will be better understood and appreciated in the future, I mean that his method of thinking, his way of looking at the human world, at man's relations and destiny under God, will be the common inheritance of men, the common air of human feeling, and the common light of human guidance.

It seems almost unimportant to inquire, concerning such a man as he was, what was the rank of his intellectual powers. His whole being was so suffused with moral and spiritual light that to inquire for his intellectual gifts is like calling for candles when the sun shines. It is true that simple moral excellence, goodness, is not enough. There must be intellectual strength. But mere intellectual strength is not enough to conduct to new discoveries in the realm of truth. Unless the intellect is as honest as the conscience, and as pure as the pure heart, then the light within is darkness, and strength is blind. Never was a man's intellect so inseparable from his moral being, and the rays of truth suffered no refraction in his mind. Channing had that last accomplishment, the genius of virtue: he was intellectually honest. In all his writings there is not a single word in which there is a shadow of intellectual trick or advantage, or crowding the argument, or pushing language to the verge of meaning, but a calm, gentle, mighty stream, pouring on

with the momentum of truth. It is this quality of intellectual purity that makes the mind mediator between God and man. This is the "whole body full of light."

If, however, we inquire for the peculiar quality and rank of his intellect, if it was not the highest known to human endowment, it was, nevertheless, very high. He was the first writer of his time upon themes of great human interest; and, if we take the most distinguished examples of his writings, we cannot fail to see that he spoke not for a time or a party, but for man and time. For comprehensiveness, discrimination, and penetration, he could have had few contemporary equals, and his style is so luminous that it needs no illustration. I think if any intelligent man will read Channing's letter to Henry Clay, and then read anything that remains of Clay's writings or speeches, he must feel the vast superiority of Channing's mind over that of the popular, fascinating, and beloved orator of Kentucky. I think, if any man will explore the terrible logic of Mr. Calhoun, and note the strands of steel with which he wove his argument, and then turn to the Baltimore sermon, woven with threads of light and tinged with moral glory, he must feel that the statesman compares with the preacher as the almanac compares with the Bible. No statesman, no philosopher of contemporary fame, had a clearer, more comprehensive view of the nature and tendencies of our government. No writer in Christendom had such an insight into the causes and tendencies of the French Revolution, or so transfixed with his pen upon the walls of time that paragon of self-will, Napoleon. But we are not interested in the mighty spirits of the race presented in fragments. They stand as a whole in the unity and fulness of their being, and shine in the glory from which they are derived.

It is said in some quarters that Channing's influence is declining. What can be meant by that? If anybody would go

to the root of the matter, and inquire and know for himself, let him ask, What were the great inspiring ideas and principles of his mind? Where did he begin? He began with Man. He started with the nature of Man instead of the psychology of God. It was another way of looking at the universe, as distinctly different from the old theologic method as the Copernican system is from the Ptolemaic. It superseded the old method, as the modern engine supersedes the mail-coach. The vast, clumsy, mechanical scheme of redemption was not needed to regulate the relations of the heavenly Father with his earthly children. Reason, conscience, affection, the inspiration of God in man, rejected it. This is a way of thinking that belongs not to a creed or a time, but to universal human nature and the divine relations of man. This is a great way of thinking. It is a world way, it is a mankind way; and it will go on while man remains or God endures. If anybody thinks it is coming to an end, he makes a great mistake. You might as well pull the sunbeams out of the day by the roots. There is nowhere to stand and nowhere to get hold. It is a presence in everything that has any alliance with man; and it attends his fortunes, as the good angel of his progress. It is a style of intellectual and moral life, a process after the manner of the spirit of God, and not a concluded fact. All things belong to it. The past is its possession, the bright present is its own, and the unrevealed glories of the future are committed to its trust.

OTHER CELEBRATIONS.

So FAR as can be learned, appropriate notice of the occasion seems to have been taken by nearly every Unitarian church in America, and by many others. But of most of these celebrations only a mere mention was made by the local press; and only partial success has attended the effort to collect reports of the meetings in the smaller cities and towns. In most cases nothing more was attempted than to give the ordinary church services of either the Sunday preceding or the Sunday following the centennial day a memorial character. In a few places, however, a special meeting was held on the eve or day of April 7, and at nearly all these meetings the speakers included representatives of various religious denominations.

Great pains seem to have been taken to make the celebrations in all respects worthy of the occasion. The hymns and anthems sung, the passages of Scripture read, the prayers offered, the sermons preached, the good taste displayed in the decoration of the churches,— all bore witness to a deep and wide-spread feeling that nothing but the best, the truest, the purest, the simplest, must be offered in commemoration of the life and influence of a man so elevated in his spirit as Channing. The general testimony of the press

is that the services, if not always largely attended, were almost invariably of a high order of excellence.

Word has come to the editor of celebrations held in the following cities and towns: —

GREENFIELD, MASS. — A meeting more notable for quality than for quantity was held, April 8 (Fast Day), in the Unitarian church, at which inspiring addresses were given by ministers from various towns in the Connecticut Valley. The *Gazette* says: "Mr. Moors read an address upon the religious and theological condition of the New England churches at the opening of this century, and sketched the causes which led to the division of the Congregational Church into Trinitarian and Unitarian. He extolled Channing's agency in this work, and gloried in his widely extending influence in all the world. Mr. Flagg, of Bernardston, followed in an earnest talk upon the early and entire consecration of Channing to God's service. Mr. Moors then read a brief paper of 'Reminiscences of Channing,' prepared by the venerable Mr. Smith, now nearly ninety-one years old, which showed that his mental vigor was not abated. Mr. Green, of Brattleboro', read a paper upon Channing as a Theologian, and Mr. Parsons, of Athol, upon Channing as a Scholar. A collation was served in the parish parlor, and the afternoon session was opened by an essay by Mr. Heywood, of Holyoke, on Channing as a Reformer, and was followed by another by Mr. Ferry, of Northampton, on Channing Unitarianism. Mr. Porter, of Chicopee, spoke upon the duty of the Church of to-day in carrying out Channing's great ideas. Mr. Buckingham, of Deerfield, spoke of Channing's love of nature, of his sympathy with the poor, and of the cross he bore for his anti-slavery position. Mr. Waite, of Orange, expressed the indebtedness of the Universalists to Channing, and the hope of a cordial sympathy

between the two branches of the Liberal Church. The papers and speeches were carefully prepared, and full of earnest and uplifting thought."

ASHBY, MASS.— A meeting was held on Wednesday evening, April 7, in the Unitarian church; and Rev. Joshua Young, of Groton, gave a fine address on the "Life and Influence of Channing."

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.— Appropriate services were held in the Unitarian church, Rev. A. D. Mayo, pastor; and "Channing and his Times" was the Sunday evening theme of Rev. Washington Gladden, in the North Church.

SHELBYVILLE, ILL.— Rev. J. L. Douthit conducted a memorial service on Sunday evening, April 4, and gave a discourse on Channing's life and teachings.

BURLINGTON, VT.— Appropriate services were held; and Rev. L. G. Ware held up to his people a portrait of Channing's character, taking for his text Dan. xii., 3: "They that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." The sermon was reported in the *Free Press and Times* of April 13th.

BELFAST, ME.— Rev. E. Crowninshield gave in the evening a clear and large discourse on Channing's religious teaching and influence, an outline of which appeared in the *Progressive Age.*

WATERTOWN, MASS.— Rev. A. M. Knapp preached on "Channing, the Reformer of Theology."

MANCHESTER, N.H.— Rev. J. B. Harrison, of Franklin, gave a discourse on Channing in the morning; and in the evening there were addresses by Messrs. Harrison, H. C. Parker, of Nashua, and Mr. Powers, the pastor.

CANTON, N.Y.— Under the auspices of the students of the Theological School (Universalist), a memorial service was held on the evening of April 7, at which Rev. Dr. Lee gave an address over an hour long, which the Canton *Commercial Advertiser* describes as "full of facts, incidents, quotations from Channing's writings, and personal recollections illustrating the life and character of Dr. Channing as a man, a leader in a great religious revolution, and a philanthropist and social reformer." Among the exercises were a hymn, written for the occasion by W. C. Sellec, and the reading of an original poem by Miss A. G. Waltze, entitled "Channing in Richmond," being based on an episode in his early life.

MELROSE, MASS.— Rev. Nathaniel Seaver, Jr., preached on Channing's life, character, and influence, and gave the Sunday-school a talk about Channing's early years.

DETROIT, WIS.— Rev. W. R. Alger delivered a memorial address on the morning of Sunday, April 11, in the Unitarian church, taking as a text, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

JANESVILLE, WIS.— The children of All Souls' Sunday-school sang; and Revs. Faville and Sewell, of the Methodist church, Dr. J. B. Whiting, Hon. J. R. Burnett, and James Burgess addressed the meeting.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.— The celebration was held on the evening of April 6; and addresses were given by Rev.

Messrs. Calthrop of Syracuse, J. L. Dudley, G. E. Gordon, Dr. Moses of the synagogue, and Prof. McAllister. The rabbi spoke of Channing as "a modern prophet, without the crudeness of the prophets of old."

KEOKUK, IOWA.— Memorial addresses were made by Judge G. McCrary of the Supreme Bench, Rabbi Bogen, S. M. Clarke of Gate City, and Revs. Andrews and Hassel.

NASHUA, N.H.— The *Daily Telegraph* of April 13 said: "Memorial services commemorative of the centennial anniversary of the birth of one of New England's most celebrated modern divines occurred at the Unitarian church on Sunday last. The pastors of various other societies were invited to be present; but none accepted the invitation. The duty of speaking therefore devolved upon Rev. Messrs. Lincoln and Twiss. There were flowers about the pulpit, and a picture of Channing was hung in front of the pulpit. The choir gave one or two very fine selections; and hymns were sung, written by J. G. Whittier and Rev. Charles T. Brooks. Rev. Mr. Lincoln, whose life of nearly eighty-one years extends far back,— almost to the birth of Channing, — spoke acceptably of the great influence of this man on moral, intellectual, social, and religious life. Rev. Mr. Twiss spoke eloquently of Channing's life, and paid a fitting tribute, not only to his great genius, but to his simplicity and goodness. The laity was represented by Dr. Peavey, who spoke to the point — as he always does — of his appreciation of Channing as a leveller of creeds and a promoter of moral and religious life."

EAST WILTON, N.H.— The meeting of Sunday, April 11, was addressed by Rev. I. Sumner Lincoln, Rev. J. Twiss, and Dr. Peavey.

HARTFORD, CONN.— The Hartford *Daily Times* of April 5 said: "Yesterday was observed by the Unitarians as a memorial of Channing, the celebrated preacher, philanthropist, theologian, and Christian, the one hundredth anniversary of whose birth occurs this present week. The hall was made attractive and beautiful with vines and flowers; and above the desk was a copy of Gambardella's wonderful portrait of Channing, life-size. The picture, with frame, was the gift of two members of the society. The services, conducted by the pastor, the Rev. John C. Kimball, were of a very high order. After the opening reading, prayer, and response by the choir, the hymn, 'The Abode of Saints,' was sung. The prayer that followed seemed to bring the audience into harmony with the tender spirit of the pastor, whose study of his subject seemed to imbue him; and the selections read from Channing's own writings were a fitting prelude to the eloquent discourse that followed. 'The Christian Soldier' was the stirring hymn that closed the service. We publish the discourse, and invite to it especial attention as a masterly treatment of the subject, as well as a fine specimen of clear, good thinking, conveyed in an admirably simple and pellucid way."

MONTREAL, CANADA.— The members and friends of the Liberal Christian Union assembled in the Church of the Messiah last evening, in commemoration of the centennial birthday of Dr. William Ellery Channing. The church and lecture-room were both profusely decorated with flowers and hot-house plants, which displayed the tasteful handiwork of the committee of young ladies who had the arrangements in charge. Over the pulpit was poised a snow-white dove; while upon the reading-desk was a bank of exquisite flowers, bearing the word "Channing" in crimson flowers on a background of white ones. To the right of the chancel was a

life-size bust of the man in honor of whose memory the company was assembled. The exercises of the evening opened with Newman's beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," by the choir. An historical sketch of Channing's life, written by a young lady of the congregation, was read by Mr. Alexander Manson. Whittier's poem on "Channing" was prettily recited by Miss Annie Smith. Mr. George W. Stephens was to have considered "Channing, the Reformer," but confessed that a contemplation of the magnitude of the subject had induced him to decide upon reading the opinions held of Channing by eminent men of other denominations. His principal illustrations were drawn from the writings of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, England. Dr. T. Sterry Hunt was called upon for an address, and responded in a most felicitous and able manner, in which he spoke of the growing influence of Channing in human thought, and included him among the prophets of his race. A sonnet, "Always Young for Liberty," was next recited by Miss Jennie Barney. Mr. W. N. Evans read an address, entitled "Channing, the Man," in which he laid much of the goodness and gentleness of Channing's character to the influence of a good mother. Rev. Mr. Barnes was down on the programme for "Remarks with Pleasant Pages." Mr. Barnes' "pleasant pages" consisted of letters of salutation and good-will from the following friends: Rev. J. B. Green, of Brattleboro, Vt., late pastor of the Church of the Messiah; Rev. Frederick Frothingham, of Milton, Mass., a son of Montreal; Rev. Charles G. Ames, editor of the *Christian Register*, of Boston; Mr. William H. Baldwin, President of the Young Men's Christian Union, of Boston; Rev. Rush R. Shippen, of Boston, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association; Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, of Newport, R.I., writing as from the "cradle" of Channing; Rev. J. F. W. Ware, of Boston, representing the church of

which Channing was pastor; Rev. C. A. Bartol, the oldest living intimate friend of Channing's later years; Dr. A. P. Putnam, of Brooklyn, N.Y., representing the Brooklyn gathering; and also characteristic letters from Rev. Dr. J. Freeman Clarke, of Boston, and Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows and Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York. The letters were all of an inspiring character; and their reading was received with applause. Mr. Barnes closed his remarks by conveying a message of good-will and sympathy from Rev. Dr. Cordner, who was prevented by sickness from being present. An adjournment to the lecture-room then took place for a *soirée* and refreshments, the company separating at a late hour. — *The Star, April* 8.

CONCORD, N.H.— The centennial of the birth of William Ellery Channing was observed at the Unitarian church in this city, on Sunday, both forenoon and evening. The morning discourse by the pastor, Rev. S. C. Beane, dealt with Channing's early life, his active manhood, and the influence that survives in his published works and in the history of thought and philanthropy. As distinguished from all previous theologians, he took man for his starting-point, believing with Pope that "the proper study of mankind is man." Romanism and Protestantism had hitherto, shaping their religious views by their political, made God a despot, for his supposed glory; and, as in civil despotisms, man, the subject, became of little account. Election, decrees, foreordination, necessity, left no room for human freedom or nobility. Channing re-enthroned man, saw in human nature God's image, the unspoiled possibilities of exceeding beauty and grandeur; saw that the soul and conscience could be trusted for right and truth, and hence should be permitted and encouraged to be free. This love and exaltation of man abolished in Channing's mind all belief in divine

wrath, reprobation, and total depravity. The idea of vicarious atonement he regarded as the offspring of human savagery and meanness which demanded bribes and expiatory satisfaction. The Unitarianism of Channing, which waxed stronger and stronger till the last, was simply the demand of a soul that saw the whole race to be one and the universe one, and hence a Father over all, with one mind and purpose and personality. The preacher traced the work of Channing in various channels of philanthropy, education, and politics, all, like his theology, springing from his belief in human nature and his love for men.

In the evening as in the morning, there was a large congregation, composed of many of the most intelligent and prominent men and women of the city. The pastor presided, and, after devotional services, began by saying that Channing is so universal, and his words and works extend into so many directions, that it is hard to name him. He is in a large degree the father of American literature, and was one of the first men this side of the Atlantic who won the attention of the reading public of Europe, Lady Holland and Mrs. Somerville pronouncing him the best English writer of the period. As a theologian; as a genius in religion, as an abolitionist and advocate of peace, he was also spoken of; and it was announced that, during the present week, his centennial would be observed in America, India, Italy, France, England, Hungary, and probably Iceland.

Frank S. Streeter, Esq., followed in an able and a clear presentation of the demands of religious liberty, as represented in Channing.

Judge Asa Fowler drew a sharp contrast between the Calvinism of the last century, which is still professed and sworn to by the evangelical churches, and the rational Unitarianism of Channing and the New Testament.

Rev. Mr. Conger, in a hearty and extended address, ex-

pressed the strong sympathy of the Universalists with Channing and his followers.

He was followed by Hon. Solon A. Carter, who gratefully spoke of his indebtedness to the training of his boyhood in the liberal views of the great American prophet.

Mr. Parker Pillsbury spoke earnestly and with great power of Channing's interest in all philanthropies, and especially in the slavery question.

The last speaker was J. C. A. Hill, Esq., who spoke more particularly of Channing's published works, and urged a new reading of them, announcing that they would soon be for sale in Concord.

The large audience seemed deeply interested during the two hours and a half of the meeting; and the addresses were alternated with delightful music by the choir, hymns by the congregation, and a solo by Mrs. Lizzie Carpenter, formerly of this city, now a distinguished vocalist of Chicago. Letters of regret for absence, full of grateful appreciation of Dr. Channing, were received among others from Hon. W. H. H. Allen of Claremont, Hon. E. D. Rand of Lisbon, and Hon. Wm. E. Chandler, but lack of time prevented their reading.— *Daily People and Patriot, April* 5.

PORTLAND, OREGON.— The handsome auditorium of the Unitarian church was well filled last night, at the exercises commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Ellery Channing. The programme opened with an excellent selection, *Beatus Vir*, by the choir. Rev. T. L. Eliot then delivered the following address of welcome: —

I think it was Laboulaye, a distinguished author in France, who, upon reading Channing for the first time, said, "I have found a *man*." If the great spirit, who is a century old to-day, takes cognizance of our thoughts, no word can be more grateful than this, whose meaning stands forth all

the more conspicuously for the absence of qualifying phrase. To be thought in some degree to have filled the place of man, to have touched some of the heights and depths comprehended in the human soul, to have fulfilled in action and word something of the life to which infinite God elects his children,— would be, to a heart like Channing's, the highest honor, the completest tribute of memory. In him, the world is more and more finding a man. His work derives its dignity from himself, from his own burning and elevated enthusiasm. There are few men who so shine through their words, and make the reader glow as if face to face with the intensest purpose and most quenchless convictions. Channing is called a prophet of humanity; and, while we turn his pages, we recognize a prophet's inspiration, a prophet's tone. Bunsen well describes him,— "in humanity a Greek, in citizenship a Roman, in Christianity an Apostle."

What did Channing do? For brief answer, I can say: He rediscovered the dignity of human nature, and with that great discovery glowed and burned into men's hearts a new method, a new principle of life. He found his fellow-beings sceptical, not only of others, not only of themselves, but darkly doubting, and disbelieving in the very type of that part of creation called human and humanity. He saw that the very heart of Christianity was being left out. Salvation was being called "something added to humanity," and in his insight it meant "something inherent in humanity, *brought* forth, unfolded, and redeemed." His method was an almost unbounded faith in man as such, and in human society as such; and he reasoned, "Once get a man, however low or self-despairing, to *believe in himself*, and believe calmly in what God has laid away in his soul, and with this faith will come impulse, growth, spirituality, intellectual and moral salvation. . . . The moral nature is man's great

tie to the Divinity. If so, there is but one mode of approach to God. It is by faithfulness to the inward, everlasting law." If you will read the words I have ventured to place upon the programme as mottoes, you will feel the searching power, the comprehensiveness of this method. "All minds are of one family," — the mind of God, the mind of Christ, the mind of man, — and substantially, fundamentally related to each other, as are members of one household. "The lesson of the universe is God's impartiality. He has one law, one love, for all." To draw out the full meaning involved in those words would be to unite a body of Divinity, to frame a widely searching theory of nature and society, to redefine Providence. In them lies, as if in germ, the best elements of the modern scientific method. "I belong to the Church Universal: nothing shall separate me from it." Here is a thought expanding and inspiring. There is a sense in which Channing belonged to no sect, and, while intense in all his convictions, held them as world possessions. "One sublime idea has given me unity of thought, — the greatness, the divinity of the soul." To understand all that Channing meant by this, one must read his life. We shall find it no idle mysticism, but a grand working faith, arraigning a Napoleon as a giant failure, denouncing slavery, war, the oppressions of society, intemperance, partisan selfishness. Everywhere appealing for intellectual freedom, Channing saw Christ in every human kind. He fulfilled His word, "Ye have done it unto me."

I welcome you, friends, to this simple hour of memorial thoughts. I welcome still more this wondrous day of grace in which we live. I welcome the signs that our race is in spiritual and mental travail. I welcome the eternal dawning light which is destined to go on into perfect day. Other prophets of God will rise, and are rising. It is a day of open vision. May we fulfil the spirit of this commemora-

tive hour by a resolve to keep our faces to the light. The conviction that the Infinite One has indeed one law, one love, for all that in the moral and rational nature is God's perpetual revelation, that human society and the individual are forever to be weighed in the scales of moral purpose, is growing upon mankind. This conviction stands behind kings, senates, churches, behind wealth, oppression, materialism; and in its presence these things become shadows. *Man*, his rights, his wrongs, his moral elevation, his destiny as child of God, is the keyword of the future; and, wherever the note is struck, and life flows out, there the kingdom of heaven is set, and God as Sovereign is coming to his own.

Mr. Thomas Frazar, who heard Dr. Channing preach more than fifty years ago in Boston, read some interesting reminiscences of the great liberal writer. Miss Augusta Allen read, with clearness, good expression, and fine taste, not unmixed with gentle force, Dr. Channing's address, "I call that mind free." Miss Jennie Miller then recited Whittier's tribute, "Hero and Saint," and was followed by Willie Eliot, who recited a portion of Dr. Channing's address on "Slavery in America," — both well rendered. The most charming portion of the interesting programme was Mrs. D. F. Smith's reading of James Russell Lowell's elegy on Channing. Her rich, low, well-modulated voice was admirably suited to the selection, and every stanza was a separate gem. Mr. Alfred T. Sears delivered a short, concise, and not overdrawn eulogy on the character of Channing, closing with an appeal to all Christians to finish the great moral structure planned by the man whose birth they were celebrating. The exercises were interspersed with more than ordinarily fine offerings by the splendid choir.

After the literary exercises, the announcement was made

that every one present would be the guest of the ladies of the church at refreshments, which were served in the chapel. A picture of Channing, surrounded by blooming flowers, was hung in the chapel, and was admired by all present. Pleasant social intercourse closed a most enjoyable evening. — *Daily Oregonian, April* 8.

NOTICES OF THE AMERICAN PRESS.

To GIVE an adequate idea either of the number or the quality of the centennial tributes to Channing by our American press would, of itself, require a volume. We have yet to see the American newspaper which has not in some appropriate way alluded to the occasion, and many of the tributes have been elaborate and highly discriminating. From among the many which have reached us, we have culled here and there a few sentences or paragraphs, remarkable either because of their source or for some intrinsic merit of insight or nice criticism:—

While refusing to accept a great deal which he apparently believed and taught, we gladly acknowledge ourselves, in common with all Christians, to be indebted to him exceedingly for much wise and earnest spiritual teaching, and for the example of a singularly pure and noble life. The distinctive truths with which his name is associated, certainly, as now uttered by his successors, are altered in shape, and do not find advocates as readily as formerly. But no one can read his writings or the record of his career without learning to cherish a genuine reverence for him as a truly great and noble man, whose memory belongs to and should be honored by the good of every name.— *Boston Congregationalist.*

Channing was a man with an open mind; but it was open most on the heavenward side. If he seemed to estimate men too highly, . . . did he value them more highly than did Jesus? If the Man of Galilee had

estimated men as did some of the theologians before Channing's time, would he have died for them? Nay, would he have *lived* for them? . . . His own words upon the tenet which chiefly distinguishes the Unitarian sect are that, "if Trinitarians would tell us what they mean, their system would generally be found little else than a mystical form of the Unitarian doctrine." It hardly seems possible to the men of this generation that there should have been such bitter controversies over a difference so expressed. . . . Dr. Channing did the world a service, for which it will not soon let his name die, in recalling it to the fact that Christianity is a life, not a creed. And, being a life, Channing was entitled to be called a Christian of Christians.— *Boston Golden Rule.*

Channing was one of the few earlier names in American literature that gained recognition in Europe, and compelled the admission that "an American book" could find readers. He was a philanthropist, pleading the cause of the poor and the oppressed, and denouncing the evils of intemperance and of war, when his was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. In such aspects, his character and life are a common heritage.

It will probably be said that Channing originated a movement. . . . But, if it be required to estimate men by their relations to such a movement, we are compelled to doubt the priority of Dr. Channing. He was *in* the movement, and augmented it, but was himself moved along with others by a common impulse.— *Boston Watchman (Baptist).*

We doubt if any modern leader in Christian thought did wiser, better, more successful service in showing that reason must be deferred to, that an unnatural faith cannot be true, that no amount or quality of testimony can uphold a creed at which nature revolts. There was great occasion in that day to assert earnestly and continuously what in 1880 we may dismiss with a word. Now, the very party which pronounces the theological specialties of Channing a failure takes its chief pride in standing upon the identical platform for constructing which Channing was derided by no less an authority than Prof. Moses Stuart. His formula is Orthodoxy in accord with science.

Cheerfully, gratefully, we bear our humble testimony to the greatness of Channing, to the pre-eminence of the service he rendered the Christian Church and the world. We do not moderate our humble encomium in the recollection that the great Unitarian was positively, almost passionately, the enemy of avowed Universalism. We cannot say that he

was opposed to Universalism.' But he was determined in his opposition to *avowed* Universalism. We cannot say that he invented, but he sanctioned and gave great prestige to, the policy of wholly evading the question of human destiny. He shunned the issue. He taught a whole generation of Unitarians to shun it. A third generation of Unitarians — that of the present — has departed from the policy; and the Universalist issue is now boldly met in nearly every Unitarian pulpit and periodical.— *The Christian Leader* (*Universalist*).

Once he was the leader of a school of religious thought, the offset of New England Puritanism, which culminated and centred chiefly in Boston and its vicinity; but long before his death he outgrew his limitations, and became in a certain sense the great ethical teacher of New England. As pure an idealist as Emerson, as fearless in the support of political principles as Garrison, he belonged essentially to the school of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and to the band of Cambridge Platonists of two centuries ago. It was by accident that he came to represent Unitarianism. Its controversies were distasteful to him, its later crystallization into ecclesiastical forms was not to his liking; but this does not prove that he had any fondness for the Church or ever entered into any conception of its system. There is nothing to encourage this in his memoirs or in his published works; and yet there is much in the temper and tone of Channing's works, much in the way in which he has set forth fundamental truths of natural religion, much in the drift of his influence upon religious thought, which has been largely preparatory to the better understanding of the Episcopal Church in New England. It could not but be so.

Channing was a positive thinker. His tendency was to construct something. He saw the deficiency in the religion of his day, and sought to find a basis for it in what is permanent in human nature. Dr. Chalmers thought him essentially wrong; but the growing verdict of the broadest and wisest men in America and Europe, as they have come to judge him apart from religious prejudice, is that he was essentially right as far as he went. Churchmen must say that he was as nearly right as a man usually is who does not stand upon the basis of historical Christianity. The evidence is now so fully in as to what he was, his writings have so widely disseminated his ethical teachings, his moral principles have been found to come up so closely to the generally accepted standard of what the spiritual life is, that — not among Unitarians only, but among all Christian people — he is looked up to as a man who lived in advance of his time, whose "soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,"

and whose memory is precious wherever what is best in human life is honored and loved.

While the special trustees of Channing's fame and memory gather this week to honor his centennial birthday at Newport, we cannot withhold our hearty recognition of what the religious world owes to Channing, nor allow the disciples of a certain school of religious thought to feel that he belongs exclusively to them. . . . He is now one of the few Americans in whose fame all men, whatever may be their religious fold, take conscious pride. And generations yet to come will honor the spiritual force of the man, when his writings may have been forgotten.— *The Churchman* (*Episcopalian*).

While Channing was broader than any denomination of his day, it certainly is true that what he left of his work and influence was bequeathed to the world. Therefore, the part which not only clergymen, but prominent men connected with evangelical societies, took in recent demonstrations, was a privilege to which they had undisputed claim. They viewed a lofty character, and so much of a grand mission as was accomplished while the actor was among earthly scenes, from their own stand-point, and spoke such words of appreciation as seemed to them fittest. There was no stinted praise or trace of bigotry, whatever discriminations there may have been, that could give rise to the suspicion that they were not glad to honor one to whom the common consent of mankind is fast according high rank among the prophets and saints of the Most High. . . . A hundred years hence, none of those now living will be here to attend another memorial celebration; but there will be another Channing Centennial Celebration, April 7, 1980, for Dr. Channing's name and fame will live on with such power and influence that there will be a celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of his birthday. He will be remembered, not on account of anything he did in theology, but on account of what one of his biographers described as "the divine spirit of his life and influence." It is this that makes his memory what it is to those who cherish it.— *Worcester Spy*.

Dr. Channing was an influence, an atmosphere of incalculable reach and intensity to those who felt the touch of his personality. It is to them that his writings still impart an impression of transcendent power, while men of every type of Christian faith discover in them a tender, winning thoughtfulness and graciousness, which endears their author to all hearts. It is not the thought which forms their contents which gives them this grasp of men. In our judgment, Dr. Orville Dewey, of Chan-

ning's own church, surpassed him as a thinker. It is the discovery of a great and very good man behind the book,— a man who saw the invisible. It is this discovery which imparts a value to his slightest utterance on any theme. And, of Channing's thought, it is not the definitely theological, much less the sectarian, element which has moved men.... Channing's was an influence parallel to that of Coleridge,— of whom he was in a great measure a disciple,— of Dr. James Marsh, and of Frederick Maurice. He was a natural Platonist in the Aristotelian world.— *Philadelphia Weekly Notes.*

Channing did much in many ways, but as a man he seems greater than anything he did. Not only by his teachings and his achievements, but by the lustre of his character and the height of his aspiration,— in a word, by the breadth and dignity of his manhood,— he has reflected honor on us all.... His was the attitude rather of the prophet and the oracle than of the legislator. There were times when his utterance seemed fraught with the solemnity, but also with the vagueness, of second-sight. On the other hand, we are astonished now and then by the unerring accuracy of his intuitions. For example, Channing seems to have completely divined Napoleon Bonaparte at a time when the materials of a right judgment were not at hand, more than half a century, indeed, before the publication of Lanfrey's History and the Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat. He was also one of the first to detect the grievous blunders in the existing theories of penitentiary discipline.... Those who would appreciate the wide ethical and social gulf between the liberal New England of our day and the austere New England of three-quarters of a century ago will do well to study the career of William Ellery Channing. He beheld the birth of the forces which brought about the change; he was a part of them; indeed, he must be credited with the largest share in the dynamic agencies which have caused the permanent divorce of the New England intellect from the narrow Calvinism of an earlier epoch. It is true, as we have said, that the movement which Channing did so much to stimulate has left him far behind, that the premises of his theology have been discarded, its limitations overstepped, its point of view almost forgotten. His influence, however, has far transcended the bounds of the transitory creed he sought to formulate, and may be recognized in every phase and guise of liberal Christianity.— *New York Sun.*

The materials exist for a better knowledge of Channing to-day than even his best friends had of him when he was living. In his lifetime,

few knew him intimately: the pulpit was the chief channel of his influence upon public opinion. But now we know him, not only through those few, but through his collected writings; and these writings have had a circulation unique and unparalleled for their kind. . . . And, if we except Jonathan Edwards, no other American has ever contributed more to the vital and quickening thought of the world. . . . He was such a master of moral philosophy, such an original student of the intuitions of human nature, that he controlled the tide. The Unitarians could have no better man to guide the school of religious thought which they represent, and no man among them has ever equally thrilled men's souls with the passionate beauty of virtue as a sentiment and a life. It is always dangerous to fashion new channels for the religious nature; but Channing had, what his followers have seldom shared, the inspiration of his idea. . . . He was the pioneer of religious inquiry, the spiritual father of Parker and Emerson. But he was more. . . . He stands for what is noblest and best in human life. Nothing that concerns man is foreign to him. Neither Socrates nor Plato has reasoned more profoundly for immortality, and no writers on natural religion have struck notes quite so high. But at the very point where a great mind passes within the veil, where Fénelon passed, where his friend, Cardinal Cheverus, passed, where faith leads the reason, Channing acts the part of the natural man. He is the moralist, not the devotee; the man of speculative reason, not the disciple of love. . . . He represents the perpetual youth of the thinking world, and interprets realities which every man, sooner or later, has to interpret for himself. This has given his writings an exceptional interest and value. . . . A generation to come he is likely to be even more influential than he is to-day. His writings strike into the permanent elements of life. He is felt to be a true "prophet of the soul."—*New York Times.*

Very many recognized Orthodox men (as Orthodoxy runs nowadays) stand on the same platform substantially as to sin and the atonement; and for such beliefs Channing would not be driven now out of the Evangelical communion, as he would have no occasion to present his views with such polemic force as he had sixty years ago. To the term "Channing Unitarians," many of the denomination would now object; but it designates what we regard as the high-water mark of Unitarianism,—a Unitarianism which excels in its Christology, but still more in its apprehension of sin, not as a disease or an accident, but as personal guilt; and, therefore, of the obligation of repentance and reformation, of a moral consecration, and a striving after a perfection like God's, and not a thin "ethical culture."—*New York Independent.*

It is a severe test of the hold which a great man has on posterity, when we are asked to celebrate his hundredth birthday. Few of his own generation are left to swing their hats for him; and, unless his service to humanity has been broad and deep, the next generation does not rally around his name. Channing has stood this test remarkably well. The Newport celebration of his centenary was naturally the place of greatest interest, and was fortunate in the presence of men who could best give meaning to the occasion. Dr. Bellows was the best man, perhaps, to speak of Channing, though hardly his representative in religious belief; and his oration, two hours in length, was a full and fair statement of Channing's religious and humanitarian position. The contrast between the speaker's statement of Channing's views of Christ and his own views was painful. Channing's views of Christ, said Dr. Bellows, were central and commanding, historical and supernatural; but his eulogist said that he would not have Jesus out of the ranks of our common manhood. The oration was a significant restatement of the chief points in Channing's life, including some personal reminiscences.

There was a scene on the platform while Dr. Bellows was speaking, which perhaps few thought of, but which to me was more inspiring than anything that happened during the day. It was the grouping of the men who had naturally the deepest interest in the centenary. Directly behind Dr. Bellows sat the foremost pupil of Channing, Ralph Waldo Emerson, his eyes sparkling, his head bent forward, his face all aglow with excitement to catch more distinctly every fresh point made by the speaker. On the left of Emerson sat William F. Channing, the only son of Dr. Channing, himself evidently at threescore and ten a characteristic man, his heavy gray hair struggling to escape from his ample head, his restless position indicating that the past was struggling with the present in his mind, his face so marked that everybody was saying, "Who is he?" On Emerson's right sat Channing's nephew, the Rev. William H. Channing, a small, spare man, having the outline of his uncle's features, the face and look indicating a temperament finely organized and of spiritual insight, so wrapped up in the occasion that he seemed lost in his own thoughts, and yet following the speaker with the keenest emotion. Next to him sat the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, a brother of the poet, himself a man of the Channing type, his keen, piercing eye taking in the whole scene. And on the outer edge of the half-circle sat the venerable A. Bronson Alcott, a Boston schoolmaster when Channing was at the height of his fame, now an octogenarian, apparently the youngest man on the platform, as eager as Emerson to catch every point, and evidently feeling in some undefinable way that Channing was

a part of his own life. The faces of these men, as emotions and memories changed the features, was the unforgetable part of the occasion. It was like reading history, personated by the actors themselves, to watch them. The speaker could have turned around at any moment and said, "Is this not so?" Emerson, all unconsciously to himself, was irresistible. He had the eager look of youth. His countenance was all flushed like that of a girl. You had to look at the thin gray hair to keep to the fact that he was an old man. Though he spoke not a word, his very presence, his deep, absorbing, silent interest in all that was said and done, did more to make the occasion great and memorable than anything else. It is he who once said of Channing, "In our wantonness, we often flout Dr. Channing, and say he is getting old; but, as soon as he is ill, we remember he is our bishop, and we have not done with him yet." And it is he of whom Channing once said, "He is a great moral and, I am glad to think, also profoundly Christian teacher, who deserves our respect by his whole life": he "seems to be gifted to speak to an audience which is not addressed by any of us." Emerson himself was the silent but conspicuous hero of the Channing Centennial.— *Correspondence of the Independent.*

CELEBRATIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THE CELEBRATION AT LONDON.

MEETING AT ST. JAMES' HALL.

[From the report in the *Inquirer* of April 10.]

On Wednesday evening, April 7, St. James' Hall was filled in almost every part by a brilliant assembly, met to celebrate the centenary of the birth of William Ellery Channing. Near the organ were draped the flags of England and the United States, and the front of the platform was profusely decorated with choice flowers. While the audience were assembling, a very appropriate selection of music from Mendelssohn and Handel was played on the fine organ by Mr. Thomas Petitt, organist of the Bach Choir; and the Hallelujah Chorus was played at the close of the meeting.

After teas had been served to a constant succession of parties in a large room adjoining the Great Hall, the Chair was taken by Mr. David Martineau, the President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, who was surrounded on the platform, among others, by Mrs. Arnold and her son (the daughter and grandson of the Rev. W. H. Channing, the nephew and biographer of Channing); the Revs. Dr. Martineau, Dr. Sadler, Dr. S. Davidson, Dr. Wysard (German Lutheran Church), Dr. Laird Collier, R. Spears, J. Estlin Carpenter, C. B. Upton, James Drummond,

T. W. Freckelton, C. Wicksteed, H. Solly, T. L. Marshall, E. M. Geldart, J. Worthington, T. Rix, M. C. Gascoigne, T. Crow, G. Carter, C. Corkran, F. Summers, J. T. Whitehead, P. H. Wicksteed, W. J. Odgers, J. Shannon, J. P. Ham, J. Martin, J. E. Stead, T. Dobson (Brighton), T. Taylor (Horsham), P. W. Clayden, J. Baldwin Brown, C. Shakespeare (St. Stephen's, Westbourne-grove), J. N. Hoare, Mark Wilks, W. Dorling, —— Roe (Vicar of St. Catherine's, Brixton), W. Panckridge (St. Matthew's, City-road), W. Urwick, Dr. Aveling, John Stanton, J. Charlesworth (Rotherham), Professor E. H. Plumptre, Dr. Carpenter, F.R.S.; Messrs. Meadows Martineau, J.P., T. Hughes, Q.C., E. Clodd, F. Nettlefold, S. S. Tayler, R. Glover, J.P., T. C. Clarke, W. Shaen, J. T. Hart, E. Lawrence, C. Watson, Courtney Kenney, C. E. Mudie, E. Bromley, Carvell Williams, C. Allen (Secretary of the Anti-slavery Society), W. Talleck (Secretary of the Howard Society), etc.

In the body of the hall, we observed the Revs. R. B. Drummond (Edinburgh), D. Amos (Southampton), C. M. Birrell, P. M. Higginson (Styal), J. R. McKee, V. Davis (Nottingham), J. G. Evans (Preston), J. D. H. Smyth, Mrs. Madge, Mrs. G. Martineau, Mrs. C. Holland, Miss Anna Swanwick, Dr. Wylde, Dr. Haward, Dr. Longstaff; Messrs. J. T. Preston, R. Bartram, T. Smith Osler, Q.C., J. Gregory Foster, Dr. Aspland, G. Lawford, M. D. Conway, J. Hobson (Sheffield), etc.

A considerable number of letters have been received, expressing sympathy with the objects of the meeting, and regretting inability to attend; among others, from Sir J. C. Lawrence, Miss F. P. Cobbe, the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle, the Revs. John Macnaught, Dr. Bayley (Swedenborgian), H. Griffith, W. Young, Dr. G. Vance Smith, J. C. Harrison, Dr. A. J. Ross, Johnson Barker, LL.B., and John Hunter (York), etc.

At least, two thousand persons must have been present, four-fifths of whom, we judge, were members of the Unitarian and Free Christian Churches.

The following hymn, by J. Mason Neale, was sung to the tune "Weber" with great spirit and feeling by the whole assembly:—

They whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?

Yea, the holy dead have still
Part in all our joy and ill;
One in heart, and one in love;
We below, and they above.

Those whom many a land divides,
Many mountains, many tides,
Have they with each other part?
Have they fellowship in heart?

Each to each may be unknown,
Wide apart their lots be thrown;
Differing tongues their lips may speak;
One be strong, and one be weak:

Yet, in tear and sigh and prayer,
Each with other hath a share;
With each other join they here
In affliction, doubt, and fear.

So with them our hearts we raise,
Share their work, and join their praise;
Blessed pledge that we shall be
Joined, O Lord, in bliss with thee.

An appropriate prayer was offered by the Rev. Professor Drummond.

The CHAIRMAN.— I would now like to call upon the secretary to read two or three letters from persons who had hoped to be with us this evening, and whose hearts are very heartily with us, but in consequence of other events taking place just now have been prevented. I may mention that

James Russell Lowell, who is at present the United States Minister at the Court of St. James, expressed to our secretary his deep regret that, owing to the unfortunate illness of his wife, he has been obliged to return to Madrid, otherwise he would hope to have been with us here, and has sent, as many of you know, a very beautiful elegy, which has appeared in one of our papers last week.

The Rev. H. Ierson.—The first letter is a very brief one from the Rev. Stopford Brooke, who says, "I should have liked to acknowledge in some way my great obligations to Dr. Channing,—obligations which I shall never forget, and which I can scarcely overestimate,"—but he is from town, and not able to be present. Mr. George MacDonald writes to thank the committee for the honor they do him in desiring his presence at the commemoration: "It would have given me much pleasure to be there, but I shall not be in England so early in the year. I hope you will have some one from Boston with you. There Channing's spirit seems to hang brooding over the place." A letter from Mr. Murphy, of the Lambeth Mission, expresses his interest in Dr. Channing's work and his desire to honor so noble a memory, but he regrets that he is not able to be here. There is a letter from the eminent lecturer of the Hibbert Trust of this week, M. Rénan, who writes: "I regret sincerely that an engagement that I had accepted for the evening of Wednesday, some time since, will not permit me to join your Association in celebrating the centenary of the birth of Channing. Channing was a true prophet. He heard with a rare justice the first warning sounds of the clock of the future gospel. You have reason to honor, as pillars of the eternal Christianism, these saints of the nineteenth century, the grandest of all that Rome will not canonize. The doctrine of Channing, entirely a doctrine of peace and love, will remain true, whatever be the evolutions of

science and of the free spirit." A letter addressed to the committee from Mr. Frank Channing, who is at present very busily occupied in election matters in his neighborhood, expresses his deep interest in the meeting, and his great regret that he, a member of the family, in the absence of his father, at present in America, is not able to be with you; but he gives a letter, which might have been read to the meeting, had time permitted. But you will be interested to know that the nephew of Dr. Channing has a son in England, whose spirit is with you on the present occasion. [The President here remarked that a daughter of the Rev. W. H. Channing was present.] Dr. E. A. Abbott regrets that the state of his health prevents his being able to be present; but he says: "What I have read of Channing increases my regret at my enforced absence. I hope many more worthy representatives of the Church of England will be present to testify that, from the contemplation of Channing's simple allegiance and loyal devotion to Christ, it is impossible even for us Trinitarians not to derive a spiritual benefit, and to feel that, even as regards the worship of Christ, we have much to learn from the study of the words and works of so true a servant of our common Master. But what has most impressed me has been the thorough and systematic manner in which this great prophet of reform applied the principle of Christianity to social and political questions. It is here, most of all, that we of the Church of England must feel that in Channing we have a pattern whom we should do well to keep before our minds for many generations. And, for my part, after reading his discourse on Slavery, and that on the Abolitionists, and contrasting his political theory and practice with that of many of my brethren in the Church, I am tempted to wish that there might be added to our Thirty-nine Articles yet a fortieth, teaching our clergy to distinguish between

that lower form of politics, which he describes as the tactics of party for gaining power, and that higher form which he defines as the study and pursuit of the true, enduring good of the community, and the application of great, unchangeable principles to public affairs, which latter pursuit no minister of Christ can neglect with spiritual impunity. More especially, in his discourses on the elevation of the laboring classes, I know not who can fail to sympathize with his high yet sober idea of the future in store for workingmen, with his anticipations of the powerful part that Christianity is destined to play in bringing about the brighter state of things to come, and with his indignant protest that the future influence of Christianity must not be judged from its effect in those past periods in which it has been perverted to a political engine for making the poor poorer, and for preventing the meek from inheriting the earth." I have read the substance of Dr. Abbott's letter. The next is a letter from Dr. Stoughton. He says: "There would be no necessity to entreat me to attend the meeting you purpose to hold, were it in my power to be present; but I stand engaged to visit Italy with some of my family next month, and I do not expect to be back till the latter part of May. Dr. Channing has been to me from my youth a favorite author. Though, of course, I did not accept some of his theological opinions, yet I derived from some of his discourses much spiritual profit and enjoyment. They had an elevating and purifying effect, which I hope never to lose. There is a passage in his sermon on the character of Christ, which I have often quoted in the pulpit, and which now comes to me in my solitude with a peculiar force, as I think of those who are gone, and of that blessed Saviour who has taken them to himself: 'He lives and reigns. With a clear, calm faith, I see him in that state of glory; and I confidently expect, at

no distant period, to see him face to face. We have, indeed, no absent friend whom we shall so surely meet.' Dr. Channing's advocacy of negro emancipation, when the name of it was cast out as evil, and the cause in America was trampled under foot, awakened my warmest enthusiasm; and, in his just views of war and its accompaniments of different kinds,—deceitful hero-worship, false splendor and glory, as well as slaughter and sin,—I fully sympathized. His thoughts on the ministry for the poor, the Sunday-school, the obligations of a State to take care and watch over the moral health of its members,—these bore a high value in my estimation, and were often pondered by me in my early days, when engaged in arduous pastoral work." One or two lines from Dr. Raleigh's letter you would like to hear. He is referring to the movements in favor of reform which Channing advocated at a time when they had but few friends. "More than forty years ago," he continues, "when I was hardly more than a lad, the perusal of some of his writings gave my mind one of the most powerful and freshening impulses it has ever received, and one of the most lasting; for I believe that what I then received has mingled congenially and wholesomely with later thoughts, and with some of my deepest convictions. I write these few lines to you, that you may understand that I am not excusing myself without a cause," and he wishes that his name should be mentioned as sympathizing with the object of this meeting. I can only mention to you that I have a letter from Mathew Jochumsson, who is carrying on work and preaching the gospel according to the free interpretation in Iceland. He sends his hearty congratulations to this meeting, and wishes that his name should be mentioned in connection with this grand occasion. We have also received a letter from Mr. William Rathbone, to which justice could not be done by extracts,

though time will not allow of its being read in full; also a telegram from the Executive Committee of the Protestant Union of Germany, to this effect: "The Executive Committee of the German Protestantenverein sends its cordial good wishes for the celebration of the hundredth birthday of Dr. William Ellery Channing, the great modern apostle of the true humanity of Jesus, the defender of the rights of man against slavery in Church and State. May his ideas penetrate the communities of the Old and New World, and unite them into one great Christian Church according to the Channing ideal!" I might mention the names of a number of gentlemen who have sent letters, and with them sentences of very expressive sympathy with the object of the meeting; but it would detain you too long from the speeches to which you are to listen.

Rev. Dr. MARTINEAU.—I may venture to say one word on behalf of the Dean of Westminster. I the more readily spoke to him about this meeting some weeks ago, because he had told me that, when he was in America, he believed he never preached a single sermon without mentioning the honored name of Channing. I knew therefore that he felt an interest in the works and in the life of Channing. When this occasion was named to him, he took it up with great interest and zeal, entered it in his diary as an engagement, and most fully intended to be with us this night. But afterwards I had a letter from him, in which he explained that a very unusual pressure of work had considerably broken him down, and unfitted him for the pressure of the season coming on in London, that he found it was absolutely necessary for him to seize some opportunity of quitting London and being in the country. The only days that were at his disposal for that purpose were, unfortunately, precisely the days including this meeting. He is now in the Island of Guernsey for the sake of a little refreshment; and he writes

to me, begging me to explain this matter, and to say that he trusts that neither within nor without the limits of the Church will his absence be mistrusted or misunderstood.

The CHAIRMAN.— Ladies and gentlemen, we have assembled here this evening to celebrate the centenary of the birth of that man of venerated memory, Dr. William Ellery Channing; and we may feel that, in this endeavor to pay homage where so much admiration and gratitude are due, we are joining with thousands who are now meeting in other lands and in far distant places to celebrate the event. They are refreshing, as we hope to do, their minds and hearts with deep draughts from the well of his intense religious devotion at these memorial meetings. We welcome with outstretched, cordial hands all lovers of Channing from whatever church or communion they may come; for in all churches and climes good men are to be found, who know and revere and love the name of Channing. His words and his works are cosmopolitan and for all time. They are words of love and reverence and wisdom concerning the Eternal Father of mankind, and of man as God's child and our brother wherever he may be found. And it is in this spirit of our great Exemplar, Christ, in whose steps Channing so humbly, so lovingly, so confidingly walked, that we welcome all here to-night to assist in honoring this truly great, this wonderfully God-loving man, and to do what may in us lie to extend still wider and more fully the knowledge and appreciation of his works and of the spirit of their author. We shall thus fulfil the cherished wish of his life to extend more fully this influence, and make it a common property, universal everywhere,— that ennobling, glorious, intense consciousness of the Deity that he felt as the loving parent, the support, and at the same time the reason of man's existence. If for a moment we look back over the pages of history to the surroundings of Channing this day hundred

years, and consider the progress which the more educated and refined portion of the world has made since then, politically, morally, socially, and religiously, we see and feel the effect that Channing and scores of God-loving, God-fearing men like him have had in purifying and ennobling their race, and may feel well strengthened by the knowledge of that progress to strive to keep it alive and growing. The poet says, and I cannot help thinking that there is great force in his words: —

> "Where is the victory of the grave?
> What dust upon the spirit lies?
> God keeps the sacred life he gave;
> The prophet never dies."

I shall now beg our good friend, Dr. Martineau, the Principal of Manchester New College, to commence the proceedings of this evening by a short address.

DR. MARTINEAU'S ADDRESS.

The Rev. Dr. MARTINEAU, who was received with loud applause, said: Mr. Chairman and friends, if I accepted the office of opening the proceedings of this evening, it is because of the century upon which we are to look back to-night, as I have myself an experience of three-fourths. But I can assure you that this is but a very partial advantage, for the debt which it piles up is great; and to attempt to compress the gratitude of sixty years in the course of the words of half an hour is certainly an attempt not very likely to be successful. Your Chairman has promised for me that my address shall be short. Sir, I will do my best to make it so; but, if my duty is to lay compendiously before the meeting the elements of the great subject which engages us here, that subject is so rich and various and many-sided that it is hardly possible without a considerable use of time

to perform the task that is committed to me. I shall most compendiously do so, I think, if I try first of all to sketch slightly the growth of the characteristics of Channing's mind and life, and then, having viewed them as they run down in time from his biography, to review them with the intention to select, if possible, the regulating principle, the central thought, ideal, or faith which forms the unity of the whole. You all know that he was born at Newport in Rhode Island; and there is so much, we are told, in the bright skies and the beautiful undulating surface, and the fine sands and rocks of that island, so much to tempt one to say that they may have exercised a great influence in the formation of such a mind as Channing's, that I might easily be tempted to dwell upon it. But there are many children that were born under precisely those influences, in the same year, at the same time, and those children did not become Ellery Channings. Therefore, I dismiss these altogether; and I do not suppose that we are to look upon the rocks of Rhode Island to see inscribed upon them the future characteristics of our saint. Nevertheless, during the youth of Channing there were some small circumstances which really did, I believe, plant a germ of the future man; and it is not infrequent that during the life of childhood incidents that appear to adults to be but trifling produce an effect that rarely fails to be considerable in after-life.

I find indications that almost all the great causes in which Channing enlisted were more or less introduced to his interest in his childhood. Rhode Island was at the time of his boyhood engaged in that abominable commerce, the slave-trade. Just as the merchants of Liverpool and of Bristol at that time carried their cargo of African negroes to sell them to the Western world, so the merchants of Rhode Island were engaged in this trade also. If this were all, it might have produced no effect. Usually, it was a subject

never adverted to in the place; but there was one venerable and faithful man, with the old Puritan spirit in his heart, Dr. Hopkins, a celebrated disciple of Jonathan Edwards, who was preaching in that place when Channing was young. And Hopkins saw, what apparently no other person there saw, that the slave-trade was a wickedness and an abomination; and he preached from the pulpit openly, notwithstanding the resistance of his flock and the unpopularity which it occasioned. This aroused a controversy in the place; and Channing as a boy knew that there were two sides to this question, was brought to reflect upon it, and his sensitive and gentle nature began to work upon the merits of this question from that time. Again, it would appear that the question of temperance, in which he took so much interest, was not altogether asleep, even in those early days. Though the habits of the place were strongly convivial, yet there was at least one man who held up his protest against it. There was a Baptist clergyman, a certain Father Thurston, who was in the habit of preaching against intemperance, of testifying in favor of total abstinence; and, what is more, he bore his testimony in his life. The man was excessively poor: he was not able to live upon his small stipend, and in the week-day he eked out his scanty means — how do you suppose? He took the tools, the chopper, of a journeyman cooper, and worked in the cooper's yard, and preached upon the Sunday to his people. He made a restriction for his work: he declined to make any hogsheads or puncheons which were employed to carry wines and spirits, and he made it a stipulation with his employers that he should make nothing but pails and water-bottles; and this whimsical testimony to the value of temperance made an effect upon the heart of that boy, and the subject never afterwards slept. So that there were germs, after all, of the future Channing even in these early experiences. Nay, the

sincerity and depth of his religion, and also some of his heresies,—these also were planted in him by his experience as a boy. He tells the story of his being taken by his father to hear a celebrated preacher some miles from Newport; and the sermon was one of those dreadful sermons upon human perdition and hell-fire, which so often strike into the heart of young persons with terror. This tender-hearted boy was sunk into anguish by the hearing of this sermon, the more so when, on coming out of the place, he heard his father make a remark to a member of the congregation, "Very sound doctrine, sir." Well, then, he thought, All this is true, then, is it? When he went home, he sank into silence in the carriage, thinking that his father would make some remark upon this; but, to his astonishment, his father broke out into a jolly whistle, whistled a tune, and in that way went home. He thought when he got home he would tell the dreadful news he had heard; but no, his father kicked off his boots, took up his newspaper, flung himself into his easy-chair, and enjoyed himself at his ease for the rest of the day. This produced a profound impression. It left upon his mind not a distinct conviction, but a consciousness of an inconsistency between the things taught in the pulpit and the life that was lived by men in reality. No doubt he from that time began to make allowances for that; and he must have thought that it was no real voice of God that uttered those dreadful thunders, that it was only the echoes of echoes which men themselves hardly believe at the moment that they spoke them. Thus the very root of sincerity, and at the same time the root of heresy, was planted in that boy by such experience. After he had lived about to the age of fifteen, he went to college; and at college there were two or three additional elements contributed to his character. One of those arose from his falling upon one or two books which are now almost forgot-

ten, but which produced a revolution in his character. Hitherto, he had heard upon the subject of human nature and moral philosophy nothing but the French doctrine of self-love alone as the animating principle of human nature on the one hand, and on the other the Calvinistic doctrine of the absolutism of God, which rendered all morality arbitrary, and made things right and wrong simply because they were appointed by the will of God. When he went to Hutcheson and to Ferguson, he found a different doctrine,—a doctrine that the roots of morality were planted in human nature; that there was an intuition of right and wrong in every conscience; that man was not intended to love himself alone, but was susceptible of disinterested affection; nay, that these disinterested affections were often more powerful than all the pleadings of conscience, and carried men into the noblest self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice. This conception laid powerful hold of his mind, and from that time he felt as if he were delivered into a fresh atmosphere, and able to look upon mankind with different eyes. The other fresh influence borne upon him was from a profound study of the evidences and characteristics of Christianity, which had never before been brought before him excepting through the medium of the pulpit. The moment he came in contact with Christianity, interpreted by his now illuminated and liberated nature, he felt its congeniality. He said, I found that for which I was made, and from that time I made my vow to devote myself to the service of God in teaching the universal principles of Christianity. After his college life was over, he took a tutorship: the tutorship was in Virginia, and it brought him into immediate and personal contact with slavery. It made him acquainted with the kind of society which slavery creates, and so uncongenial was it that he felt himself in a condition of almost absolute solitude. He went to that place with vigorous health, with high spirits, a perfect athlete in

his activity; but that solitude sunk him into depression. He became ascetic and miserable; and at the end of four years he left that position with broken health, an invalid filled with infirmities from which he never afterwards recovered. But one influence had been poured upon his mind. He had never before studied social questions. The touch of slavery induced him to do so. For a time, he fell under the fascination of some of those speculative writers that so abounded in that time, who held up the promise of a golden age for society. I refer to Rousseau, to Godwin, to Mary Wollstonecraft, to the English writers who called themselves Pantisocratists; that is to say, Southey and Coleridge, who had intended to go to America, to form an ideal society there. These speculations fascinated him; and he was delivered from these delusions only by that previous conversion, you may say, to the life of God, which enabled him to transfigure this mere picture of a secular golden age into the hope and promise of a true kingdom of God. With that experience, I take it, the various directions of his mind and affections were all brought out. No doubt, his nature grew enormously; but it grew in all dimensions, grew symmetrically upon all sides. And I cannot see that there is any fresh empire which he conquered after that time. He settled in Boston for a ministry of nearly forty years, a ministry first of all alone for twenty years, afterwards for sixteen years with a colleague to help him, and with an interval between of two years, highly interesting years, in which he visited this country and other countries of Europe. I will only mention one or two little things with regard to this particular visit, which I myself well remember. The two persons he was most anxious to see were the two poets, Coleridge and Wordsworth. He sought Coleridge first of all. Now Coleridge was a man who at that time was distinguished for the extraordinary acrimony with which he attacked the

theology which Channing himself professed. Coleridge had been a preacher of the theology in his youth, but he had changed, as most persons know; and, like many converts, he showed peculiar bitterness toward the views which he had renounced. Nevertheless, when he came in personal contact with Channing, there was something so winning, something so deep in his spiritual nature, that his prejudices seemed to be entirely conquered, and he used this remarkable expression after he had left him. He said: "Dr. Channing loves the good as the good, and the true as the true, with the righteous subordination of the latter to the former, that absolute justice to both which I declare from my heart of hearts appears to me to constitute the very rarest of human characters." Wordsworth he visited from Grasmere, where he was staying; but it might well be wished that the long conversations that they had had been reported to us. They were held, however, under conditions not very favorable to a report. He called upon Wordsworth; and, after a short stay, the philosopher, who was very fond of a walk, proposed to return on foot to Grasmere. After a little while, Channing became exhausted, within half a mile, and proposed that they should ride the rest of the way. Well, they both mounted the vehicle, and resumed their conversation; but the vehicle was a one-horse cart, and in those pre-macadamite days the roads of the Lake country were not particularly smooth, and this was not exactly a position in which to hold a Socratic dialogue, and their speculations no doubt were shaken to a mere fragmentary philosophy, the elements of which have never been reported to us. He left this country without visiting scarcely any of the friends who are connected with him socially. Well, now, I regard the period of his life that followed, by far the most prolific period, as that of which I should say the least. The period of his home ministry was that of his great sermons,—the

period which determined and defined his theology. The period of his colleagueship was the period of his great essays,— the essays upon Milton, upon Fénelon, upon Napoleon Bonaparte; and subsequently it was the period also of his noble and manly civil action upon the subject of slavery, and his splendid manifestoes against that abomination. Upon that subject, I shall say nothing.

I will now, therefore, advert to the second part of what I have to say; and that is, What is the spirit of the man, and what is the unity which blends together the parts of this various life? I will only make one further remark before I proceed to this, upon the personal features of his life. There is nothing strikes me more than this in it. He began his ministry in a kind of plaintive, pathetic, almost sad tone, with a profound sense of human evils, and with the deepest and almost desponding humility. The last years of his life were all brightness: he declared that the perfection which was revealed to the human heart was never intended to depress us and to make us feel despair at our shortcomings, but to present us with a kindling object, to present us with our future destiny,— the destiny which we may reach, if only we pursue it in faith and love. Accordingly, his depression ceased. His joy in nature, his delight in his friends, his hopes for society, became more and more exhilarated the older he grew; and, at last, his last days seemed to be almost days of triumph. But very few weeks before he died, he delivered one of the most delightful addresses which is to be found in his works. It was to commemorate for the third time the emancipation by England of her West Indian slaves. It was delivered upon the 1st of August, the day when the emancipation took place; and he said in a letter to a friend, "I have written this under the inspiration of the mountains; and the mountains, you know, are the holy land of liberty." That address breathes the very spirit of freedom and of joy:

it breathes a rare elevation, and it commands a wide horizon of human affairs. A few weeks after that, his call came to him. He was sitting among the Green Mountains of Vermont; and at sundown, upon the 2d of October, 1842, as his face was turned to the window to see the sinking glow upon the hills, his call came, and his spirit passed away as if in pursuit of the sinking light which he loved, as if he could not tear himself away from it; and he entered that perfect life which ever moved before his thought, and of which he has left us the prophecy and the foreview. Who would not utter the prayer that so the Father of Lights may glorify for us the west, when we shall sink to final rest? Now, I take it that throughout this tender and great life one thought and one faith constituted its cardinal point. I mean the faith in moral perfection as the essence of God, and as the supreme end, least developed, of our fellow-men as having potentially within them that very perfection which we recognize in the saints and heroes of mankind. It furnished him also with his social doctrine; for, if that be the nature and destination of man, then every power which suppresses or which perverts this moral nature, or prevents the unfolding of this mental and spiritual nature of man, is a wrong done to our fellow-men. But, if it can be remedied, it must be remedied. Therefore the State or society must exercise a brotherly guardianship over the poorer members, to remedy their ignorance; over its elements in thraldom, to redeem their slavery; over all who are put down by force; over, for example, the contentions of nations, which might be settled, or ought to be settled, by reason or by right from the necessity of settling them by the barbarous resort to force. All these social doctrines flow at once from this one principle.

So with regard to the future of each other: who can despair of the future of a being constituted as Channing conceived man to be constituted? Is that reason which is the

organ of truth, is that conscience which is the instrument for perceiving right, is that sense of beauty which is the adornment of life, to be forever under a cloud, forever suppressed, and never to burst through and declare what its efficacy and prerogatives are? It is impossible. He, therefore, anticipated that there must be a period of society in which all these faculties should assert their prerogatives and attain their true dignity. And so of the future of the individual soul: one who measures it by Channing's standard cannot but feel that the small limits of human years give but inadequate scope for the assertion of its real powers, and that another and a greater future must await it,—a future which will be proportionate to its conceptions and which will realize its ideals. Therefore, I say that this one idea is capable of application throughout the whole of life; and accordingly one thing is noticeable by every reader of Channing,—he tries everything really by this standard. Whatever be his subject, whether he follows the filibustering troops into Texas, whether he follows the armies of Napoleon or looks into the garrets of Boston under the guidance of Tuckerman, whether he treats of the character of Milton or of Fénelon, whatever the subject is, the same great thoughts are forever returning,— the grandeur of the human soul, the solemnity of duty, the difference between false and true glory,— these are the thoughts that continually turn up. I have heard fastidious *littérateurs* complain of this monotony of Channing's writings, of this uniformity. Why, I say you might as well complain of a teacher of mechanics that he wearies you with the law of gravitation, because that is a formula that he has to apply to every problem. One of the great signs of excellence of a large grand formula is that there is no end to the cases which it will resolve, and any one who can place himself in possession of such a one as will solve all prob-

lems takes his stand upon the highest altitudes of human intelligence. I know that this faith is looked upon in our day as a kind of romance. The heart of the present age is greatly depressed by the sense of the evils of society and of the degradations of large portions of mankind. Well, I even venture to say that this very feeling, instead of contradicting the doctrine of Channing, is the strongest confirmation of it. What inference do we draw from these sad and deplorable phenomena? Do we draw the inference that our nature is made for them, that it is upon the level, that they are the proper standard, that there is nothing else whatsoever in that nature except that which is seen upon those low steps of development? If so, I say these evils would never sadden us at all: if they were native to us, if they were what we were made for, they would no more sadden us than would the lower destination of the brutes. They would be akin, they would be in harmony with, the measure of our powers; and the reason why we are depressed is because we cannot bear to see a nature so great in a plight so vile. It is, therefore, a testimony to the inner consciousness we all have that we are made for better things; and accordingly the very tragic character of this, the very pathos of pessimism, is actually lent to it by the doctrine that it contradicts. It is, therefore, quite possible to face these great evils, and yet at the same time to hold this great faith. Surely, I need not remind you of Him who said, "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." Did that imply a forgetfulness of human sorrows, of human guilt, of human sin, or was this sublime precept given by One before whom the whole dark picture was revealed more than it has ever been to any human eye? So it was, as it seems to me, in Channing. He had a mind singularly sensitive to even the minor evils of life: he had what would be called a kind of

fastidiousness, which would recoil from every thing which was inharmonious, which was ugly, which was base. You cannot imagine a nature that shrank more from evil, and yet he never hid it from himself. Who has given descriptions of it that are more passionate, that are more awful, that are more touching? And yet, with this picture before him, his faith grew brighter and brighter as his years passed on. He said at last: "What mysteries we are to ourselves! Here am I, finding the cup of life sweeter as I approach to what are called its dregs; seeing the face of man more hopefully, seeing nature more glorious, and having the brightest hopes for society at the very time when I am most conscious of its evils." This, I take it, is a tender and a sublime feeling, which shows the absurdity of those oscillations between optimism and pessimism, which we find in weaker minds and weaker schools. The intensity of this faith in Channing showed itself in various ways, but especially in this. Throughout his discourse, you find a perpetual sighing, as it were, for some power to impress his convictions upon the minds of others. He says again and again: "Oh, that I had power to carry to your hearts the conviction of this great destiny of yours! Or if I had but a voice that could reach your soul, to convince you of that which God has designed for you!" Well, my friends, I ask you, May we not say, this night especially, that that prayer has been answered? That word of his surely has not gone forth from him and been made void. You cannot say that it is limited. Is it limited to his own land? Is it limited to the English tongue? No: from every part, we have almost a repetition of the miracle of Pentecost. From every tongue where European civilization spreads, from Ireland to Italy, that word of his has gone forth. And if those who have been touched to the heart by that word could fling their testimony into this hall at this very hour,

I ask you, do you not think we should stand in presence of a glorious chorus,—a chorus of the living and the dead, a chorus which commemorates the past, and a chorus which promises the future? And surely we may bless God with a thankful heart that he, being dead, so speaketh.

REV. J. BALDWIN BROWN'S ADDRESS.

The Rev. J. BALDWIN BROWN.—The brief paper which I have undertaken to read to you to-night will concern itself entirely with the character and work of Dr. Channing as a spiritual teacher. To that I confine myself, for I understand that the topics have been so distributed as to secure some sort of unity in the business of the evening.

St. Peter little suspected the range of the emancipation of thought and spirit of which he was the instrument, when he "perceived that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." 'God is ever guiding us into the same truth in relation to the creeds, but we have not fully perceived it yet. In truth, it is hard work for us, as it was hard work for Peter. But we must master the lesson, or this weak, struggling, distracted condition of the Church will prolong itself, to the sorrow and shame of all Christian souls. Few sentences more blighting to the germs which ripen into the fruits of the Spirit have been spoken in Christendom than the celebrated judgment that "the virtues of the heathen are but splendid vices." These words, and the thought which inspired them, have made the Church the witness against, and not to, the great human world through all the Christian ages, and have filled the sphere of Christian history with bitter enmities and fierce contentions, instead of with a light of divine love, golden and glorious as dawn, stealing on by gentle and yet triumphant processes, and at length flooding the earth with

the splendor of the perfect day. There can be no question, I fear, that the temptation of the churches is to transfer to the graces of their Christian rivals the judgment once formulated on the virtues of the heathen, and to look coldly and with dark suspicion on the signs of a noble and faithful life outside their own pale. That is, they are tempted to think of themselves, and not of their Master; of the credit of their creeds, and not of the Saviour.

I suppose that one of the chief curses of Christendom in all ages has been man's limitation of the kingdom of heaven. The Saviour saw it. "Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, will he find faith in the earth,"—faith in him and in his kingdom, and not in the parodies of it which man may set up in its stead, to mock the longing hope of mankind. One of the best and most hopeful features of the times in which we live is the measure in which this perception of Peter's is spreading among Christians. The churches are keen for their creeds still, and they are bound to be keen. I am not here to-night because I think lightly of the doctrinal belief which I hold in God manifest in the flesh. Our creeds, if they are worth anything, are something more than intellectual beliefs: they are modes of apprehending and realizing vital facts, which are deeply related to the noble and fair unfolding of the life. Life gathers its tone and tinge from what it feeds on, and we are bound to contend strenuously for what we believe to be the truth of God in the doctrine and discipline of the Christian Church. But the churches are opening the eyes of their understandings to see that there is one thing greater than their creeds, a Christ-like life, and to recognize and honor it wherever it may appear; nor are they startled and perplexed, as they once were, if they find it in a very pure and noble form quite outside their own pale. Two things, I think, among many others, are found very helpful

to this happy result. The first is the tremendous trial through which our common Christianity is passing. I will not call it a deadly trial, for it is well that we should remember that there is nothing in God's truth which can die, or even be in danger of dying; but still the trial is a searching one. The second is great Christian lives, of which a very noble typical example is that of William Ellery Channing. The assault on Christianity in these days is so determined, and so aimed at that which is most vital, that the lovers of the truth are drawn — I will not say driven — into closer fellowship by the apparent peril of that which they hold most dear.

The time of danger and pressure always brings out the unity in communities, and shows the diversities in their real proportion. "Blood is thicker than water," said the American captain, when he saw us hard pressed in China, and gallantly struck into the fray on our side. It was esteemed an omen of doom in the death struggle of the Jews that their deadly peril inflamed instead of mitigated their intestine hates. We are banded together, not to defend,— the truth wants less defence than we think,— but to maintain the truth of the gospel; and we rejoice, as we stand shoulder to shoulder, to find how much in heart and life we are due. I say the truth wants less defence than we think. We are not God's advocates, we are his witnesses. Speak the truth, live the truth, and cease your fancies. It will defend and advocate itself. But there can be no doubt that the assault which is now directed on the very foundations of the faith tends to band believers together in loving and holy fellowship. And it is not only the essentials of Christianity which are assailed: it is the essentials of humanity; the presence of a spirit in man, as well as the presence of a God in nature,— a Being with whom man can hold living communion, whose thoughts he can think out after him, and

whose presence will be the bliss of his heaven. And here I am thankful to be able to acknowledge publicly, on behalf of a great company, the deep debt of gratitude which we owe to your distinguished scholar and preacher, Dr. Martineau, for his noble and conclusive vindications of the reality of the spiritual sphere, without whose experiences, aspirations, and hopes, men would find, in the long run, that life was not worth the living; and when suicide would again rise to the dignity of an art, as it did in the days of imperial Rome. I think that some effectual part of Dr. Channing's mantle rests on Dr. Martineau. The essential dignity of man was the key-note of the deepest passages of his writings,—the dignity of man and the love of God, which is an essential part of that dignity; and it is precisely the spiritual dignity of man which Dr. Martineau has upheld with such convincing power against the philosophy, falsely so called, which would degrade it, and set it in the dust. The wisest Christian teacher whom I have ever known, the late A. J. Scott, of Manchester, said some thirty years ago, "A theology that shuts out human interests is teaching men a humanity that shuts out God and Christ." It was a remarkable forecast of what we see around us now. In the last generation, the dominant theology deliberately expelled the larger human interests from its sphere, and preached a kingdom of heaven whose principles and methods of administration, when brought out into the sunlight, simply revolted the heart and conscience of mankind. The present generation is striving strenuously to exclude God and Christ from the human sphere, and is bent on trying the experiment whether man's life, and the larger interests and activities of human society, cannot be made to flourish without any religion at all. That is the question which the assize of the "ermine-robed great world" is trying now. We may look on the progress of the experiment, not with composure ex-

actly,— the disturbance of sacred beliefs is too serious, the agony of doubt and mental conflict into which earnest minds and the young generation at large are plunged is too sad for such composure,— but certainly we may regard it without a shadow of alarm. Human life and Christian society need Christ, just as the earth needs the sun; and, when men have satisfied themselves by experiment,— they must satisfy themselves,— they will not take any account of it. The theologians for a time have lost (and I fear righteously lost) the confidence of the great world,— I say, when they have learned by experiment in what debased and distorted forms the fair flowers and fruits of life unfold themselves in the cold, dark shade of atheism, they will be the first to bring them out into the living sunlight once more. But this is the religious problem of our times,— the reconciliation of humanity with the theology of the Church; and there will be much sore pain and bitter strife before it is solved. Now, I reckon it the chief distinction of William Ellery Channing that he was one of the first to see with clear eye the disastrous tendencies of the dominant theology, and certainly one of the first to contend against it with passionate earnestness, which made him a kind of prophet in his times. His inmost soul revolted — and I touch here the centre of his theological system, in the space at my command I can deal only with central points — against that interior schism in the divine nature which the popular language of the dominant Evangelical school seemed to imply. The Son, representing mercy, acting on the Father, representing justice, by means of an infinite sacrifice of pain, and moving him by the compensation of a costly atonement to let his mercy lighten on the world,— that interior schism, which the fundamental tenets of Calvinism seem to me to imply, presented to the world such a conception of the divine nature and ways as rendered Unitarianism inevitable as a protest;

and there, you will forgive me for saying, though you will not agree with me, I believe that its function ends. But thus far it was needed; and Channing gave voice to that protest with a fire, a depth of conviction, a persuasive eloquence, and, I will add, with an Evangelical fervor, which to me is Channing's chief charm among many noble and conspicuous qualities, which were unmatched in his generation, and almost in our own. One thing he saw with marvellous clearness,— and it is about the finest thing in the universe to see,—the unity of the divine counsel, the divine thought, the divine love in the work of human redemption. From first to last, it was in his sight the blessed and glorious work of the divine Son. I should say that the key-thought of his theology was this deep sentence of St. Paul, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself," not Christ reconciling God to the world, but God in Christ, originating, carrying on, and completing the work of the redemption of mankind.

I should say that few Evangelical preachers have felt so deeply, certainly few have experienced so powerfully, the wealth of the attractive, regenerating, sanctifying power which the Son of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord, supplied to the world. Here is the human as well as the divine gospel,— a gospel which will bear the full sunlight of man's reason, and will only reveal new depths of wisdom as well as love to explore. And if ever there is to be a reconciliation of the creeds of Christendom, if ever Trinitarian and Unitarian are to be gathered in the bosom of one Church, it must be on the basis of the Unity of Father, Son, and Spirit in the redemption, the restoration, and the rule of the great human world. This gospel Channing proclaimed with a freshness and a convincing power which had their springs partly in the singular strength of his intellectual conviction, but mainly in the fervor of his spiritual

life. He spoke with the force and certainty of a prophet, and men listened to him as to one who was inspired. Channing saw full clearly that, if Christianity was the universal religion for man in all states, in all places, and for all time, it must include the whole field of man's legitimate interests and activities within its sphere. There was no human interest, there was nothing which promised any measure of benediction to mankind, which he did not connect by natural necessity with the gospel. It is not enough to say that he was about the most eminent philanthropist of his time,—a leader and an early leader, in all those great movements which have added so much to the dignity of life and the happiness of mankind. About slavery, about drunkenness, about war, about education, about contact with the ministry to the poor, you will find him early in the century forecasting the line of Christian and social progress, which, at the end of the century, we are following still with a rich harvest of blessing. He had to struggle hard, and at the cost of much personal suffering, to work into the mind and heart of Christians ideas and habits of action on social matters which are now the familiar things of Christian wisdom and the daily paths of Christian love. He had wonderful insight, too, into the position and mission of England. And I think that one of the noblest passages in his writings is that in which he traces the service which England had rendered to humanity in her long, stern struggle with Napoleon, and deprecates and censures the newly declared war. Many a noble passage, too, do his works contain on that course of public policy which maintains the strength and dignity of nations, that course from which we Englishmen have sadly wandered, but to which, thank God, we have now with full intelligence and steadfast purpose returned. All this I might say, and support by manifold and striking extracts; but I made up my mind that there would be no space for extracts without

infringing on time which will be employed to high purpose by others. So I must beg you to believe, what no doubt many of you know perfectly well, that all which I advance I could support by ample quotations, if I had time. But it is not enough to say this: it is only a part, and, I venture to think, the least part, of the truth. All his philanthropic work was the fruit of most sacred religious conviction. He was philanthropist and reformer, because he was a Christian in days when such Christians were few; and this threw into his advocacy of these great measures of mercy and progress (the task of dilating on which is committed to other and more competent hands) a constraining and convincing power such as religious belief alone lends to the argument of progress. He threw himself with characteristic ardor into every movement which promised to forward the secular improvement of men and things around him, because he found in it his gospel,—just as in an earlier age the "yea, yea," and "nay, nay," of George Fox and his Quakers, in all their commercial transactions, first established the all-important commercial principle of fixed price in retail trade. The book has yet to be written which shall show what society owes to religion in quickening and cherishing through their infancy the germs of all its most important reformers.

Another of the key-thoughts of Channing's religious system was the essential dignity of our human nature, which had been systematically vilified—I can use no other words —by the dominant theological school. I have read in theological works of high repute statements about our human nature which equally dishonored the wisdom which created it and stultified the love which redeemed it. To Channing's eye, our nature, fallen, discrowned, dishevelled as it is, still bore sacred marks of the touch of the divine finger, and was not dignified only, but glorified by the incarnation. Some of the very finest passages in his writings have for their

text, I here quote his own words, "human nature glorified in Jesus." In truth, those large, spiritual, and most Christian ideas about man and God which the old Broad-Church party, of which the ever beloved and honored Frederic Denison Maurice was the founder, may be found writ large early in the century in Channing's discourses, while at the same time — and I believe that every great leader of a lasting progress combines two great streams of tendency — he combined with it the passionate fervor, the intense personal piety, the burning love to Christ, which finds utterance in Wesley's, Newton's, and Toplady's hymns, and which characterized the most Evangelical of the Evangelical school.

And this leads me on, in closing, to the noblest and the deepest source of Channing's influence on mankind,— his life. There is much in his books, as we have seen, to account for his influence, though there is in his style a fertility of words and a reiteration of thoughts which is just a little wearisome to us in these days. But then we must remind ourselves that this new literature in his days was young; and young things are endowed with a copiousness and facility which are not without their uses, and which mature into felicity in time. And, further, these great themes which occupied his pen, familiar now to us as daily bread and sunlight, had to be pressed by constant reiteration, "line upon line and precept upon precept," on the heart and conscience of mankind. Still, there is a want in his style, though it is powerful and eloquent, of the subtle, opalescent charm, that ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα which Æschylus saw in the ocean, and which plays over the pages of the great scholarly master of style in the literature of the world. But, then, there was something larger and deeper than charm. There was a force there which mastered and compelled men. There was electric fire that set them in vital movement; there was the ring of intense personal conviction; there was the expression which none could miss, of a great, noble, self-sacrificing life.

And here I touch the chief point of all, and with this I close. A man's worth to the world, after all, depends on what he is, and not on what he says, or even what he does. The Life was the light of men, is the light of men, and will be to the end of time. What Channing was as a preacher and leader of progress is a great thing: the greatest was what he was in his own soul. If you want to know what he was as a preacher, you must not only sit with the throng which gathered to hear his burning words, which hung upon his lips and listened breathless while Christ's ambassador pleaded as with Christ's own earnestness with human souls: you must follow him to his study; you must read his diary; you must catch the outbreathing of his inmost spirit to his Master; you must watch him breathing importunate prayer for the souls of men. I know not anything within the whole compass of theological literature more calculated than Dr. Channing's diary to impress young preachers with a solemn, almost an awful sense of the sacredness of their vocation, and to cast them on the Master's grace in fulfilling it. "One thing I do," he could say, if ever man could say it, with an honest heart. And men observed him as a man whose whole being was consecrated to what he believed to be the greatest of missions, and who, if he preached Christianity fervently from his pulpit, would have preached Christ as fervently from the rack and the stake, and would have gloried, like Paul, in being counted worthy to suffer loss and even death for his name. And beneath all this, the basis of it all, its strong, unfailing support, was his inner fidelity, simplicity, and piety as a man. He lived to God. God was in all his thoughts. Truly his fellowship was with the Father, and with the son Jesus Christ. He felt, as few men have ever felt, the attraction of his Master's example, the inspiration of his Master's purpose, the constraining power of his Master's love. "The

love of Christ constraineth me," expressed the inner secret of his life. And because he lived a Christian of a very noble and lofty type in the deep recesses of his own spirit, always aspiring after the divine likeness and seeking ever fuller and yet fuller satisfaction in the contemplation of the divine perfectness and the communings of the divine love, he was able to be as a beacon-light in his generation to a great multitude, not in his own country only, but throughout the world. It was given to him to work out for his own generation the path of a noble, lasting, and fruitful progress; and now that he is gone, "being dead, he yet speaketh." He is speaking here to-night,—yes, and the light of his life still flashes on far before us, and marks the line for our advancing steps. For himself, he has heard the word of the Master, "Go thou thy way until the end be: thou shalt rest, and shalt stand in thy lot in the end of the days." And then few, I think, among earth's great ones, will be crowned with more illustrious honor in the day "when the teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and those that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

ADDRESS OF MR. THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C.

Mr. Chairman and Friends,—The paper which I have been asked to read is entirely upon Channing as the anti-slavery prophet. I feel it to be an honor to be allowed to take part in this festival, and to speak of Dr. Channing as one of that band of men and women who, fifty years ago, made the cause of the slave their own in the United States, and in the face of rebuke and discouragement from society and the churches, and of danger to life and property from the mob, persevered, through evil report and good report, until the victory was achieved, and the flag of the Great Republic, like our own, waved over none but freemen. I do

not know how far you who are gathered here to-day in memory of a great and good man may agree with me; but to me it has long seemed that to that band belongs the highest place as benefactors of our race in this strange and eventful century,— that the seeker for heroic and Christian lives, for the simplest, the truest, the bravest followers of the Son of Man, will have to turn to the abolitionists of New England. I do not forget — I am proud always to remember — that Old England led the way, and that the struggle here, too, was one which tried men's hearts and reins. But honor to whom honor is due; and if we will try to think what our anti-slavery movement would have been, had our eight hundred thousand slaves been scattered over the southern counties of England instead of over islands thousands of miles away, and had belonged by law to the noblemen and squires in those counties more strictly than their rabbits and hares belong to them, we shall have little hesitation, I think, in yielding freely the foremost place to the group of New Englanders among whom Channing stood out a noteworthy figure,— in some respects, undoubtedly, the most noteworthy of all. Yes, as Mr. Lowell sings: —

> "All honor and praise to the women and men
> Who spake out for the dumb and the down-trodden then!
> I need not to name them. Already for each
> I see History preparing the stake and the niche.
> They were harsh; but shall you be so shocked at hard words,
> Who have beaten your pruning-hooks up into swords?
> Your calling them cut-throats and knaves all day long
> Don't prove that the use of hard language is wrong.
> You needn't look shy at your sisters and brothers
> Who stabbed with sharp words for the freedom of others.
> No: a wreath, twine a wreath, for the loyal and true
> Who, for sake of the many, dared stand with the few,—
> Not of blood-spattered laurel for the enemies braved,
> But of broad, peaceful oak-leaves for citizens saved!"

This defence which he who was to become one of their

most powerful voices here finds himself driven to make for the abolitionists, was never needed for Channing; and it is for this reason that I have referred to him as perhaps the most noteworthy of them all. For in all the excitement of a controversy which he felt to be for the life itself, and to be going down to the roots of things; when the religious and respectable world shrank from the side of the teacher they had pretended to love and honor for thirty years; when the finger of hatred and scorn was pointed at him in an all but unanimous press, as the fomenter of revolution and the associate of felons and fanatics,— no word ever fell from his lips or pen which was not weighted with consideration for and sympathy with his enemies, and generous allowance for the difficulties of the Southern slave-owner. In his first great anti-slavery manifesto, his Letter to H. Clay on the Annexation of Texas, he speaks of his own early residence in the South, and his life-long attachment to them. "There is something singularly captivating in the unbounded hospitality, the impulsive generosity, the carelessness for the future, the frank, open manners, the buoyant spirit and courage, which marks the people"; and from this he never swerved in later years, when the contest had become envenomed. "Hitherto, the Christian world has made very little progress in assailing and overcoming evil," was one of his sayings; and it was with scrupulous care that he strove to set some example of the divine method in the great controversy of his own time.

Let me now, as briefly as possible, recall the position of the question of 1830. The struggle in England was drawing to an end. Those of you who are old enough will recollect those days, when children were brought up to use no sugar, and to give every penny they could call their own for the cause of the slave. How the time was one of bright hope and enthusiastic work, for the goal was full in view!

On the 1st of August, 1834, the Act passed, and emancipation was a fact. In the United States, it was far otherwise. There, year by year, the prospect was growing darker, and the clouds were gathering. The Southern tone had changed under the strain of the immense development of the cotton trade. Instead of lamenting slavery as an evil inheritance from their fathers, which was to be curtailed by every prudent method, and finally extinguished, Calhoun and the Southern leaders were now openly proclaiming it to be the true condition of the laborer and the mainstay of society. They were looking round eagerly for new slave States, to balance the steady increase of free States in the North, and by savage word and savage act were challenging and trying to stamp out every attempt to interfere with their domestic institution. Their challenge had been formally accepted, and the gage of battle taken up in these very months. It was in this winter of 1830–31 that Garrison, the immortal journeyman printer, by extraordinary energy, got out the first number of the *Liberator*, declaring slavery to be a "league with death and covenant with hell," and pledging himself and his friends to war with it to the bitter end. Their watchword was uncompromising, immediate emancipation. It was in this same winter that Channing went to spend some months at St. Croix. He had not been in a slave State since his boyhood, and he returned with all his old impressions confirmed and strengthened. Slavery he felt to be even a greater curse to the world than he had always proclaimed it. So he preached on his return to New England, and at the same time showed much interest in the work of Garrison, and the uncompromising party, pleading for them that "deeply moved souls will speak strongly, sought to speak so as to move and shake nations." No wonder that they turned eagerly to him in the hope that he would join them openly and lead their attack. But for the moment this

could not be: the temper of the combatants, waxing fiercer day by day, was a barrier which he could not cross as yet; and no doubt the social ostracism — so formidable to one who has for a generation stood foremost — among those whom his countrymen delighted to honor weighed somewhat with him. He could defend the abolitionists as "men moved by a passionate devotion to truth and freedom," which led them to speak "with an indignant energy which ought not to be measured by the standard of ordinary times," but join them at once he could not. And they, in their disappointment, were almost ready to denounce him as one of those recreants who are addressed in the first stirring appeal in the *Biglow Papers*: —

"Wall, go along to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pens to cram with slaves;
Help the men that's ollers dealin'
Insults on your fathers' graves;

"Help the strong to grind the feeble;
Help the many agin the few;
Help the men that call your people
Whitewashed slaves and peddlin' crew.

"Hain't they sold your colored seamen?
Hain't they made your envys wiz?
Wut'll make ye act like freemen?
Wut'll get your dander riz?"

The question whether Channing would have done well to join the abolitionists at once will always remain fairly debatable, and will be settled by each of us according to the strength of his own fighting instinct. Those who blame him for delaying can at any rate call himself as a witness on their side. When at the end of 1834 the Rev. Samuel May, General Agent of the Boston Anti-slavery Society, in answer to Channing's expostulations as to the harshness and violence of their language, and the heat and one-sidedness of the abolitionist meetings, turned upon him with: "Why,

then, have you left the movement in young and inexperienced hands? Why, sir, have you not moved, why have you not spoken before?" Channing, after a pause, replied in his kindest tones: "Brother May, I acknowledge the justice of the reproof. I have been silent too long." Looking, however, at the man's age and character, I cannot myself join in casting blame on Channing. Other men might have deserved reproach for not emphasizing their convictions in this way, but not he. At school, he had gained the name of the Peacemaker. He had been true to that character for half a century. While a gleam of hope remained that the South might even yet move in the direction of abolition, a gentle firmness of remonstrance was the only weapon he could conscientiously sanction. And there was still such a gleam of hope in the lurid clouds. As late as 1832, the question of abolition had been discussed in the Virginian legislature. Some few of the best Southern public men still held the old doctrine, and were ready to work for gradual emancipation. They were even doing so by a colonization society, and other stop-gaps, the hollowness and worthlessness of which had not yet been proved. The peacemaker might still prevail. But now the time had indeed come when farther hesitation would have left a stain on his armor.

I have said that the South were on the lookout for new territories into which to carry their slaves, and the devil rarely fails to find what they are in search of for men in that frame of mind. We must once more go back for a few years. In 1827, the Spanish American Colonies had gained their independence. Mexico, the chief of them, and the nearest neighbor to the United States, had from the first looked up to the Republic with hope and admiration. But from her great elder sister no response came. Her goodwill was coldly put aside, for she had declared freedom to all slaves in her borders; and these borders, unhappily for her,

comprised a magnificent territory called Texas, as large as any four States of the Union, and eminently fitted for cotton-growing, and therefore for slave-labor. The temptation of this Naboth's vineyard soon proved too strong for the slave-holders, and an immigration of planters and slaves set in. The Mexican Government remonstrated; and high words ended in a declaration of independence by the new settlers, and fighting, which must soon have resulted in their defeat — for they scarcely amounted to twenty thousand in all — but for the constant replenishment of their ranks by bands of filibusters from the other side of the Mississippi. By this means, Texas maintained a precarious kind of independence, which she was endeavoring to convert into annexation to the Union. For some time, every American statesman scouted so shameless a proposal; but, by degrees, the value of the country began to impress the slave States more and more. Talk of "manifest destiny" began to be heard not only in the New Orleans *Picayune* and in border ruffian meetings, but within the walls of Congress, till in 1835–36 it became clear that annexation, involving almost certain war with Mexico, was about to be submitted to the great council of the nation. Here, then, was a new departure, involving on the part of the nation a sanction of slavery such as had never yet been tolerated. Already Channing had begun to redeem his pledge. He had published a volume on Slavery, taking firm ground against the furious madness of the Southerners, who were calling for the suppression of anti-slavery publications, and setting prices on the heads of leading abolitionists; and against the more odious respectable Northern mobs, which even in Boston had broken up meetings, and had dragged Garrison through the streets with a halter round his neck, intent on hanging him. Channing had also opened his pulpit to May, the general agent of the anti-slavery societies. Now, he stepped for-

ward as a leader, and stood frankly side by side with the abolitionists. Selecting for his correspondent Henry Clay, of Kentucky, the best and most moderate of Southern politicians, he addressed to him the most famous of his political writings,— the Letter on the Annexation of Texas. I have already quoted from this one of many passages which show his friendly temper toward the Southern slave-holders; but the most thorough-going abolitionist could take no exception to the firmness of the position taken or the power with which it was held. Time will only allow me to give the briefest outline of this masterly paper. Congress, Channing said, is about to be called on to decide whether Texas shall be annexed to the Union. Public questions have not been those on which my work has been spent. But no one speaks, the danger presses, and I cannot be silent. There are crimes which in their magnitude have a touch of the sublime, and this will be one of them. The current excesses only make it more odious. The annexationists talk of their zeal for freedom! What they really mean is their passion for unrighteous spoil. Of manifest destiny! Away with such vile sophistry! There can be no necessity for crime. Mexico came to us seven years ago, a sister republic, just escaped from the yoke of a European tyranny, looking to us hopefully for good-will and sympathy. Instead of these, in our unholy greed, we have sent them land speculators and ruffians, who are waging war against a nation to which we owed protection against such assaults. Is the time never to come when the neighborhood of a more powerful and civilized people will prove a blessing and not a curse to an inferior community? But the crime is aggravated by the real cause of it,— the extension and perpetuation of the slave-trade. What will other nations — what, especially, will England — say to it? We hope to prop up slavery by this filibustering; but the fall of slavery is as

sure as the fall of your own Ohio to the sea. A nation provoking war by cupidity, by encroachment, and, above all, by efforts to spread slavery, is alike false to itself, to God, and to the human race. You are entering on a new and fatal path. Let the spread and perpetuation of slavery be once systematized and proposed as a Southern policy, and a new feeling will burst forth in the North. Let Texas be once annexed, and there can be no more peace for us. We may not see the catastrophe of the tragedy, the first scene of which we seem so ready to enact. We who are enlarging the borders of slavery, when all over Christendom there are signs of a growing elevation of the poor in every other country,— we are sinking below the civilization of our day; we are inviting the scorn, indignation, and abhorrence of the world. In short, this proposed measure will exert a disastrous influence on the moral sentiments and principles of this country by sanctioning plunder, by inflaming cupidity, by encouraging lawless speculation, by bringing into the confederacy a community whose whole history and circumstances are adverse to moral order and wholesome restraint, by violating national faith, by proposing immoral and inhuman ends, by placing us, as a people, in opposition to the efforts of philanthropy and the advancing movements of the civilized world. Freedom is fighting her battle in the world with long enough odds against her already. Let us not give new chances to her foes.

I fear I can have hardly succeeded in giving you even a faint notion of the power of argument and beauty of style of this splendid protest. Occasions for speech now crowded on him thick and fast. In July, 1836, a mob sacked the office of the *Philanthropist* at Cincinnati, and drove Mr. Birney, its editor, from that city. Channing could not rest till he had written him the noble letter (published in his collected works under the title "The Abolitionists"), ex-

horting him and his friends to hold fast the right of free discussion, but to exercise it as Christians. "The cross is the badge and standard of our religion. I honor all who bear it. I look with scorn on the selfish greatness of this world, and with pity upon the most gifted and prosperous in the struggle for office and power; but I look with reverence on the obscurest man who suffers for the right, who is true to a good but persecuted cause." But his complete identification with the abolitionists did not come till the next year. In November, 1837, the office of the Alton *Observer* in Illinois was attacked, sacked, and its owner and editor, Lovejoy, the friend and fellow-worker of Garrison, killed while defending his property. New England's respectability was fairly startled at last. It was resolved by gentlemen of position, who had no dealings with abolitionists, that a meeting must be held in Faneuil Hall, to protest against this and other acts of murderous violence, and to maintain the threatened right of free speech. A petition for the use of the hall was prepared. And the first signature was Channing's, over those of Sewall, Sturges, and others of the best blood in Boston. The Board of Aldermen refused the hall; but the response from the whole Bay State to a temperate letter of Channing's in the *Daily Advertiser* soon convinced them that they had gone too far. The hall was granted, and the meeting held on December 8; and Channing proposed resolutions in favor of freedom of speech and meeting, prepared by himself. When these had been seconded, the Attorney-General of Massachusetts rose, and, in a speech in which he likened the Alton mob to the fathers of the Revolution, opposed the resolutions. The meeting wavered; and they would probably have been lost but for the speech of an unknown youth, who has since proved himself the greatest of anti-slavery orators, Mr. Wendell Phillips. The resolutions were carried in the end by acclamation, and for the moment the cause of

freedom triumphed in Boston. But too soon the clouds gathered again, swiftly and ominously; and, from that time till his death, in 1842, Channing's soul was vexed and his patience tried by the blind fury and malignity with which the slave-owner's cause was pressed, and the frequent unwisdom and needless provocation with which the assault was met. Within a few days of the Faneuil Hall meeting, when a weak or vain man would have been glorying in his triumph, he addressed a letter to the *Liberator*, calling on the abolitionists to show their disapproval of Lovejoy's use of force at Alton. "You are a growing party, burning with righteous zeal," he urged; "but you are distrusted and hated by a multitude of your fellow-citizens. Here are the seeds of deadly strife, conflicts, bloodshed. Show your forbearance now, that you will not meet force by force. Trust in the laws and the moral sympathy of the community. Try the power of suffering for truth: the first Christians tried it among communities more ferocious than ours, and prevailed."

And now he himself had to bear bitter humiliation for the truth's sake, such as the refusal of the committee of his own church to allow a service connected with the death of his friend Charles Follen, a leading abolitionist. Yet he continued his work faithfully and even hopefully, speaking out at every dangerous turn in the conflict which was raging round him. His chief remaining works in connection with the slavery question are: "The Duty of the Free States," in which he defends the English Government for refusing to surrender a slave cargo who had overpowered the officers and crew, and had carried the brig "Creole" into Nassau; and "Emancipation," a tract on the great triumph in the West Indies. They are as thorough and able as the best of his works, and must be read by all who desire to know the length and breadth of the strength of his charity. As Eng-

lishmen, however, we may be allowed to refer with special pride to the last public utterance of his saint-like life. In the summer of 1842, he was dying slowly in the lovely Berkshire hills, when the return of August 1st, the anniversary of emancipation in the West Indies, once more inspired him to lift up his voice for the outcast and the oppressed. To the men and women of Berkshire, he spoke of the emancipation of the eight hundred thousand British slaves, begun eight and finally completed four years before. While giving full credit to the nation and the men who had been the instruments,— Christian men who had carried through their work against prejudice, custom, interest, opulence, pride, and civil power, against the whole weight of the commercial class thrown into the other scale,— he repeats once more: "Emancipation was the fruit of Christian principle acting on the mind and heart of a great people. The liberator of the slaves was Jesus Christ." And these are the last words he ever spoke in public: "The song 'On earth peace' will not always sound as a fiction. Oh, come, thou kingdom of God, for which we daily pray! Come, Friend and Saviour of the race, who didst shed thy blood on the cross to reconcile man to man and earth to heaven! Come, ye predicted ages of righteousness! Come, Almighty Father, and crown with thine omnipotence the humble striving of thy children to subvert oppression and wrong, to speak light and freedom, peace and joy, the truth and spirit of thy Son through the whole earth."

These were the last words of the great Christian leader of the New England abolitionists. He died before his country had committed the great wrong whose issues he had so clearly seen. The war with Mexico was declared in 1848, Texas and California were annexed; and, as Channing prophesied, all hope of peace between North and South, while slavery survived, vanished from that hour.

Then followed twelve feverish years of futile compromise and smouldering civil war, the fugitive slave law, the free soil crusade in Kansas, the raid of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, culminating in secession, and the extinction of slavery in the Union in torrents of the best blood of the Republic, poured out at last like water, to redeem that strange New World as the glorious inheritance of all men, without distinction of race, color, or condition. All honor to the brave and true souls who led the forlorn hope, and to him, the wisest and greatest, and not the least firm, of all, whose memory we are to-day to keep green and fresh in men's minds! In thinking of his anti-slavery record, does not the lesson read somehow thus? There are times when it would seem that great causes in this mysterious battle-field of our race can only be upheld by an enthusiasm which can see but one side, backed by the strong arm prompt to return blow for blow. But such crises can only arise in human affairs from the failure of true insight, patience, charity, at some earlier stage of the drama. And, on the whole, we shall best serve God's purpose by bearing steadily in mind that the victory of the Son of Man, which alone has made any and all victories possible for his brethren, was won for our race by Him of whom it is said by the inspired seer: "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto truth. He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law."

The CHAIRMAN said that Mr. Sturge had been asked to read a paper on Channing as the opponent of slavery, but he was unable to be present at the meeting. He had, however, sent a long letter, portions of which would now be read.

The Rev. H. IERSON.— Mr. Sturge, after speaking of the

great fight that Channing carried on against slavery in America, says: "I had never the privilege of a personal acquaintance with Dr. Channing; but, in the year 1840, my late brother, Joseph Sturge, undertook a mission to America, with the main object of attacking the apathy on this question, which then but too largely pervaded the Society of Friends of that country. In this, he had the able and effective co-operation of John Whittier, and the work was blessed with no little success; and it was on his return that he gave descriptions of Dr. Channing and the warfare that he was urging as to place me almost as much *en rapport* with Dr. Channing as though I had known him in the flesh. Forty years have not effaced these impressions; and they impel me to add my feeble testimony to that of the gentlemen who meet to-morrow, that the memory of the just is blessed.

The Rev. Dr. MARTINEAU.—I hold in my hand a short paper communicated by the Dean of Westminster, which he requested me to read to the meeting.

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER'S ADDRESS.

When at Boston two years ago, I visited in the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn, overlooking the river Charles, the grave of William Channing. I saw on his tomb the inscription which tells that he was honored, not only by the Christian society of which for nearly forty years he was pastor, but throughout Christendom. This sentiment of universal respect was testified in America on the day of his funeral, by the mourning of all Boston, when the bells of the Roman Catholic chapel joined with those of church, chapel, and meeting-house of all Protestant communities in tolling for the loss of one whom all esteemed and lamented. This sentiment, irrespective of the peculiar opinions he

professed or the peculiar sect to which he belonged, was not confined to his native country. With the exception of Jonathan Edwards and Dr. Robinson, the fame of Channing was, until recently, the only standard of American theology which had reached the continent of Europe. It is not often that the great French review which bears the name of the *Two Worlds* condescends to notice any English-speaking divine.

One of the few exceptions was in the thoughtful and brilliant article written by Rémusat, on the life and writings of Channing; and, in Germany, the venerable and illustrious Döllinger is reported to have said that, with one exception, Channing was the only theologian that the Americans had produced. What is it, we may ask, which justifies this wide-spread fame? What is it which justifies the celebration of the centenary of Channing's birth on both sides of the Atlantic? First, let me speak of the effects of his character. He was one of the rare instances, rare in all ages of mankind, of a man in whom was combined the dignity and moderation of a high ecclesiastic, or, if we choose so to put it, of a calm philosopher, with a courageous enthusiasm on behalf of the more practical and popular objects of philanthropy. Such a union was, to a certain extent, seen in the career of Thomas Arnold in the Church of England and Thomas Chalmers in the Church of Scotland; but perhaps neither of these distinguished men, superior as they may be in other respects, presented so striking a contrast of qualities as in the union of the shrinking, cautious temperament of which so many curious tales are rife to this day in Boston, with the generous, outspoken expression of what was then in that city the unpopular and unattractive cause of the abolition of slavery.

A character of this kind is doubly precious, because, on the one hand, it helps to justify in the hearts of other

reformers of a wild and, so to speak, revolutionary tendency the value of repose, and, on the other hand, it tends to redeem the views of philanthropic zeal from the reproach which the recklessness and folly of their adherents often provoke from the more reasonable and moderate champions of light and sweetness. Secondly, he combined what is rare in any country, but perhaps most rare in his own, an unquestionable patriotism with a large comprehension and apprehension of the glories of other countries. He loved with a passionate love the scenes of his early childhood in the charming town of Newport. "No spot on earth," he said, "helped to form me like that beach." It is, indeed, a curious reflection, as we pass along that stretch of sands and those projecting crags which overlook the vast roll of the Atlantic waters, that the same spot should have nourished two spirits so far asunder in their respective careers, yet so similar in their high aspirations, as Channing and our own Berkeley. What Boston, the intellectual centre of America, was to him, and what he as its intellectual leader was to Boston, it is needless to describe; but, nevertheless, he never surrendered himself to the besetting temptation which leads so many of his countrymen to regard America as the only land of promise, the only sphere of moral and intellectual progress. No Frenchman, be he Catholic or Protestant, could have taken a more appreciative view of the character and writings of Fénelon than Channing, in an essay which he has devoted to the character and writings of the Archbishop of Cambray; and no Englishman could have been fired with a warmer zeal for the greatness and glory of Britain during the Napoleonic war than was this son of England's revolted children. The proof of this, larger than any local or parochial sympathy, is found in the fact that not once only, nor in one generation only, Channing's sermons have been preached in the pulpit at the Met-

ropolitan Cathedral without affording the opportunity for a critical congregation to detect by any utterance of provincial accent or thought the source from which they proceeded.

But if this universality of his sympathy found its deep expression in the catholicity of his religious sentiments, belonging as he did to the Unitarian communion, which at that time almost formed what we may call the Established Church at Boston, he yet rose far above it and beyond it, both in his particular expressions and his general aspirations. "I value Unitarianism," he said, "not as a perfect system, but as encouraging freedom of thought, and as breathing a mild and tolerant spirit into the members of the whole Christian body. I am little of a Unitarian. I stand aloof from all those who stand and pray for a clearer light, who look for a purer and more effectual manifestation of Christian faith. I have little or no interest in Unitarianism as a sect." He strove, if we may use his own words, to seize the true idea of Christ's character, to trace in his history the working of his soul, to comprehend the divinity of his spirit; he strove to rise above what was local, temporary, and partial in that teaching to its universal, all-comprehending truths. Without entering into details, for which this occasion would be unsuitable, it is sufficient to say that any one who desires to exercise a permanent influence over the future must breathe more or less of the spirit which animated this truly Christian philosopher. "He is a philosopher," said Coleridge, "in both possible senses of the word: he has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love." Every one, of whatever church, who identifies his teaching with the peculiar phrases in which by ancient formularies or modern party spirit the temporary tendencies of this or that church may have been expressed, clogs the upward and onward course of his words with an incumbrance which in after years will prove a serious obstacle to his reception on the roll of those whose

works will live in every age and every country. Channing keenly felt the insufficiency not only of the past, but of the present. "Till a new reverence for truth," he said, "such as, I fear, is not now felt, takes possession of some gifted minds, we shall make but little progress. The true reformation is yet to come. The time is perhaps at hand, when all our present sects will live only in history. Could I see before I die but a small gathering of men penetrated with reverence for humanity and the spirit of freedom, and with faith in a more Christian constitution of society, I should be content." It is this appreciation of a fuller truth than he had himself attained which places him in that succession of gifted men whose thoughts formed the golden age of Christian theology. Origen, Clement of Alexandria, in their better and more lucid state, Chrysostom and Augustine, Erasmus in the sixteenth century, Falkland and Tillotson in the seventeenth, the serener atmosphere and freer thoughts which formed the background of the vigorous mind of Butler, the vigorous common-sense of Paley, and the generous enthusiasm of Wesley in the eighteenth century, Frederick Robertson and Dean Milman in the nineteenth century,— to speak only of the dead, and not of the living,— it is among these that Channing will take his place as having contributed in no mean degree toward the right appreciation of the right, and toward fixing the attention of Christendom on the moral and spiritual, and which is also, for that reason, the truly divine, the truly permanent, supernatural element of Christianity.

DR. W. B. CARPENTER'S ADDRESS.

Dr. CARPENTER: *Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,*— At this late hour of the evening I shall confine myself to a very few words to express my heartiest accordance with all that has been said in regard to the worth and the vast influ-

ence of the great man whose centenary we are here met to commemorate. And let me begin with two little anecdotes which will show the extent of that influence. As long ago as the year 1827, I was staying with my father at Newport in the Isle of Wight, I being then little more than a boy; and he became acquainted, through the introduction of a friend, with the minister of the Independent Chapel in that town. Channing's essay upon Milton had then recently reached this country; and he found that young minister in a state of the highest excitement, reading the essay, walking up and down his study. His spirit was stirred within him: he said that he could not sit still while he read it. The earnest utterances of that essay on behalf of freedom, which were not surpassed by Jeremy Taylor in his *Liberty of Prophesying*, or by Milton himself in his vigorous protests, stirred the mind of this young minister; and I will now tell you who that young minister was,—Thomas Binney. You all know what an important influence Thomas Binney, who removed to London two years after that, exercised in that great movement of thought, which has completely altered the aspect of the theology of the Congregational body, as, I am sure, my friend Mr. Brown will agree with me. Another little anecdote refers to a very recent time. I take a very great interest in the advance of free thought in the various sections of the great Scottish Presbyterian Church, and early association has led me to keep up communication with many of its leaders. In correspondence with a friend last year, I found that even in the straitest sect of Scottish Calvinism there is an opinion held that Channing and Martineau must be subjects of the uncovenanted mercies of God. They, of course, restrict to themselves the covenanted mercies; but they feel that such men must come within the recognition of that great Being who looks upon all alike. Now, I am asked to say some

words with reference to Channing's advocacy of all movements relating to the elevation of the human race. His recognition of the dignity of human nature has been so ably dealt with this evening that I need not say a word more on the subject; but I would point to this, that that recognition dominated every utterance that he gave on these great subjects.

He appealed to first principles. He was in that respect a prophet. He appealed to those first principles which find an echo in our intellectual nature, in our love of truth, in our moral nature, in our love of right; and everything that he uttered on these great subjects was to encourage every endeavor for what he called the elevation of the soul. And what he defined as elevation of soul was force of thought exerted for the acquisition of truth,— force of pure, generous feeling, not merely the entertaining these feelings, but the earnestness with which they were felt; and the force of moral purpose in action, that purpose which is cultivated by the habitual sense of effort which he speaks of as most contributing to growth. Man owes his growth, his energy, chiefly to the strife of the will,— that conflict with difficulty which we call effort; and, in those noble utterances of his with regard to liberty, he shows how all restraints tend to the truest liberty, how man by struggling against these restraints elevates his own powers and becomes the victor, and how every restraint that does not foster that tendency to liberty is evil, while every restraint that does is good. But there is one part of the grand essay on spiritual freedom which is worthy to be compared with the beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount, where, in a dozen sentences, he says, "I call that man free who struggles into the light of freedom"; and he goes on and shows how every part of our nature is to be freed by effort. In that grand essay, sir, there is one passage that impressed me on reading it re-

cently with the force of prophetic insight which cannot, I think, be surpassed by any utterance,— that passage in which he adverts to the duty of governments. He says: "How is the Government to serve the cause of spiritual freedom in promoting energy and elevation of moral purpose? Not by teaching or persuasion, for that is not its function; but by action, that is, by rigidly conforming itself in all its measures to the moral or Christian law, by the most public and solemn manifestation of reverence for right, for justice, for the general weal, for the principles of virtue. In its relations to other governments, it should invariably adhere to the principles of justice and philanthropy. By its moderation, sincerity, uprightness, and pacific spirit toward foreign States, by abstaining from secret arts and unfair advantages, by cultivating free and mutually beneficial intercourse, it should cherish among its citizens the ennobling conscience of belonging to the human family, of having a common interest with the human race." Then he says: "As it is the first duty of a statesman to build up the moral energy of a people, he who weakens it inflicts an injury which no talent can repair, nor shall any splendor of circumstances or any momentary success avert for him the infamy which he has earned. Let public men fear nothing so much as to sap the moral convictions of a people by unrighteous legislation or a selfish policy. Let them put faith in virtue as the strength of nations. Let them not be disheartened by temporary ill-success." Now, since those words were written, what have *we* seen as the verification of them? We had seen the downfall of the slave power in the United States; we had seen a nation rising in its might, in response to the appeals of great men, and destroying that slave power. What happened in a neighboring kingdom? We had seen a man raising himself by a combination of circumstances — with

great ability of his own, no doubt — to the supreme power, becoming the ally of England, and for a time the trusted friend of our Sovereign and her Consort; and we saw that man alienating by secret arts, by underhand measures, for his own aggrandizement and the aggrandizement of his nation, as he believed, all the sympathy which he possessed, and exciting that universal suspicion in every country in Europe which led to his downfall.

Now, I need not to point the moral with regard to our present state; and what satisfies me of the soundness of the heart of England is that it has shown that it will not support the statesman who attempts to aggrandize England by secret compacts and underhand dealings. Only one word more in reference to Channing's advocacy of the temperance cause, because that is as pregnant an instance as I could produce of the value of the appeal to first principles. Channing distinctly states that the great evil of intemperance is the enslavement of the man who gives way to it. All other evils, in his mind, are subordinate to this. He is glad that the dreadful nature of this vice should make itself apparent in the evil it produces; but he says it is in the vice itself that the greatest evil exists. Now, sir, these are words which appeal to our deepest and at the same time to our highest feelings; and I look upon Channing as the one who, more than any other in modern times, brought all social questions to the test of the highest principles, and who, in laying down those highest principles, did not merely formularize them as part of a moral code, but appealed to our own moral sense and our own love of truth and right, and our own love of humanity and all that is highest and best in humanity, to give them effect. And I may conclude by a reference to one whose name is known to all of you, and I think without egotism I may name the name of Mary Carpenter. I would say that it was entirely in the spirit of

Channing's utterances that she worked. She had faith in human nature; she had faith that there was a holy spot in every child's mind that could be touched; and she had a faith in God, who would help to guide her in all her attempts at the elevation of those whom the crimes, as she considered, of society, had degraded from the high position to which human nature is capable of being exalted.

DR. COLLIER'S ADDRESS.

The Rev. Dr. LAIRD COLLIER: *Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,*— It seems to me that this centennial anniversary of the birth of Channing should mark not the close, but the opening of an era. We should not expend all our thought in commemoration, but some of our will in a holy consecration to live, to propagate, and to enact the principles that Channing preached. And not one of those principles has found enactment in the customs of the nation. Not one has taken deep root in the hearts of the Christian public. First of all, if for anything, it seems to me that Channing stood for religious equality; and by that Channing never meant mere religious toleration. He was the last man to have his religious opinions merely tolerated. When Abner Kneeland was arrested, and convicted before the High Court, as it was called, of Massachusetts, for publishing what was termed a bit of atheism in the free-thinking paper the *Investigator*, Channing wrote a petition for the release of this atheist. His own Church turned their backs upon the petition, and most of his leading men signed a counter-petition. He not only signed the petition, but he called a public meeting in Faneuil Hall, and aroused the sentiment of Boston in favor of absolute freedom of thought and absolute freedom of speech. He meant by religious liberty the subordination of Christian dogma to Christian charity; but I appeal to

you, if it be not true that dogma and superstition are still subsidized on all hands. And where may we look for human equity or social equality? If I were in Boston to-night instead of being in London, I could be a little freer in what I had got to say. I rejoiced with a great rejoicing at Mr. Brown's outspokenness. Mr. Channing wrote, I think, to Harriet Martineau, "Aristocracy can only look upon man to patronize him, not as bearing the image of man, and the image of God in the image of man." Man was the pride of Channing's intellect, man was the passion of Channing's heart,— man not as hero, man not as saint, but simply man. And to-night we find men starving in the hovel, swinging from the gallows, staring at us from behind the gratings of a prison, and dying upon the field of battle, in war waged without cause and without explanation. Now, when I speak of Channing's principles, you will quite understand that I do not refer to his casual and speculative opinions. He was a Congregationalist in his views of church policy: he was a Unitarian in his conception of the person and character of God. Had he been living in our day with the same personality, I am not quite sure that he would have been either Congregationalist or Unitarian; but of this I am sure,— that he would not have been less, but larger. But he did not go forth to fill the earth with contentions about creeds of fallible men: he was no more wedded to his own opinion, as he said, than he was to the opinions of other men; but it has been repeated here to-night twice that Coleridge said of Channing after he had had a personal interview with him, "He subordinates the true to the good without encroachment upon the health of either: he has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love." Channing was not supremely a theologian, he was a mystic: he was not pre-eminently a philosopher, he was a poet. The last words he uttered on earth were these: "I have received many messages from

the spirit." He said late in life that he had experienced religion, that he had experienced a changed heart,— so great a change that it ought to be called the new birth,— in the twentieth year of his age. Now, friends and brethren, a Rationalist would analyze these sentences, and say that Channing was mistaken. "There is no such thing as spirit: there are no messages from the spirit." But the mystic and the poet knows there is spirit, and that there are messages from the spirit; and it was these messages from the spirit that stirred and fired Channing's soul, and fearlessly he went forth to preach them.

Channing was a Unitarian minister in Boston. And when I tell you that we might have foretold from the circumstances in which he lived, the very spiritual air which he breathed, that he would have been a Unitarian minister, I do not mean to say that his theology was mine or yours, but that his theology was the theology not only of his head, but of his heart; and he said that Unitarian theology was meant, in his opinion, not only to enlarge the spiritual vision, but to increase the fervor of the heart. When I say that he was a preacher, I mean that he was a preacher by temperament. He was a preacher like Savonarola, like Chrysostom, like Chalmers, like Wesley, with a burning, agonizing love for men. But he was trained to be a preacher. During his college career, two or three times a week he entered debating societies; and he tells us he was on his feet on an average two or three times a week, learning to speak, learning to talk to the people. He was without imposing physique. Never a day from the time he began his ministry till he closed it did he have generous health. And yet this man,— whom I would not class among the highest in the world of genius, certainly not with a comprehensive intellectual training, for he graduated at Harvard with less technical knowledge than would now be required for matriculation at the same Uni-

versity,— this man without physique, without health, without superlative intellectual genius, without comprehensive learning, rose to be the prophet of his century. America has raised up illustrious men, statesmen, scholars, philanthropists, and divines,— Washington, Lincoln, Garrison, and Channing; and the greatest of these is Channing. They had faith, and they had hope; but he had charity, and "the greatest of these is charity," — charity not by might, not by power, not by the will of the flesh, but by the will of God. We claim to be in sympathy with the principles and views to which he consecrated his life. It is in reverence of these that we have come together. But, brethren and friends, the immortal Channing asks not for mere hero-worship. He gave none, and he expects none. Would we could catch the fervor of his mind, the glow of his heart, the glory of his deeds! Then we should go forth rekindling the fires of love with rational, with ennobling Christianity; we should go forth to plead with sordid and with sinful men of our generation, as he pleaded with servile and selfish men of his generation, to work the works of God, that liberty may speed to the ends of the earth, that peace and progress may abide in all its nations, that simple truth and Christian charity may be the only contemplation between children of the same family, until we all come to owe no man anything, but to love one another.

At the conclusion of Mr. Collier's remarks, a few words were said by the Rev. W. Dorling. The Rev. H. Ierson referred to the absence of the Rev. William H. Channing in America, and said he should be glad to receive subscriptions toward the building of the Channing Memorial Church in Newport. After a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the proceedings terminated.

THE CELEBRATION AT LIVERPOOL.

MEETING AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

THE centenary of Dr. Channing was celebrated last evening at St. George's Hall, by a large and brilliant assemblage. The celebration commenced by a large number of ladies, gentlemen, and young people partaking of an excellent tea. Besides this, there was a very interesting exhibition of microscopes and other objects. Shortly after eight o'clock, the ladies and gentlemen adjourned to the small concert hall, and were joined by many others who had not been able to attend the earlier proceedings. Mr. H. A. Bright presided in the early part of the meeting, and was succeeded by Mr. W. H. Meade-King. There were also present the Revs. Charles Beard, G. Beaumont, W. Binns, W. H. Dallinger, G. Fox, H. W. Hawkes, T. Holland, E. Howse, T. Lloyd, T. Jones, J. Lee, D. Davies, E. Hassan, J. E. Odgers, C. J. Perry, R. Pilcher, H. S. Solly, J. H. Thom, W. E. Turner, and J. F. Williams; and Messrs. A. Booth, F. H. Boult, C. T. Bowring, C. Botterill, William Bowring, G. F. Chantrell, J. B. Cooke, J. T. Ellerbeck, H. Fernie, H. M. Guthrie, F. H. Gossage, W. Holland, W. D. Holt, George Holt, Meade-King, H. Jevons, C. W. Jones, E. English, Goffey, T. E. Paget, R. Robinson, J. Samuelson, H. Tate, J. C.

Thomson, W. Thornely, Barnes, Sproule, H. Young, Dr. J. M. Johnson, etc.

Mr. H. A. BRIGHT, who was received with loud applause, said: This centennial celebration of Dr. Channing is surely a very remarkable occurrence. That there should be such a celebration in the case of some great poet, whose burning words have sunk deep into the minds of his fellow-countrymen, is intelligible enough. That the anniversary of some great victory, when a nation has achieved her freedom or a tyrant has been crushed, should be held in honor, is a matter of no surprise. But why, in the very midst of present political strife, should men in London, Manchester, and Belfast, and, a few days later on, we, in Liverpool, meet together in honor of an American theologian?

Why is the name of Channing being commemorated alike in the city of the pontiffs and amid the poor dwellings of the capital of Iceland? Well, I suppose there is but one answer, the only one and the true one. It is because men feel that they owe Channing a distinct debt of gratitude, which they would only too thankfully repay, though they well know that recognition and not repayment is alone now possible. Nearly ninety years have passed since Dr. Priestley (and I wish to pay a passing homage to one to whom modern Unitarians, certainly not men of science, have been, perhaps, a shade unthankful) was driven from his home by a Church and State mob, and took refuge in the freer lands across the seas. He was a good and true man, if ever there was one,—kindly and genial, a great scholar, a learned theologian, an illustrious philosopher, and, above all, a confessor, almost a martyr for conscience' sake; yet Priestley's name fails to stir us like the name of Channing. Channing was twenty-four years old when Priestley died; but I doubt whether in any case he owed much to his teaching. But other influences had already been at work,

and, not the least, the influence of the all-pervading Mother Nature. As Channing, still a youth, paced the rocky shores of his native State, Rhode Island, he drank in the spirit of freedom and devotion from the wind and wave. The influence of such a scene had been felt centuries before by the old British monk Morgan, who was known afterward as Pelagius, because, so tradition tells us, he was constantly seeking fresh inspiration from the *pelagos*, or ocean, and who was in his time the champion of the freedom of the human will, as Channing was in later times. One had Saint Augustine for an opponent, the other had the Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards; and both first learned the lesson of freedom from the sights and sounds of the natural world. But that strand on which Channing walked had a special association of its own. It was a part of that coast where, in the year 1620,

"A band of pilgrims moored their bark
On the wild New England shore."

They had fled from ecclesiastical tyranny, and Channing would not that any ecclesiastical tyranny of any kind or sort should still remain. "Freedom to worship God" should be absolute and uncontested. And now let me say, in a few words, what I conceive to be Channing's chief claim to our gratitude, our respect, our veneration. It is not that he held certain speculative opinions which we call Unitarian, though, as a matter of fact, he has done more to spread those opinions than any one man before or since. But, in the first place, I doubt whether those of us who agree most fully with Channing's speculative opinions admire him chiefly on that account. And I doubt not there are many here who do not agree with these opinions, and who think they err, either by defect or excess, either going too far or not going far enough. Nor is it as a great man of letters that we admire him. His writings are all condensed into that won-

derful little one-shilling edition. He wrote no great book,— nothing but a few essays, a few lectures, and a good many sermons. His style is pure and dignified, but somewhat diffuse, and only at times reaches to any great height of eloquence. And yet how noble is his appreciation of Fénelon, how sympathetic his character of Milton, how scathing his denunciation of Napoleon! Still, on the whole, there have been many far greater men of letters, for whom no centennial would ever be suggested. No, the reason of our regard is the greatness of Channing's character. It is not for what he did or for what he thought, but for what he was, that we hold him so high in our affections. I believe him to have been one of the best men who ever lived, and it is his example rather than his teaching which is influencing men for good to-day. There is a well-known passage in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, where the education of the young is to be taught symbolically; and the recollection of this comes to me as I think of Channing. The first lesson is to look upward,— it is the lesson of reverence for what is above. Channing learned this lesson early, and teaches it to us. He had for the moment to help to destroy old forms of faith, but he would "uproot the false by planting of the true." His very process of destruction was a process of construction, and meanwhile there was no frivolity or flippancy in the means he used or the words he spoke. The truths he held were sacred to him with a sanctity beyond expression. Nothing base or bad could, we are told, live in his presence for a moment. He had looked up, and learned to reverence what was above. And the second lesson, according to *Wilhelm Meister*, was to look down, and reverence what was below. Channing found the curse of slavery heavy on the land, and his first impulse was to leave the question to others to settle. But he looked down, and he saw the dignity of man debased beneath the foot of the slave-owner;

and he resolved to uplift it, not alone for the sake of the individual, but for the sake of human nature. And so with men of despised opinions. No one could have had less sympathy than he with Theodore Parker's special views; but he would have no one insulted on account of his views, and so in defence of Parker he risked the good opinion of his fellow-ministers, as in the case of slavery he had risked the good opinion of his fellow-citizens and of the leading laity of his church. And, lastly, the pupil of the story had a third lesson to learn,— of reverence to himself and the facts around him. He must now look straight onward, ready to act on his own convictions, and bear his part as one of many. And Channing was now indeed foremost and most earnest among those of his time, among those of any time,

> "Whose one bond is that all have been
> Unspotted by the world."

He had learned the three great lessons of the three forms of reverence,— piety, compassion, and earnestness. By these moral gifts, his preaching became so powerful for good that long before he died he had become one of the strongest influences in New England. And, when he died, his charity was felt to have been so wide that the Roman Catholics were touched at the thought of it, and tolled the bell of their cathedral when his body was carried to its last home. And then it was that here in England, as I am old enough to remember, a sense of loss came upon us all, and in all our chapels sermons were preached to remind us that our greatest leader had fallen. But to-night, ladies and gentlemen, we will not think of what we lost when Channing died, but of what we gained when he was born. If Southey, the High Churchman, could speak of him in the *Quarterly Review* as "an honor to any age and any country," what must be our feelings toward him? It is for us to imitate his example, to

spread his teachings, and to show our gratitude not in barren words, but fruitful deeds.

Mr. Bright then vacated the chair, which was filled by Mr. Meade-King, after the first-named gentleman had called upon

The Rev. J. H. THOM. He said: We hold our celebration to-night under circumstances of disadvantage. Duties to the nation, it was apprehended, might, upon the 7th of April, have been agitating the atmosphere,— duties which Channing would have regarded as supreme above all personal considerations, but which might not have contributed to those calm depths of contemplation in which alone his image can be mirrored and seen. Yet perhaps it was unfortunate for them; for they could not have been more gladdened, strengthened, and aided in the causes which were then discussed,— causes which Channing had most at heart, — the brotherhood of weaker races and hate of oppressive wars. We certainly should have been raised by his spirit far above local or temporary defeat into regions of faith, where justice and mercy universally prevail. And not only are we late in the field. The mighty reapers have been there before us, gathering in the richest sheaves and presenting them in a perfect assortment; and we are but the poor gleaners of what they have left. That would be a positive advantage; for the field is of inexhaustible richness and variety, if only we can presume that all that has been said at London and Manchester and elsewhere was known to every person present, and that we had only to follow those leaders, gathering up what even their open arms will not hold in one embrace, and adding something, it may be, of the finishing hand to their incomplete work. That all the essential things have been said already, and said in the best way, does not disconcert us: rather, gladly do we appropriate it all to enrich our own offering; for we are here to bear

a continuous testimony, to give our share to the greatest debt man can owe to man, and to share the general tribute to the friend and benefactor of all English-speaking people, and not only English people, but French, Italian, Hungarian, and Spanish. And, speaking of their debt of gratitude, this generation can hardly know how great it was, nor can many recall that to which Mr. Bright alluded,—that unparalleled testimony to him in the sudden sinking of the heart in the friends of light and liberty in both continents when his death was known, as if every evil cause was stronger and every righteous cause weaker than before. Wellington said that Napoleon's presence on the field was equal to thirty thousand men; but here the loss was the only man who could make his voice heard in both Worlds,—the Old and the New. The greatest soldier when he is dead gains no more victories, but the prophet lives in ever-widening triumph. And, of us who have been for fifty years and more under the unspent influence of his quickening life, few can remember its first electric stroke. I remember it. I remember a sense of having been new-born. I cannot speak worthily of Channing, but I can acknowledge my debt. Mr. Thom then reviewed the influence which Channing's character had upon himself, and proceeded: Now, in a word, what did Channing do? He lifted the religion out of controversy, out of criticism, out of a wrangle about the texts, into healthy and inexhaustible life, shining in the face of Christ. He did for us what the great teachers desired to do for the Jews. This is what Channing did for the Church to which he belonged. We are reminded, and by those who gave him the first place, that he was not a critic, nor a great scholar, nor a learned theologian versed in the methods of historical investigation and intimately acquainted with all ancient religions. Be it so. The same, I think, might be said, and without loss of reverence or indebtedness, of a greater than he. But I have

seen it laid down by the highest living authorities upon these matters that the result of the modern critical testing of the literary and historical value of the New Testament documents is this,—that it brought back the living Christ of the work; that it inaugurated a second coming of the Son of Man; and that it has caused us to place the spiritual facts of history in the place of secularistic systems. Now, that result was exactly the result which Channing reached, not by a critical, but by a spiritual method. All honor to criticism in its place, but at its best it only clears the way to unobstructive vision. Nothing intercepted, nothing stood between Channing and the light directed. Thirty-seven years ago, I had to speak of Channing from the pulpit and from the press, because the offices I then held toward the pulpit and the press required me so to do. Let Channing speak for himself by his works. Only the year before his death, Channing issued a corrected edition of his works, with an elaborate preface. The introduction, in which Channing concentrates and reflects himself, is less than ten pages; and the one-volume edition of his works, with the correspondence, except for the time that it might make you meditate, would be but a short evening's reading. We have seen, and all know, Channing's predominant thought,—the central light of his conscience; hence, the mighty monotone of his mind, like the monotone of the ocean. The natural history of the religious development and action of Channing's character is most instructive, for it is the same as all those who have made the spiritual era of the world. There was an early time when Channing seemed to be absorbed in piety,—not yet a warrior for the right, a good soldier of Jesus Christ on the battle-field of the world,—a youthful Christ himself, retired within the secrets and recesses of his being. This earnestness is the feeling of Channing which comes out vividly as they flash the light to one another. Channing pointed

out to Blanco White the errors which are to be deplored; and White's answer is in the widest catholic spirit, and yet he lays his finger upon the true source of religious faithfulness wherever it exists. In conclusion, the reverend speaker said: Music has made a large part of our celebrations tonight, whether with the knowledge or instinct of its suitableness I do not know; but Channing himself said of music that it reached depths in his being beyond all other influences, that it extended to his conscience, and that it gave him new revelations of immortality and heaven. The speaker then, after making a short allusion to the impetus that Channing's writing gave for spiritual advancement in their minds, sat down amid loud applause.

The Rev. CHARLES BEARD said: If, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Thom found himself in a difficulty, how must I feel after you have listened to a speech so exquisitely impressive in its personal reminiscences, and so widely reaching and so deeply penetrating in its statements of religious truth? And I am also in the farther difficulty that I am conscious that the evening has already far advanced, and that the Chairman would have done well to accept the offer which I made to him a moment ago to cut me out of the programme, and to let you arrive at home in decent time. We are indeed in a perplexity, because this subject has been discussed again and again, and every possible aspect of it has already been laid before the public by speakers and writers with great opportunities of knowledge and great powers of expression. But the other day, while you were engaged in your ordinary morning worship, I made a pilgrimage to the grave of Theodore Parker, which lies in the Protestant cemetery at the gate of Florence, and the violets shed their fragrance under my feet, the sad cypresses shot their green flames overhead, and all round about were the hum and the noise of that great and famous city over which Dante yearned, which Michel

Angelo loved with all the passion of his soul, and which Savonarola awoke to brief repentance from its sins; and it struck my sense that it would be possible to give some little novelty to the treatment of the subject which is asked of me to-night, if I were to venture for a few moments upon a parallel between those two great souls which it was the fortune of Boston — not a very considerable city in point of population — to produce within a very few years of one another, because, however their differences have been exaggerated by partisan feeling on either side, there can be no doubt whatever, to any one who looks at their life and writings from some little distance in point of time and from an impartial point of criticism, that they were one in far more than they were two,— that Parker would never have been possible without Channing, and that one of the points of Channing's life which we reflect upon with the greatest pleasure is that, at the moment of the crisis of Parker's fate, he said, "Give my love to Mr. Parker, and tell him to speak his whole heart." Now, I said in the first place that Parker would not have been possible without Channing. Where except from Channing did he derive that boundless faith in human nature which was so strongly characteristic of the older preacher? Where but from Channing did he derive that intensely moral conception of the nature of religion, and especially of the nature of Christianity? You don't find these things in old-fashioned New England Presbyterianism: you don't find them in the school of thought which prevailed both in England and America at the close of the eighteenth century. Channing was in America, and to a large extent in England too, himself the point of transition between them; and it was at the feet of Channing, whether Parker knew it or not, that he learned much that made him afterward the pure and fervent and powerful soul that he was. I know nothing so shameful in the whole

history of religious persecution as the persecution which was raised against Parker for his discourse with regard to the "transition" and the "permanent" in Christianity. There have been persecutions which have raged more fiercely against men's bodies, there have been persecutions, God knows, in the world, whose instruments were the axe, the fagot, the stake, and the thumb-screw; but the particular iniquity of this persecution was that it was excited by men who themselves were bound to freedom, who themselves were brand-marked with heresy, and whose only allegation against Parker was that, in the exercise of his free thought, he had gone a little further than themselves. Mr. Bright has already said, and we all know very well, that Channing's views of Christianity were not Parker's. We know that Parker said many things, especially in the latter part of his life, which Channing perhaps would have heard with unwilling ears: but you will never make me believe that the older prophet did not know what we see when he sent that loving message to the younger; you will never make me think he did not feel that he was standing upon the verge of a new era, and that he looked upon that era with a full confidence that, come what might, his landmarks of religion were of a kind that could neither be submerged nor removed, and that God would still be holy, and human nature worthy, and Christ the leading light of humanity, whatever might be the result of criticism.

Now, I suppose these two young men were equally distinguished by the love of truth,— it is a distinguishing characteristic of all great prophetic souls,— and I should hesitate to say which of them loved truth the most faithfully and the most urgently; but they sought truth in very different ways. I don't know whether Parker was a great scholar. I do know that he was a great, an omnivorous reader, and a mighty collector of books; and I do know that in some cases

his writings bristled with quotations from all manner of unknown authors. But, when you come to Channing's writings, you find no quotations at all. Whatever learning he had was so amalgamated with himself, so assimilated to the texture of his mind, that it seemed only to feed the natural fountain of thought as it flowed out of his harmless soul. And whereas the one man was a wanderer in intellectual regions, a bee sucking honey from "every flower that grows," so the other was a quiet, meditative soul, rarely venturing beyond the precincts of his own study or summer retreat, and letting truth, as it shone upon him from every quarter of the heavens, find its way silently and thoughtfully into his mind; so that, whereas one man spoke hotly, passionately, had a word in every controversy, looked forward to large intellectual and literary results, so it was characteristic of the other to say nothing except upon emergency, to keep his best work for the pulpit. And when he spoke, as he sometimes felt himself compelled to speak, upon other topics, and addressed the whole literary world,— in the United States and in this country,— he allowed his thoughts to come from him carelessly. And it was this that showed in a very remarkable degree that Parker and Channing addressed a very different order of minds. They were both of them, I believe, in the essential sense of the word, mystics; that is to say, they were men who had the vision and the faculty divine, and who looked in God's face and spoke of that which they saw. They were both of them men of deep individuality. But Channing spoke, or speaks, to a very large extent to men who have been under the influence of orthodox views, to men who wanted to shake off the old views of their moral impulsiveness; while Parker is the guide of those venturesome souls who are voyaging away into the sunny seas of the unknown, hardly caring, perhaps, to what harbor they ultimately arrive. And yet both of

them were ardent servants of the truth, and both of them ready, if need be, to lay down their lives for truth. It is a characteristic difference between the two men that, while they both were ardent lovers of Christ, they loved him, as it were, with a different species of affection. Channing, who was almost of age when the nineteenth century began, and who therefore had got his first training in the very different school of thought which prevailed in the last century,— never disturbed much by modern criticism,— was content to take the Scriptures as he got them. Parker, on the contrary, was one of the men who welcomed every new theory as it came from England, a man to whom nothing came amiss, what any man said or thought. And, while to Channing, Christ was a being above humanity,—the Son of God made flesh, the image of the Father's grace and truth, one in whom he felt everything that was best in humanity, or reflected and carried up to its highest degree, and one to whom he looked to inspire the strength of humanity in future ages, a bright and beautiful being, no vision indeed, but a heavenly reality,— to Parker, who hardly loved Christ less, if less at all, he was a carpenter's son, a man who had gone about the cities of Galilee not knowing where to lay his head, one who had mingled with the common people; and who always loved him better, as it were, if he might feel that Christ was in truth a man like ourselves, one born in the midst of us, owning our weaknesses and exhibiting our possible strength.

And yet I would not say that one man loved his Master less than another. I do not know where you would go for stronger, more devout, more affectionate expression of love to the great Galilean Prophet than you can find in Parker's works. So that, while they both loved Christ, they loved him in a different fashion. Comparing Parker with Channing in their relation to the moral controversies of their

time, Mr. Beard said that they were both men who felt — as such men must feel — in the very depths of their nature the iniquity of negro slavery; but whereas it was the characteristic of Channing that he could only speak well-balanced words, even if they were words of reprobation, while it was characteristic of him that he must seek out precisely the right time to speak, and choose the very words and no others which would aptly express and weigh both sides of the question, Parker went down into the throng of men, worked upon this committee, helped to incite this rebellion, took the fugitive slave to his own house and braved the penalties of the law. So while on the one side there was something shrill and almost passionate in Parker's rebuke of public wrong, on the other side men said that Channing did not speak soon enough, and spoke too softly when he did speak. Perhaps there may be some boy growing up among us who will have something of Channing's saintliness and something of Parker's fervor, and add to both the beautiful philosophic spirit of the prophet who is yet among us. One thing I know: truth will never lack a servant, God will never be without worthy children, nor will the Church in time to come, as in times past, ever be barren of saints.

The Chairman next called upon

The Rev. WILLIAM BINNS, who was warmly applauded. He said: There are eight Roman Catholic saints whose memories are celebrated on Channing's birthday; and, putting his theology on one side, and looking at the spirit of his life, there are many Roman Catholics who would willingly accept him as a ninth. And perhaps a liberal pope, as the development of doctrine proceeds, may some time canonize him, notwithstanding his theology. The Positivists certainly ought to give Channing a place in their calendar. He has a better right to be there than many mere warriors who figure prominently in it, and than some mythological personages, such as

Prometheus, Hercules, and Orpheus, whose very existence is a fable of the poets. Channing illustrated Comte's service of humanity without falling into Comte's extravagance of ignoring God; and I would recommend the Liverpool Positivist Society to atone for the deficiency of their master, and to set apart the 7th of April or the 13th of Archimedes for Channing. Diophantus possesses that day already, and I have no objection to let him remain. Among the multitudes who claim the 7th of April as their birthday, as well as Channing, there are three who have a near spiritual kinship to him: Wordsworth, who represents the higher religious aspirations of Channing, in moods when Wordsworth is as little of a sectarian Anglican as Channing is a sectarian Unitarian; Saint Francis Xavier,—for Francis Xavier was a true saint, if the world ever had one,—who represents Channing's practical Christian enthusiasm; and Fourier, the French philosophical socialist, who represents, though in a form of chaotic and misdirected science, Channing's longings for a Utopian condition of society. If Canon Farrar had been appointed to the bishopric of Liverpool,—I mean the bishopric of the second order, for the bishopric of the first order naturally belongs to the older Church,—he would have made some of the characteristics of the Channing theology immensely popular. But, unhappily for him and unhappily for the religious life of the town, the publication of *Eternal Hope* made his prospects hopeless. If he had vaguely hinted at his sublime and beautiful heresies, and not plainly stated them, we might have had him here instead of Dean Ryle, and perhaps with us to-night. Channing's sociology came, as everything good in every man's case generally does come, out of his religion. Now, Channing's fundamental religious ideas were three: first, God is perfect; second, Jesus Christ is the true type of a man after God's own heart; and, third, in universal human nature there are

the germs of this true type of a man after God's own heart. I am content for to-night to take my stand on them. The additions that Channing made and the additions that are made by the compilers of and believers in elaborate confessions of faith I pass by, as not needed for myself and as destined to be gradually eliminated by the course of history, serving a purpose while they last, but still being a slowly dying cause. Christian manhood, then,—and I include, of course, womanhood in manhood,—is the end and aim for which social institutions are established. This is the *raison d'être*. We preserve them as they promote it, we discard them as they hinder it, and we modify them as we get clearer views of what is required by the ever-unfolding capacities of mankind. In the animating spirit of these ideas, Channing bravely faced the problems of the time. To begin with, they made short work of his early Calvinism, and emancipated him into the glorious liberty of the children of God. With the various social activities that they prompted him to undertake, I find myself substantially at one, and with the political activities, too; for politics is but a minor section of the larger sphere of sociology. So he condemned slavery in days when all the respectabilities defended it, and when all the pieties, except honest Quaker piety, said, "Let it alone." It always seems to me a melancholy thing, and an illustration of the perverting influence which the possession of irresponsible, absolute power exercises over the conscience and the conduct of even good men, that the American people, while asserting their own liberty and shedding their blood in lavish streams to win it, did not sooner realize that in an equitable government, fashioned after divine models, liberty is just as much the birthright of the blacks as of the whites. They, however, took refuge in a policy of short-sighted utilitarianism. I say short-sighted, because, in the long run, utilitarianism ends in

morality, which does right for right's sake, and does not consider utility. Utility goes without the saying. Righteousness is the guarantee of the only utility worth caring for. Channing did not live to see the triumph of his principles. That triumph had to be achieved by war. It was evolved as a providential consequence of mixed human purposes. Liberty is an inspired saying. But the Americans found out the truth of Tennyson's words, that it is

> "A saying hard to shape in act;
> For all the past of time reveals
> A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
> Whenever Thought has wedded Fact."

The American thunder-peals purified the air, and set the people free. Channing was a republican; and hereditary privileges were alien to his generous and freedom-loving soul. In England, we are not as yet, except in a few cases, educated up to the level of this lofty ideal of statesmanship. His political doctrines, therefore, run counter to some of our prejudices; and I should not have mentioned them, if justice to him would have allowed me to keep silence. But we want to grasp him in his completeness; and this republicanism is an essential element of his sociology. For practical purposes, we no doubt possess most of the advantages of republicanism; and it may be that our nearly real republicanism works about as well as the nominal combined with the real republicanism of America works. But old forms unfortunately tend now and then to reassert themselves as living forces. That is their nature. And I look upon Channing as a prophet of the good time coming,—when effete forms, also, will disappear; when there will be no hereditary privileges; when the position of men and women will be determined by what they are, and not fixed beforehand by what their parents were, irrespective of their own present fitness; when, in simple parlance, every tub will stand on its

own bottom. There is no need to hurry any changes in England. But it is evident that the social organism is working its way onward by natural and inevitable processes of development, and the future will be republican. Channing was a peace man, not a peace-at-any-price man; for he believed, and I believe, in war sometimes as a bitter necessity,—war for justice, war for liberty, war for the right to live and grow to the full stature of humanity,—and death before slavery and dishonor. I have no inclination to abandon the world to the dominion of strong wickedness. The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. I hold, with Milton, that a man must be willing to defend his country with the pen or the sword, as need may be. And

> "How can man die better
> Than facing fearful odds,
> For the ashes of his fathers
> And the temples of his gods?"

But, notwithstanding this warlike preamble, I, too, am a peace man; and I candidly confess that I do not know of a single war in which we have been engaged, since the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which might not have been avoided by wise and Christian statesmanship, by a display of that scientific diplomacy of which we hear so much and see so little. England has still more faith in power than in righteousness, and is too ready to appeal to the arbitrament of arms instead of the arbitrament of the conscience of the world, and to show at the same time there is power enough at the back which we will call into play when peaceful proposals, pressed with an almost but not quite everlasting patience, have failed. A general reduction of armies and navies, a discouragement of the war spirit, a ceasing to confer honors on the fighting ruffian athletes of the Lord William Beresford stamp, the establishment of courts of international arbitration, whose decisions shall be enforced

by the omnipotent international power,— this was Channing's ideal, and to this the peoples will yet bring their governments. God grant it may be soon: it is weary waiting. Channing believed in free churches. So do most of us. Else wherefore are we here? "An Established Church," said he, "is the grave of intellect." And I see no possibility of answering that statement satisfactorily. The Church of England itself furnishes at once the best and the saddest commentary that we could desire. I admit with glad gratitude the number of eminent men who have adorned it. I remember Anselm's acute metaphysical intellect; I remember Jeremy Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines; I remember Hooker, with his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, so much broader than Cartwright's Puritan scheme; I remember Tillotson's latitudinarianism; I remember Bishop Butler, with the *Analogy of Religion*, so splendid in its first part and so halting in its second; I remember Dean Stanley, with his all-embracing geniality and charity,— I remember them all; and, whether I agree with them or disagree with them, I am proud of them. But they have one drawback; and, in my mind, that hampers and mutilates them from Anselm to Dean Stanley, hampers and mutilates the laity as well as the clergy. They are not free. Their thinking is bound to reach certain conclusions. Or, if they reach conclusions not in harmony with the plain meaning of the standards, they must either play tricks with words or seek a new home; and I feel, therefore, that if, when limited by creeds, they are able to do so well, they would be able to do vastly better, if they threw their creeds simply to fly in the winds as temporary flags, and did not inscribe upon them an inglorious *semper eadem*. Now, Channing would not have his own creed established, nor would he have ours so doomed to be stereotyped. Let theology be as science is, open to new revelations; and let it throw aside old forms and old symbols of

speech, as it presses into an ampler ether and a diviner air. And to this complexion, too, England will come at last. Channing believed in woman. So, again, do we all. But there are three ways of believing in woman. We may believe in her as a creature made for us to hold as a chattel, which belief we have outgrown; or as a creature to be protected and cared for by the superior lords of creation, which belief is still the prevailing superstition; or as a creature not only to be protected and cared for, but possessing the same rights as ourselves to the full development of all her natural faculties, which belief some of us have attained, and more vaguely sympathize with, and all are destined to. This last form of belief was Channing's. What does it involve? It involves a higher education of women, and by means of high schools and an extension of university opportunities we are slowly moving in the right direction. But, when we have given a higher education to woman, there will be little use in it: it will simply rust in her, if we do not frankly open to her the various professions. And here men, in spite of their politeness, are often tyrannical, jealous, and selfish. Doctors protest, lawyers protest, parsons protest this, that, and the other is not her sphere. I protest in my turn against them all. Let woman choose her own sphere. She cannot make a greater mess of things than many male doctors, lawyers, and parsons make already; and the chances are that she would often do very much better. And, to crown all, give her the legal right to the franchise, and to more control over the joint property and the personal property, and so in harmony with Channing's ideal, though I do not know that he ever formulated it in this way, bring law up to the demands of morality. This revolution will come to pass also.

Finally, Channing believed in the elevation of the social condition of the working classes. He sympathized with

some of the ends that Fourier and Robert Owen set before themselves. He did not, of course, sanction Fourier's mechanical arrangements; and still less did he fall in with Owen's parallelograms and community of property and doctrine of circumstances. But he felt the startling anomaly in a Christian country of so many poor in the face of a handful of the rich. America, to its discredit, has no poor laws. Channing insisted that it was the duty of a State to care for its poorer citizens, to educate them, and to protect them in sickness and old age. He constantly urged on the rich their moral obligations in this matter, and was prepared to make sweeping reforms of a legal kind in relation to land and other property. But, and what is always of supreme importance, he clearly saw that no laws, no elaborate, artificial, social arrangements could of themselves destroy our social evils. Only to the elevation of the personal character can we look for the permanent elevation of the whole social system. Temperance, industry, economy, self-control, morality, religion, are the genuine levers to raise humanity. He was a socialist; but he preserved the sanctity of the individual and the home, and made personal and family life the basis of national prosperity and social progress. There is one aspect of Channing's theology on which I must say a concluding word. He has exercised a wide and healthy influence over the old-fashioned methods of theological thinking, and that influence is still growing from year to year. Perhaps it is owing less to his power as a thinker than to his moral and spiritual earnestness as a man. It was also moral and spiritual earnestness that made him a heretic himself to begin with, and compelled him in very fidelity to his own best instincts to believe in a potential divinity of human nature in spite of its waywardness and sin, and to reinterpret the work of Christ as a quickening agency rather than a legal satisfaction, and to assert the ultimate victory of God

in harmony with the freedom of God's children, over against the prevailing notion of a disastrous and deplorable breakdown, in which the devil, and not God, gets the better in the great conflict between good and evil. And Channing's ideas on these matters now find multitudinous expression in the pulpit and the press, on the part of men who differ from him on the Trinity, and still cling to the Incarnation as the cardinal truth of Christianity. But he has weaned them from the idolatry of creeds; and they no longer, to anything like the same extent, hold that their own little cluster of dogmas constitute the sole way to heaven. They gladly reckon themselves members of a universal church; and the ancient anathemas, that consistency seems to require, they only utter from the lips outward, and take care to explain the meaning away. Channing's unique spiritual personality has made a breach in the citadel of bigotry. Through him, we can see, rising in the midst of the east orthodox world, a new temple for a new faith, lofty as is the love of God, and ample as the wants of man. I have now, from my own stand-point, briefly sketched some of the phases of Channing's manifold activity. You may not agree with all the details of his views; but, like me, I am sure that you will bow before his spirit. I say that as a free and catholic religionist, as an enemy of slavery, as a republican, as a friend of peace, as a believer in free churches, as an advocate of the equal rights of man and woman, as a servant of God and the people, he was a hero in his own country and a saint worthy of the worship of mankind.

Upon the motion of Mr. Henry Jevons, a vote of thanks was passed to the Chairman, and the proceedings afterward terminated.

THE CELEBRATION AT MANCHESTER.

A SOIREE and public meeting was held in the New Town Hall, Albert Square, under the auspices of the Manchester District Unitarian Association, to celebrate the birth of Dr. Channing. There was a very large gathering. On the evening previous, near one thousand tickets had been sold. There was a most brilliant assembly. The Mayor's magnificent suite of rooms was thrown open for the accommodation of our friends. Tea was served in the tea-room, where everybody appeared to have their wants bountifully supplied. About twenty minutes to seven o'clock, Mr. J. Kendrick Pyne began the organ performance, giving as his first piece a concert fantasia from Sir R. Stewart. This was followed by a Bourrée (B) from Macfarren, which was succeeded by the overture from "William Tell." There were present Alderman C. S. Grundy, ex-Mayor of Manchester, who occupied the chair; the Rev. Charles T. Poynting, B.A., and Mr. John Dendy, Jr., joint Secretaries of the Association; the Revs. Charles Wicksteed, B.A., William Gaskell, M.A., James Black, M.A., Joseph Freeston, P. M. Higginson, M.A., T. Lloyd Jones, W. M. Ainsworth, J. T. Marriott, C. C. Coe, D. Walmsley, B.A., Noah Green, S. A. Steinthal, J. B. Lloyd, Benjamin Walker, Richard Pilcher, B.A., J. Harrop, William Mitchell, Silas Farrington, E. W.

Hopkinson, John Moore, James Harwood, B.A., John McDowell, George Ride, F. H. Jones, B.A., J. K. Smith, W. Mellor, H. Thomas, W. C. Squier, J. Perry, B.A., J. G. Slater; Messrs. E. H. Greg (Styal), Smith Golland, G. W. R. Wood, treasurer of the District Association, Robert Nicholson, Henry Leigh, E. Winser, Jesse Pilcher, E. C. Harding, J. Barrow (Bolton), J. Barrow (Styal), John Heys, John Dendy, Sen., John Thomas, Richard Wade, H. J. Leppoc, Z. Smith, Henry Coffey, O. Oldham, Alexander Ireland, Archibald Winterbottom, W. H. Herford, B.A., H. Long, T. H. Baker, F. Holland, F. Monks (Warrington), Councillor H. Baily, W. Horrocks, W. H. Talbot (Deputy Town Clerk), J. Bellhouse, James D. Oliver, Richard Peacock, Thomas Swanwick, Thomas Rawson; and Colonel Shaw (U.S.A. Consul), Dr. Roscoe, and Dr. John Watts.

After an eloquent introductory speech by the Chairman, Alderman C. S. Grundy, which was heartily applauded, the following eulogy was pronounced by the Rev. Charles Wicksteed.

Mr. WICKSTEED said: A hundred years ago this day week, a New England household received from all-bounteous Heaven the gift of an infant-life, the growing light of whose purity, nobility, and goodness, — after irradiating home, school, college, church, country, and touching at length the four corners of the earth,— we are met this day to declare, with gratitude, shines still. Sprung from John Channing, a Dorsetshire man of Old England, the first of the name that came to America, the subject of our eulogy to-day had the inherited advantage of some of the best culture and opportunity of his country; and, as we go back through the intermediate generations between himself and his English ancestors, we find among them, and among the American families with whom marriage allied them, the merchant, the physician, the lawyer, the member of Congress, the chief justice, and the office-bearer of State.

His father, who had graduated at Princeton College, in New Jersey, became eminent as a pleader at the bar, and was made Attorney-General of his native State. Of a winning countenance and deportment, the law of kindness was in his heart and on his tongue. He was an obedient son, and a conscientiously good, if somewhat distant, father. Keenly feeling the distresses of mankind, and a generous reliever of them, his munificence was ever accompanied by a sweetness in the manner which doubled the obligation of gratitude. While a warm asserter of the rights of man, he was a lover of peace and order; and though in religious profession particularly attached to the Congregational denomination, and to the ministry of his devout and learned pastor, Dr. Styles, he treated all good men of all denominations with kindness and respect.

This admirable father Channing lost when he was thirteen years of age. His mother, Lucy Ellery, was spared to him for more than fifty years after his birth. A disciplinarian in her family, and a woman of energy and judgment, she yet united with these qualities a tenderness of sensibility and an enthusiasm, which threw a charm of romance over her conversation and her actions. Feelings quick, humor lively, she so clothed sagacious thought in quaint dialect that she was as entertaining a companion as she was a wise counsellor. To her son (he himself said), the most remarkable trait in her character was the rectitude and simplicity of her mind. Perhaps, he says, I have never known her equal in this respect. She had the firmness to see the truth, to speak it, to act upon it; and in my long intercourse with her I cannot recall one word or action betraying the slightest insincerity. She had keen insight, she was not to be imposed upon by others, and, what is rarer, she practised no imposition in her own mind.

In attempting to describe and to trace the mental and

spiritual career of Dr. Channing, it would be at once irreverent and ungrateful to the past, and incomplete as regards what followed, not most distinctly to mark these powerful factors in the product. For in this, as in all cases, inherited quality, with the formative surroundings which it involves, is the one thing, more than any other, which makes the man. At this moment there is no more solemn fact weighing on the conscience of mankind than this law of heredity; and of the two laws of succession, the one to property and the other to quality, the law of succession to special characteristics of body, mind, conscience, and character, is even the more uniform and certainly the more momentous in its operation, of the two.

This, indeed, is not the place or the occasion to enlarge on the wide influence which this fact has on all human life, on the responsibility in which it involves every parent in the universe, or the weight it brings to bear on the conscience, and the motive-power it supplies to self-culture and the formation of character and habits throughout society.

Suffice it that Channing himself believed in the power of this heredity in his own case,— that he traced to the virtues of his parents his own, to their high principles *his* principles; and that he believed, as he said, that the best part of himself came from them, and from the moral atmosphere they caused him to breathe from the first.

Inherited elements, however, never reappear in the same combination and proportion in successive generations, but always so vary as to form a new individuality, quite distinct from every other individuality that ever existed or ever will exist; and that individuality always adds to the result something of its own, something apparently original to itself. And while we trace the high and direct aim, the conscientiousness, the brain power, and the severe purity in the char-

acter of Channing to this heredity, the sensitiveness, the aspiration, the severity of self-discipline, and the spirituality that belonged to him, we must trace directly to himself, as the product of his own will, working on the inherited qualities, and moulding them into fresh and higher forms; and also must we not, and ought we not, to add, to some direct inspiration of heaven, some personal descent and gift of the Holy Spirit on his soul, descending upon him in response to the constant cry of his own heart, and his own daily effort to climb the Mount of God?

The result of these influences and all this earnest seeking was a rare and unique personality, some leading features of which we shall endeavor to portray as we proceed.

But we must not suppose that the external circumstances which helped to make him were exhausted by, though they might be involved in, the immediate heredity of constitution and of home. External Nature herself had a hand in him. The very situation of the place of his birth, Newport, Rhode Island, he himself declares "had no small influence in determining his mode of thought and habits of life." More even than the fresh green pastures on the north side of Newport, with the ever-varying cloud scenery, and softness of the atmosphere, and the reflected light of surrounding bay and ocean, was to him the pebbly, shelly shore on the south, with its gorgeous bivalves, its shelving sands, its precipitous rocks, the almost perennial roar of the waves, and the deep-riven rent, which formed part of that stern and rock-bound coast

> "Where the band of pilgrims moored their bark,
> On the wild New England shore.

"No spot on earth," says Channing, "has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured

out my thanksgivings and confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within. There, struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by nature's eloquence of winds and waves. There began a happiness surpassing all worldly pleasure, as all gifts of fortune,—the happiness of communing with the works of God."

One characteristic incident of his boyhood, and one alone, need we pause to describe; and, though it has been often referred to and is perhaps better known than anything else recorded of his childhood and youth, it would be a culpable incompleteness in us now to omit it. His father took him to hear a celebrated preacher, from whom the boy,

> "With his wonder so intense,
> And his small experience,"

"thought that he should learn great tidings from the unseen world." He heard, however, the usual Calvinism of the time,—the decrees, the curse, the darkness, and the horror. The boy felt that all amusement and earthly business must now be abandoned, and all people must set themselves to flee, and to help others to flee, from the wrath to come. "Sound doctrine, sir," said his father to some person after the service. "It is all true, then," said the boy to himself. His father whistled as they drove along, and when he reached home took off his boots, put his feet upon the mantel-piece, and quietly read his newspaper. "It is all untrue," now said the boy to himself. He had been, he thought, the victim of a lie; and from that moment he rose in freedom into the air of heaven to seek God for himself.

And now nothing will arrest the rapidity of our progress through his boyhood and early youth. He read in the public library, and went to the town school which New England Puritanism provided everywhere, that, as it was said, "bar-

barism" might not prevail in their families; and at last to Harvard College, aided by the same power, that, as it said, "learning might not be buried in the graves of our ancestors."

Here, at college, the thoughtful, pensive boy pursued his silent and almost solitary walk among the grave moralities and still graver theologies of his time, and scarce a trace remains of the more cheerful and refreshing culture of the humaner letters. Living influences and powers seem to have laid no hold of him, or special academic studies drawn his heart. As has been well said, "the intensity of the moral sentiment within him absorbed everything into itself, made his reflected activity wholly predominate over the apprehensive, and determined it in one invariable direction. He meditated where others would have learned; and the materials of his knowledge disappeared as fast as they were given, in the large generalizations of his faith. His mind thus grew, while his attainments made no show; and, while he missed the praise of learning, he had an affluence of wisdom."

College friendships, few but choice and lasting, college discussions, readings, and debates, a knowledge of the leading standard English divines, and of a few moral philosophers, especially Ferguson, he took away with him indeed; but the fabric of his mind was self-reared, steady alike amid the black thunder of Calvinism and the encroaching waves of utter overthrow and unbelief. It was quite true what he himself said, "It is easy to read, hard to think"; and he chiefly applied himself to the harder task. From college, he went to Richmond in Virginia; and here we encounter the greatest probably of the formative influences of his youth and early manhood. He was tutor to a dozen boys, and stayed there a year and a half. Not insensible to the grace and charms of Southern life and society, when he looked down into the crater on which it rested, his soul was filled

with horror, and the foundation of his hatred to *slavery* was laid. Retiring also into himself from society, the tone of which offended his Northern Puritanism and principle, he spent much of his time in solitary musing. "I lived alone," he says, "too poor to buy books, spending my days and nights in an out-building, with no one beneath my roof except during the hours of school-keeping. There I toiled as I have never done since, for gradually my constitution sunk under the unremitting exertion." Partly from a youthful stoical enthusiasm, not uncommon, leading him into the practice of asceticism from principle, and partly in order not to use the money with which his mother had supplied him, but which he thought she herself might want, he deprived himself of necessary food and rest and raiment, became in consequence shyer and shyer of all human intercourse,—musing, meditating, introspecting, and self-reproaching,—going, in fact, through all the experience so well known in the history of our race as the discipline of the saint, till his body became a skeleton, and his mind a laboratory of morbid thought, but also of something better than morbid thought. He thus sowed indeed the seeds of the weakness and disease which never left him; and many have thought that this painful discipline was an utter mistake and wrong, not only to himself, but to society, disabling him from nobler toils and a greater service the remainder of his life. But I am not so sure of this. It was after all part of the making of an exceptional man. Health of body, easy circumstances, and peace of mind are not usually the parents of exceptional excellence. Had Johnson been a comfortable gentleman-commoner at Oxford, with good health and competence, enabling him to engage in the society and amusement of the place instead of a servitor in poverty and neglect, and with a bad constitution that drove him into solitary ways and studies, are we sure we should have had the great lexicog-

rapher and moralist? Who would assert that, if Prescott had not lost his sight, he would have produced a better history? Still less, who will say, except out of poverty and obscurity and blindness, that Milton would have risen into himself, especially after his pathetic lament of "knowledge at one entrance quite shut out," and the inspired prayer, "So much the rather, Thou! celestial light, shine inward"?

Even in common life, how often do we find that broken health, adverse circumstances, and disappointment of vainly cherished hopes have driven a man, in spite of himself, into his higher usefulness, and therefore his higher happiness! And so in self-abnegation and self-mortification of the saint, in the subordination of the physical energies and the passions to the struggle for a purity more than human, and approaching the divine, who shall say that the special loftiness and the highest spirituality of a man do not take their rise? The psychology of saintship is as yet unsettled,— nay, an almost unexplored, unstudied branch of knowledge. All, as far as I know, that we have arrived at is this: that the most spiritual states and the loftiest visions that humanity has yet reached have been in actual connection more or less with these very conditions of what we call morbid asceticism and sense mortification. And the fact in our own day, that practical and sensible people, and people of the world, find in such a book as the *Christian Year* a response to the cry of some higher inner nature, and a nutriment for it, indicates the deep natural correspondences there are between the spiritual perfection born of the abnegation of the saint and the common run of our humanity.

The scanty food, the sleeping on the floor, the shivering in thin, threadbare clothes in the winter frost were no artificial regimen to Channing. These things were the product of a deep yearning. They were the honest outcome of his own nature. His own nature led him to them, his own

sense of duty urged him to them. They were the instruments, as he conceived, of his near entrance into the divine presence, and the realization of his highest visions. He might lose his health by them, but he thought they helped to reveal his own soul to him.

Indeed there can be no farther question, still less denial, of this after his own words. "Yet I look back on those days and nights of loneliness and frequent gloom with thankfulness. If I ever struggled with my own soul for purity, truth, and goodness, it was there. There, amidst sore trials, the great question, I trust, was settled within me,— whether I would obey the higher or lower principles of my nature; whether I would be the victim of passion, the world, or the free child and servant of God." "My mind was then receiving its impulse toward the perfect."

It is not for us then to step in and say in such a case the self-discipline and self-denial were extreme, unnecessary, undesirable, but to stand in reverence by that holy ground on which that great spiritual conflict was fought, or to ask whether under more judicious self-management we might not have had something better or stronger. One thing is certain: he would not then have been what he was. He would not have been himself; and it is for himself and what he was, not what he might have been, but was not, that we honor and thank him, and canonize him this day.

We can easily imagine that as St. Paul, after the great revulsion of his nature, needed his two years' quiet in Arabia, so Channing, after his fierce spiritual conflict, should need a season of repose to restore his health, mature his thought, and gather up the splintered forces of nature before fastening himself to the work of his life. Accordingly, from his twentieth to his twenty-third year, he lived in his house in Newport and at Harvard, where as regent (a kind of head monitor to preserve order) he had a quiet

opportunity of following his studies, till at twenty-three he became minister of the church in Federal Street, Boston, which he rendered so celebrated, and with which he was connected some forty years.

It is not within my design to follow minutely a career which was singularly uniform and uneventful except in thought and utterance. I prefer rather to study the characteristics of our hero, and to try to ascertain how this stately tree grew up.

The political state of society into which he was born had, I think, an immense influence in the formation of the man. When he was born in 1780, the Declaration of Independence (July 4, 1776) had only been made four years, and the war between England and America was still going on. (Peace 1782.)

Lord Cornwallis was carrying on his hangings of American citizens and the rest of his ruthless proceedings. The recent oppression and tyranny of England were fresh in the minds and frequent on the tongues of all about him; and her harassing and spiteful endeavors to crush the nascent independence of his countrymen, and to force them once again to bow their necks to the hateful yoke they had thrown off, were even then filling with sounds of a fiery indignation the atmosphere into which this child was born. I date to these early influences and surroundings that hatred of injustice and oppression which signalized his after-life, and caused that humane and gentle nature to flush up with indignation in the presence of any wrong. Thus, he was a republican, not necessarily because that was the best form of government under all circumstances that could possibly be, but because the Republic was to him the mother and the nurse of Liberty, of Justice, of Happiness. And as he saw her laws developing themselves in the free air into better and better and wiser and wiser completeness; as he saw a native sci-

ence, a native literature, and a jurisprudence growing up not only to enrich his country, but to win the admiration of the world; as he saw the measureless lands stretch themselves out to afford independence and competence to countless myriads; as he saw the crowds of human beings coming from the hopelessness and the misery of the old countries, with their over-crowded populations, to start a life of hope and energy for generations, in what he now called his own, — he was proud of his country, as he had reason to be.

As the early memories, however, of the bitter time of wrong and struggle with wrong faded before the light of his lofty spirit, and he could remember and appreciate the hearty sympathy of many a manly English statesman, and the best half of the English nation during the very time of the war, with the struggle of his country, he could afford to forget and forgive the arbitrary insistence of that brief time on the part of a man and a generation that were past,— he took it as an unhappy episode,— and, going back to the past, he cherished a glad pride and affection for that far-off little island that had been the home of his fathers, and was by her literature and learning the nurse of his own soul.

In truth, Channing saw, and his seeing should carry instruction to all coming time, that the England that then or since has refused its sympathy to America in any of her great struggles for justice and for freedom is not the England of the English people. It is in its fulness, or its remains, that Old England that — under the Stuarts — persecuted and drove away its own children, followed them to their new homes and persecuted them there, annulled their charters, took away their rights, and fought them. And the Englishmen that were thus treated in America left behind them brethren in bonds in England; and for generations we, too, on this side of the Atlantic, have been

struggling for our rights, and pressed down under the burdens of our wrongs, compelled to eat dear bread, denied a voice in the representation of our country or the government of our native towns, the doors of our universities shut against our children, marriage made impossible to us except by a compulsory religious service opposed to our tastes and convictions, education offered to us in small doles of charity,— where should I end the list? No: our American brothers fought their battle, and won it: we have fought our battle, and nearly won it, too; but the contest on both sides of the Atlantic has been the same. We are, and we always have been, on the same side. We are united in the same aims and hopes and sympathies. We ought forever and forever to form parts of the same band of progress. Channing saw all this clearly: he knew it was not and never could be the England proper that sought to wrong America or refused her sympathy. He knew it was only the old tyrannical element in it that had sought to wrong Englishmen, too. With this England, the true England, *our* England, we are necessarily, he said, in a perennial alliance; and when, in 1812, the American Government declared war against England, he almost shrieked out against it as impossible. It would be the direst blow that we could deal to the progress of all we held good and right: it would be a blow to the progress of the world.

It is curious that, though he seems to have read a good deal, the influence of literature was not great upon him. It was only indeed a small and select part of what he read that he gathered, as it were, into his mind, or assimilated to his moral being. He does not seem to have cared for what has been happily termed "a general fertilization of the mind." What he read must illustrate or strengthen some grand moral aim of his own, or aspira-

tion for humanity, or he did not care about it for any other character of influence. Thus, it is astonishing to find him saying, after going through almost all the great writers of England up to his own date, "English theology seems to me, on the whole, little worth: there is little in it to repay the attention of an enlightened mind." But what he meant was that he did not get the idea of Christianity reproduced in its integrity in the class of writings where it was particularly to be expected it should be found. He acknowledges that he had received help from these sources; for he excepts from the above sweeping censure some thirty or forty writers,—among them Butler, Cudworth, Hooker, and Leighton,—but he did not find even in these men the free, untramelled, trusting study and declaration of the truth from which he himself longed for help. He says, in language which for power and explicitness has never been surpassed, referring to every creed-bound, manacled form of establishment, "An Established Church is the grave of intellect. To impose a fixed, unchangeable creed is to raise prison walls around the mind; and, when the reception of this creed is made the condition of dignities and rich benefices, it produces moral as well as intellectual degradation, and palsies the conscience as much as it fetters the thought. Once make antiquity a model for the future ages, and fasten on the mind a system too sacred for examination and beyond which it must not stray, and in extinguishing its hope of progress you take away its life."

I think I know of no writer that owed less to other writers than Channing, or whose religion and thought were more self-originated. This gives his earlier utterances their wonderful freshness, and startled the world into some degree of attention. He will never go down to posterity as the author of any system or rank among what are called

Scientific Theologians; and such among mankind is the love of argument, the longing for logic, the desire to penetrate into the hidden things of God by a clear metaphysic, — to have, in short, a well-sustained and well-wrought out system of thought and belief,— however hollow, fanciful, and mistaken may be its basis,— such as in fact we find in the works of Augustine and the Institutes of Calvin, that Channing as a theologian, or the author and systematizer of a theology, may have no name and no place in the world's history. While as a thinker, a breather of purity and faith, the imparter to the world of a serene atmosphere of holy Christian reality and health, a great reflection of Jesus Christ, and a bearer on of his pure likeness, he will survive, incorporated into the life of the world, and finding his unconscious immortality in the hearts of generations to come, when the great system-writers I have named will only live as specimens of a wasted ingenuity and a false and misleading dogma.

Closely connected with this marked fact in the psychology of Channing is the adverse criticism sometimes passed upon him,— that he was incapable of sustained continuity of thought. I consider his whole life was one continuous course of growing and developing thought. Remember that he was a Christian minister, had the pastorate of a congregation, which that very thought made large, that he was bound through a great part of his life to weekly duty, was to produce powerful effects in short times and at short intervals. No person of culture and of religious tastes, from the English nobleman to the humblest minister, came to Boston without going to drink at this fountain of inspiration. The very success of these concentrated efforts, the very intenseness of these emotional discharges, so to speak, the quick and finished gleams and flashes of his soul, absorbed and all but exhausted the power of expression

in his nature. What could you expect besides, except what you got, the occasional lecture and the occasional review? These were not, indeed, Iliads or a Novum Organum; but they sped their way over the United States and Europe, striking chords of an ennobling and enlarging sympathy in thousands of hearts, and helping to treasure up great stores of moral result, and forming the noblest continuity of a well-sustained and undeviating purpose. A man may live an epic as well as write one, and may be a philosopher without writing on philosophy; and, in this case, Coleridge's remark had the right ring about it, when he said that Channing was a philosopher in a double sense, for he had the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love. And when I hear not of what he was, but of what he was not, I sometimes wish we could apply to the great heroes of thought and service, in their strong and beautiful variety, the spirit of the ever memorable lines of Spenser on the trees: —

> "The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
> The builder oak, sole king of forests all,
> The yew, obedient to the bender's will,
> The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,
> The myrrh sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound,
> The war-like beech, the ash for nothing ill,
> The fruitful olive, and the plaintain round."

So I wish that some of our critics would open their eyes to the largeness of the world and "see men as trees, walking."

In the numerous estimates of the character of Channing and the influence of his writings, there has come to be an almost monotonous uniformity, arising, however, from a profound unanimity. In truth, he was a man most easily interpreted; for he so fully interpreted himself. This has given rise to the charge of iteration, and the charge is true. He was a preacher; and, if the preacher does not iterate, he cannot create, and he will leave behind him no enduring

impression. Is a great, deep thought, is an all-underlying principle, to be thrown on the scarcely, perhaps, listening ear of the world *once*, and never repeated? "There is a great deal of iteration in his style," and so there is in the sun's. The sun rises every day and thus iterates itself, but no two days in the life of the world have been the same. And Channing, finding the great, but perhaps only half-acknowledged, if half-acknowledged, truth lying day after day deep down in his breast, uttered, and uttered, and uttered it again. But that is no reason that, if it has long taken possession of our own minds, *we* should go back to the former days of its first formation and its first fine enunciation. The whole of Channing is not for all of us. For some of us, unquestionably, the half is better than the whole. Because it is a part of his very triumph that he has now made so many of these great truths familiar to us, that they form part of the very atmosphere we breathe. But there are millions and millions yet, to whom I regret to say his is an unspoken gospel, a much-needed, though as yet, unheard word.

There is no use attempting to make a mystery of Channing. The simplicity of his aims and methods is transparent: the results are equally clear. He says: "Christianity is a revelation of the infinite universal parental love of God toward his human family." "Receive Christianity as given to raise you in the scale of spiritual being." "There is more danger from thinking too meanly of human nature than from thinking too highly of it." "Expect no good from Christ any further than you are exalted by his character and teachings." "Creeds are to the Scriptures what rushlights are to the sun." Christianity is a rational religion: if it were not so, I should be ashamed to profess it." But "Christianity, we must always remember, is a temper and spirit rather than a doctrine."

But what that doctrine was he had no more doubt than what that spirit and temper were. In the broad sense of the word, from his early manhood to his death, he was a Unitarian, and could be, from the principles on which he conducted his inquiries, no other. For he dismissed at once, as unauthoritative, all intervening evidence between himself and Christ, and found, he said, no Trinity in Nature, no Trinity in Reason, and no Trinity in Scripture. And the simple truths of this form of religion, which he regarded as those of the gospel, he maintained in no merely affirmative style, but put them face to face with the opposing errors, that the nature of both might be clearly seen; and thus, notwithstanding his gentleness and his candor,—nay, in consequence of his candor,—he was, in portions of his writings, about the most vividly incisively controversial of all our great writers on divinity. But he said, "I value Unitarianism not because I regard it as in itself a perfect system, but as freed from many great pernicious errors of the older systems, as encouraging freedom of thought, as raising us above the despotisms of the Church, and as breathing a mild and tolerant spirit into all the members of the Christian body."

But he would not, he said, live within the narrow walls of any sect, but under the open sky (as he himself said of Milton, "great minds everywhere were his kindred"), in the broad light, looking far and wide, seeing with my own eye, hearing with my own ear, and following Truth meekly, but resolutely, however arduous and solitary the path in which she leads. So intensely did he verify each one of his own convictions that he could not admit them afterward into question, and this gave an air of finality to his mind in later years, not finality for others, or finality for truth, or a conscious finality to his own mental state, but a stillness, settledness, repose,—the repose of a stately vessel that had

braved perilous seas and encountered many a storm, but was now resting in the harbor of a completed voyage. But they will greatly mistake his spirit, who think this meant ultimate completeness or turn him into a creed-maker for mankind, though I myself should think him, if it were so, the very noblest that has trod this earth since Jesus Christ. But there was nothing of which he himself had a greater dread than stationariness. He declares that he would not linger round his own writings for fear that his mind might become stationary. He rebuked those who spoke of the state of the blessed, of heaven as stationary: he latterly objected to Unitarianism even that it had become stationary, "and now [he writes with displeasure] we have a Unitarian orthodoxy." He says the Christianity of the primitive age is not the standard for all that follows. "It is growing light, and must be expounded by every age for itself." He says, "I am surer that my rational nature is from God than that any book is the expression of his will." It is of the very highest importance that in honoring the memory of this great man, and calling attention to and circulating in larger and larger quantities his writings, we should bear continually in mind these noble declarations. Already some, a great deal, of that new light which he knew must come has dawned upon us. Already, of many things he has written, has that magnificent hope been fulfilled,—"I shall see with no emotion but joy those fugitive productions forgotten and lost in superior brightness." But, although this may be so, he has helped to bring us, and will still help to bring many, many more, to the point at which we are ready to receive and waiting for that light. He himself would now spurn us as unworthy spiritual descendants, if we were content to remain exactly where he had left us, with no new irradication, no fresh enthusiasm, no opening vision. What! he would say, with all this light of knowledge that has flooded in on your world since I was

among you, have you no fresh start to make in the great race? Can you do nothing but slavishly repeat me, using words and arguments that I myself begin to feel are inadequate, if not untrue? I gave you the richest, finest version of the gospel of Jesus Christ that has reached your ears for eighteen centuries. Are you doing anything to spread it? I put you on the path of a holy and happy progress. Are you moving on it? I left you gifts many of yourselves considered great, and led some sad captivities captive. Are you inspired by my examples? Are you, with your increased lights and powers, doing for humanity and truth in your day what I strove with all my heart and nature to do in mine?

It is true that in the later years of his life, especially in seasons of depression and sickness, some of the new forms of Scriptural criticism and inquiry struck pain into the nerve of his mental eye; but he braved the pain, and would not close the eye. He had confidence in truth; though, with his habit of looking at everything as it affected the holiness and happiness of man, he could not himself see how these things were to benefit the race.

But while changes have come over the thought of our time, and on all sides men are rising up to carry on the thought of his, yet his work is far from done, and his good influence far from exhausted on the wisest and the best of us, while for the masses of Christendom and of humanity it may be made still a star of guidance to prostrate ignorant millions. What man is there living on the face of the earth who would not rise higher and nobler from the study of that unrivalled decalogue of freedom, each clause of which begins "I call that mind free"? Are we still beyond or above the power of his word on the misery and wickedness of war, or on the madness and ignobleness of a simply Napoleonic ambition? Are there no other annexations to be deprecated besides those of Texas? Does not the very course of our

searching physical inquiries still leave room for his voice on the nobleness of man? Has the timid outward and ungenuine conformity of our times no need of the rebuke of his courage and his robust virility? Has God so many faithful children, has Christ so many loving followers, has man so many helpful brothers, have purity and peace so many earnest advocates that we have no farther need of him? Listen to what men say of him. The French say he is a new Fénelon; the Germans say he is a new Schleiermacher; Bunsen says that "his work cannot be too highly estimated, and is destined to be a still increasing influence on the spiritual conception of Christianity and the practical application of its principles." "He is a man like a Hellene, a citizen like a Roman, and Christian like an apostle. If one whose whole life and conversation in the sight of all his fellow-citizens stand in absolute correspondence with the earnestness of his Christian language and are without a spot be not a prophet of God's presence in humanity, I know of none such." "When first I came across Dr. Channing's writings," says the hardy agriculturist of Scotland, the late George Hope, bred a Calvinist, "I was electrified by them, and felt that he gave a clear, articulated expression to the dim thoughts that had previously floated through my mind, and lifted me nearer to the Infinite Father." Says an early and diligent student of him, in an article in the *Christian Teacher*, published at his death, which is so consummate in its discerning power and truth that we could not do a greater honor to Channing's memory than republish it: "Perhaps no one living man ever stood in the same spiritual relation to so many minds. . . . The doctrines of Jesus were the lights in which he regarded the relations of every human being to society and to God, and consequently his judgments on moral subjects were uttered with a simplicity, a commanding clearness and fulness of conviction that make them

sound like inspirations. . . . He spoke like a prophet as from immediate vision, as one who had come from listening to the everlasting voice."

So nearly unparalleled was his influence even on minds of a very high order that the Italian professor Sbarbaro says that "no single writer since Dante has ever made so great an impression on my faculties as Channing"; and he speaks of the rapid and universal diffusion of his works in all corners of the civilized earth.

Innumerable are the tributes to his greatness and his influence which I have collected at some pains, but which a regard to your time and patience compels me to omit, together, I may say, with a great deal of other matter which I had prepared. These testimonies come from the leaders of thought; and they come from almost every land,—from America, from England, from France, from Holland, from Italy, from Switzerland, from Germany, from Transylvania. And each year they increase in volume and significance, from the first response of sympathy sent by the Unitarians in this country, more than half a century ago, to the other day in London, when M. Renan wrote of him "that he heard the first warning sounds of the clock of the future gospel," and as one of the grandest of those saints whom Rome had not yet canonized. Almost as numerous, too, are the editions that have been published of the whole or portions of his works, and of the translations that have been made of them into foreign tongues; and at this moment, as a farther instalment, the spirited step has been taken to offer to the world a new edition of a hundred thousand copies.

Ought we to let the centenary year of his birth pass by without gratitude to God, without gratitude to this his servant, and a renewed desire, with renewed encouragement, to spread far and wide those pure influences by which the souls of so many of us have been raised and blessed, and with which we must try to baptize the nations?

At the conclusion of Mr. Wicksteed's address, remarks were made by the Rev. William Gaskell, Mr. John Dendy, Rev. Charles T. Poynting, Professor Roscoe, and Mr. E. C. Harding.

Votes of thanks were then passed to the Chairman, and to Mr. Wicksteed for his very interesting and valuable address.

The following impromptu acrostic was composed, during the meeting, by a lady who was unfortunately so placed as not to be able to hear the speakers: —

Come ye people, let us pay
Homage to the Great to-day,
And our restless spirits lay
Neath his pure and noble sway.
Never will ye hours repent
In such sweet communion spent;
Never may the impulse die
Given by a soul so high!

THE CELEBRATION AT BELFAST.

A LARGE number of the Unitarians of the Belfast and the surrounding districts commemorated, at a collation in the Music Hall, the centenary of the birth of Dr. William Ellery Channing. The company, which included a good many ladies, numbered between one and two hundred. Among those present were Hon. W. Porter, General Richmond, U. S. Consul; Messrs. E. J. Harland, J.P., John Miller, J.P. (Comber), W. J. C. Allen, J.P., John Campbell, G. W. Wolff, James Dickson, John Carlisle, N. Oakman, H. Darbishire, J. R. Neill, R. W. Gordon, G. Fisher, Joseph Mackay, A. Hunter, H. Murray, Marcus J. Ward, John Rogers, R. M'Calmont, W. Spackman, John Little, Wallace Boyle, J. W. Russell, G. K. Smith, F. Frankfort Moore, J. Salvage, John Smyth, Jr. (Banbridge), W. Smith (Banbridge); Revs. C. J. M'Alester (Holywood), J. Hall (Ballyclare), English Crooks (Ballyclare), Hugh Moore, M.A. (Newtownards), Harold Bylett (Moneyrea), David Thompson (Dromore), Barnard Gisby (Rademon), David Thompson (Hopeton Street), J. J. Wright (Mountpottinger), Thomas Dunkerley, B.A. (Comber), James Kennedy (Larne), T. H. M. Scott, M.A. (Dunmurry), R. J. Orr, M.A., James Cooper, H. T. Basford (Banbridge), Joseph Pollard, James C. Street, and A. Gordon.

Rev. R. J. Orr said grace. Rev. T. H. M. Scott said grace after meat.

In the absence of Dr. Ritchie, J.P., from illness, James M. Darbishire, Esq., was, on the motion of Rev. J. C. Street, called to the chair.

Rev. A. GORDON stated that letters of sympathy with the object of the meeting and regretting inability to attend were received from Revs. R. Campbell (Templepatrick), President of the Non-subscribing Association and Moderator of the Remonstrant Synod, S. C. Nelson, M.A. (Downpatrick), David Gordon (Downpatrick), Robert Cleland, B.A. (Crumlin), John M'Caw (Killinchy), William Whitelegge (Cork), W. S. Smith (Antrim), J. Miskimmin (Greyabbey), W. Napier (Clough), John Jellie (Cairncastle); Messrs. J. R. Musgrave, J.P., High Sheriff of Donegal, John Millar, J.P. (Lisburn), W. Robertson (Belfast), Thomas Andrews (Comber), Professor Hodges, M.D. (Belfast), Messrs. Edward Gardner, LL.B. (Downpatrick), T. M'Clelland (Belfast), and David C. Patterson (Holyrood). Mr. Gordon read an interesting extract from a letter by the venerable Rev. S. C. Nelson.

The Chairman, who was received with applause, thanked the meeting for the honor they had conferred upon him in asking him to take the place of Dr. Ritchie. They all knew that Dr. Ritchie's spirit was with them, though he was absent in the flesh.

Rev. J. C. STREET moved the following resolution: — "That, in commemorating to-day the one-hundredth birthday of William Ellery Channing, we desire to pay a reverent tribute to the transcendent beauty and sweetness of his character, which shone through all his acts and all his writings, and constitutes for all time a living exemplification of manly dignity and Christian worth." He said, not here alone, but in many other parts of the English-speaking

world, citizens are gathered together to do honor to the name and to the works of William Ellery Channing. There were possibly others than those of our own spiritual communion who are being brought together on that day, and who in other parts of the world are doing as we are doing, and are united with us in a common bond, and making us feel that we are engaged in a genuine work. A hundred years have passed since the advent of William Ellery Channing to the world. Many men have lived and died within that period, but of the many comparatively few are remembered as Channing is remembered this day. Generations rise and pass away, and only the souls that are richer and riper and rarer in our race are perpetuated in the memory of those who succeed them. It is because there was something exceptional in the character and work of Channing that men and women are assembled that day to honor his name. For my own part, I do not look upon Channing as one of the greatest of men, but I look upon him as one of the best of men. He was not profound in his scholarship, he was not majestic in his mental powers; yet there was a wealth of scholarship and there were powers of singular sweetness which belonged to him, and which have secured for him a place which men of larger scholarship were never able to occupy. Whatever scholarship and mental power he had were hallowed and sweetened by one of the kindest, gentlest, and most loving spirits that ever radiated in the heart and brain of a human being.

One of the main characteristics of Dr. Channing was that perfume of sweetness and holiness, that high-toned morality, which are to be found running through all he said and all he did, and which will forever remain as his greatest monument among mankind. This resolution will embody, not simply the sentiments of this meeting, but of all those whom we represent in the North of Ireland; and it would also effectu-

ally embody the sentiments of those who in different parts of the world were that day commemorating the birth of Channing. The resolution recognizes the wonderful sweetness and beauty of Channing's character, and no reader of his writings could help failing to be impressed with that. Though Channing had to hold aloft a banner that required firm hands to hold it up, still in all his controversies, and they were many, in all the battles in which he was engaged, and they were not few, his greatest foes admitted the wonderful sweetness of his thoughts and utterances. Dr. Channing dignified controversy and exalted reasoning. He made those who disputed with him feel that the battle was not a battle of persons, not a battle merely of conflict, but a battle of earnest principles, to which men were to look carefully and reverently in order that they might find what was the truth. Men who enter into a controversy in that spirit, though they might not convince their opponents, yet by their tenderness of manner and the sweetness of their method they could not help winning for themselves a profound love and reverent respect. Among all the controversial writings which had sprung from the bosom of our Church, none have had such a wide extent of influence as the writings of Channing. He seemed to be the fitting instrument of the moment. There was a great transition in public opinion and religious thought at the time that Channing stepped forward to enter upon his work. He seemed a man peculiarly adapted to addressing himself to the controversies of the age. He dignified his part of the controversy in such a way that those who came after him, having their work well begun, have now almost carried it to a successful issue. Dr. Channing was, as the Chairman has told you, a Unitarian. He was a Unitarian with very pronounced and definite views. He differed very much from many of his brethren who were round about him, and his views were

not in harmony with many of those held by his brethren in this day. But, while that was the case, he was a large-minded man, who could put himself in his brother's place, and sometimes see with his brother's eye and feel with his brother's heart. He knew that there were points of view different from his own, and that it might be that even an opponent saw some measure of the truth of God. Hence he was largely tolerant in his spirit; and hence, though he was born in a sectarian Church, he rose out of it, and entered into the universal Church of God, with all its sympathies for mankind; and hence on this day we have, all over the English-speaking lands, men of broad views in our free Churches, who were banded together to do honor to the name of Channing. They do not care for the precise form of his thought, or whether it expresses exactly their form or not. What they were honoring that day was the large, tolerant catholic spirit which looked out into the universe of God, and sought for the brotherhood of humanity all over the world. In all probability, in the history of the world, Channing would be remembered more for the work he did in connection with great social questions and even for his work in connection with theology. For, after all, I dare say we all feel that theology is a changing topic, that it shifts its aspects as the world becomes larger, and as the truth of God becomes more and more revealed; but the great principles of morality and freedom and righteousness, which belong to all churches and also to humanity, remain with us perennially, and will be to us a source of perennial strength. Dr. Channing threw himself as few men did into the great living controversies of the day. He was always pleading for righteousness and the great principles of human freedom. Channing was a man of weak physical constitution; but he seemed to have mastered himself, and to have held himself supreme in the tabernacle of his own nature. He belonged to a class of men who

gave an exaltation to their communion. He was one of the men we prize as representing the highest type of personal character. In the ordinary forms of daily life, in his ministrations among his people, in his utterances from the pulpit, in his sympathies with the slave, in his work among poor sufferers from drunkenness, he carried with him a spirit of wonderful consecration, which tended to remove many a stain from human life. It was this that prominently distinguished him, and made him a power and inspiration wherever he went, quickening the men and women about him, and elevating them into closer relationship with the spirit of the Living God. We this day bear our humble testimony to the worth of that great life; and, forgetting many things, we join hands, as we may not have done for many years, in a reverent recollection of one who, representing none of our differences, symbolizes our unity.

Mr. JOHN CAMPBELL, in responding to the call to second the motion, rejoiced to have an opportunity of commemorating the birthday of Dr. Channing. They might establish memorial churches and might publish and circulate Dr. Channing's works, but they would do most honor to his memory by humbly endeavoring to catch his spirit and imitate his virtues.

The Chairman said he had been asked to propose the following: "That, in celebrating Dr. Channing's special services to our own denomination, we would thankfully recognize that breadth of soul and delicacy of spiritual touch which have rendered his expositions of Christianity the common property of liberal minds in all Churches."

Rev. A. GORDON, in seconding the resolution, said: The April sun is shining on our festivity, in happy unison with the pure and radiant spirit of him whose birth we are met to commemorate, whose virtues we remember, and whose services we gladly and proudly own. Channing belonged to a

class of influential minds always rare, and differing in some important respects from the majority of those who have influenced the course of thought and theology in the various denominations and churches. There were those of whom they could hardly think, apart from the peculiar ecclesiastical position in which they found themselves placed. It would be impossible to consider Aquinas except as a schoolman, Hooker save as an Anglican, Bossuet in any other light than that of a Roman Catholic, Jonathan Edwards except as a Calvinist, or John Relly Beard save as a Unitarian.

Noble as all these men were in their thoughts, and sympathetic in their hearts, nevertheless, if they were stripped of their theological or ecclesiastical position, their identity would be destroyed, and they would become unrecognizable units in the crowd. On the other hand, there were those whose precise theological or ecclesiastical place seemed to be rather the result of the accident of time, birth, or training than the effect of any special innate tendency. Such men as Tauler, the Dominican; as Valdés, who, though we look upon him as one of our own predecessors, lived and died in the Roman Catholic Church; as Henry Scougal, the Scottish Episcopalian; as Bishop Berkeley or Dr. Doddridge,— such men as these belong not to one Church, but to all. Remove them from their immediate surroundings, and one might transplant them into any other Christian community, and the thoughts which they would breathe, and in the main the words that they would speak, would awaken the self-same echoes which they had awakened before. Now, to neither of those classes did Channing properly belong. We cannot escape classing him as a denominationalist. He was one of those of whom Baxter was the grandest example in the seventeenth century. Baxter was a typical English non-conformist: we might call him

even the creator of non-conformity. It was the unresting eagerness and vehemence of his conscientious scruples, rejecting any, even the least, obedience to an outer law as distinguished from the inward spirit, which gave existence and courage and permanence to English Dissent. And yet, though Baxter was a denominationalist and the founder of denominationalism, Presbyterians have long ago forgiven him his telling them that Presbyterian was an odious name. Unitarians are perfectly content that he should assure them that the creed of Athanasius, to his mind, interpreted best the deepest of all mysteries, the mystery of the Divine Being. Even conformists gathered round his monument the other day at Kidderminster, acknowledging that the spirit of Catholic charity lived in the man, and was by no means diminished or injured by the strength of his non-conformity. I think we may say this likewise of Dr. Channing, and perhaps in a larger degree. Dr. Channing was decisively a Unitarian: we may call him the creator of modern Unitarianism. It was he who took up the Unitarian name and gave it its modern significance and present power. That name which their forerunners in the great age of the Reformation knew not; that name which Servetus never heard, and which Socinus rejected; that name which survived in obscurity amid a picturesque community nestling among the Eastern hills, far away beyond the woods and thickets which fringe the vast arid plain of Hungary; that name which was revived in England by the learned Biddle and the pious Emlyn, but the use of which died with the men; that name which was borne aloft once more by the gentle heroism of Theophilus Lindsey, and made by him synonymous with a rigid Scriptural monotheism and a stern doctrine of philosophic necessity,— that name, when Channing took it up, acquired a new meaning and a spiritual importance which it never had attained before. The famous sermon at Balti-

more, in 1819, first told Unitarians what their name really meant or might mean. I believe that here in Ireland the use of the name Unitarian dated from Channing's time and influence, and in Ireland that the name has always been conceived in Channing's sense. It was not always so interpreted in England. To understand what Channing's services to them as a Unitarian denomination had been, they must realize what he had made their distinctive name import. That which Priestley thought impossible, and if possible inexpedient, the amalgamation under one name of the older Arian and the rising Humanitarian party, was seen, under the influence of Channing's teaching, to be not only feasible, but inevitable. And it was made so by the strength of Channing's affirmations, by the power with which he put forward the moral as well as the spiritual ground of our faith, and showed that, while our metaphysical differences may be many, there are points of union which bear witness to a common Christianity in all.

It was this great doctrine of a common Christianity preached by him in season, and, some thought, out of season, which enabled him to be such a power not only in the little Church of which he was the mainstay and vindicator, but a power also among enlightened men of all other Churches. We cannot say that Dr. Channing's influence was either such a bulwark in defence of Christianity itself as was presented by the learned Lardner or the industrious Norton; we cannot claim for him the frank, philosophic acumen of Priestley; we cannot say that he had compelled the intellect of Christendom to reconsider any cardinal dogma, in the same way as Socinus had done with regard to the dogma of the atonement. But this we can say: that in all the Churches around he has made men feel that there was something grander and better, something nobler and truer, than either what they had been fighting

for or fighting against. He has made men feel that Unitarianism, as he preached it, must be interpreted as a witness, lofty and peerless, for spiritual freedom, for Evangelical charity, for the religion of Christ Jesus undefiled. So it has happened that now, a hundred years after his birth, we find in the nations round about, and in the Churches, whether orthodox or heterodox, men rising up to pay a tribute of reverent homage to the works and services, to the true and Christian spirit, of William Ellery Channing. We know that in Italy this very day, in the very capital of the the most invincibly orthodox type of Christianity, a little band of noble spirits, with the Senator Mamiani at their head, assembles to bear witness to the emancipating power of Channing. We find the same movement as far off as the northern snows of Iceland. We find it wherever the English language is read and Channing's works in the original form are accessible. We find also that those works have been honored in translations to an extent to which no other works have been honored, except the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress. Last month there happened in the city of Buda-Pest a very interesting ceremony. It was a wedding between the son of the Lord Lieutenant Daniel, one of the leading names of our own Transylvanian Church, and a Roman Catholic lady. The ceremony was performed in the chief church of the Reformed or Calvinistic body, lent for the occasion; and the officiating minister was our own Bishop Ferencz. Among the crowded congregation who witnessed the unwonted spectacle was that noble specimen of a true Christian gentleman, Bishop Torök, the Calvinistic Bishop of Buda-Pest. When I received this very morning the news of that remarkable incident, it struck me as possessing some features of an augury. Here was the marriage of Unitarian truth and Catholic piety, solemnized amid the not unmoved or unsympathetic pres-

ence of the Calvinistic community. This was the very work of Channing. It was not merely a proclamation of divine truth, it was the wedding of this with Evangelical charity and with social righteousness. When we contemplate the influence and power of such a life, we may take courage and renew our hope. Thinking over what our great ones have done in the past, we may go forward, in the strength of God, to vindicate the spiritual kingdom of His Son, in the days that are present and that shall be.

The resolution was passed unanimously.

JOHN ROGERS, Esq., moved the next resolution: "That, in recording our sense of Dr. Channing's ceaseless exertions through the pulpit and the press, in the cause of freedom, culture, and philanthropy, we rejoice to witness the continual spread of principles of which he was the intrepid and enthusiastic advocate.

General RICHMOND, United States Consul, said he would not follow the eloquent example of those who had preceded him, but should merely take advantage of the opportunity of expressing his full sympathy with the objects of this meeting.

Rev. C. J. M'ALESTER moved the fourth resolution: That we commend the public spirit which has achieved the issue of a centennial shilling edition of Channing's works, and regard the welcome accorded to his writings in both hemispheres as a happy omen of the progressive influence of high thoughts, fitly embodied in a captivating literary form.

THE CELEBRATION AT ABERDEEN.

A PUBLIC meeting was held on Monday evening, April 5, in Blackfriars Street Hall, Aberdeen, to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. William Ellery Channing. There was a large attendance; and Mr. G. T. Walters, George Street Unitarian Church, occupied the chair.

The Chairman, in introducing the proceedings, intimated that the Rev. Edward Lang, Dee Street Methodist Church, who had intended to be a speaker on this occasion, was unavoidably absent; and he also stated that the invitations were not given to the speakers, nor were they supposed to be accepted on any ground of doctrinal agreement, but on a religious sympathy of a broad and liberal kind.

Mrs. CAROLINE A. SOULE, President of the American Women's Universalist Association, gave an eloquent address on "The Spirit of Channing's Life." She said the name and fame of Channing had been familiar to her from her girlhood, as they were to the children of all intelligent American families; for, however much people might differ on the other side of the sea in regard to the correctness of Channing's theology, they were united as to the solemn beauty of his life. One and all were proud of their countryman. They loved him as a man, they admired him as a writer, they respected him as a religious teacher, and they cherished his memory as that of one who never failed in the

hour when Truth sounded her bugle notes to come to the front, and bear its banner into the very thickest of the conflict. To catch thoroughly the spirit of Channing's life, they must remember somewhat the circumstances of his birth. Born while the war of the Revolution was in its travail, and born of patriotic parents, it was easy to see that his spiritual inheritance was an indomitable love of freedom, and an equally strong hatred of all that was enslaving. The boy who had seen his father entertain at his own table George Washington, the father of his country, could scarcely have other than that spirit which would fight its way from all trammels, secular or religious, and rise up as on eagle's wings to the clear sky of victory,— victory over all that was false or little or low, all that was unworthy of a child of God. The spirit of that life, whose birth they now commemorated, was broad, bold, brave, bounteous, benevolent, and beautiful; and, if they read his life carefully, they would not be able to find a single page on which they could not mark the one or the other of these. Besides the circumstances of his birth, to catch thoroughly his spirit, they must remember that his parents were both individuals of rare natural gifts. Channing, though comparatively poor at birth in this world's goods, had yet a grand inheritance,— gold that could not be stolen, jewels that could not be lost. Inheriting from his parents a character that was spotless, and from his country one that was noble, they might say, without irreverence, he inherited a portion of the kingdom of God, which was inward righteousness, peace, and joy. Mrs. Soule said the predominating qualities of Channing's life might be seen in his boyhood; and, after noticing his early life, she went on to speak of his maturer history. Singularly free from bigotry and prejudice, he was an ardent yet consistent advocate for religious liberty. Broad in his own views, he still would not force them upon any one,

believing that it was the right of every individual to exert and exercise his own faculties in the investigation of religious truth. He abhorred a sectarian spirit; he labored not so much to build up a church as the Church, the Church of Christ, not to develop the truth of a sect, but the truth of God. Yet, when the time came for him to reveal his convictions on any point of theological inquiry, he was bold and brave, yet ever magnanimous; rejecting decidedly those views which seemed to him erroneous, but never believing that error was guilt. He made a distinction also between his opponent and his opponent's views. The latter, if they seemed wrong, he was bound in honor as an apostle of truth to contradict and to discuss, yet he was courteous and gentle to the man in error. Channing was a free giver in his thoughts, and also a free giver in material things. The beauty of his spirit was seen in his generosity to his opponents, in his sympathy with the suffering, in his tenderness to the sinful, and in his self-consecration to what he conceived to be the duties of a Christian minister. His ideal was high: perhaps the world has not seen one higher than that.

The Rev. JOSEPH VICKERY, Blackfriars Street Congregational Church, gave an address on "Channing as a Social Reformer." He said it was the great merit of Channing, born on the eve of that great French Revolution which was to shake all nations, that he was among the first to catch that new spirit of freedom and inquiry, and to apply it to the consideration of practical questions. In his very youth, he caught all the ardor and patriotic aspiration of that new period, and the glow of it never died away from his face. Channing's position in regard to all questions of social reform and progress is best expressed by the emphasis which he constantly laid upon the action of the individual. He had a distrust, which was perhaps too great, in the mere

machinery of philanthropy; and he was perhaps somewhat disposed to underrate the action of wise governing policies upon the condition of society. And yet it is impossible, in the reading of his speeches, his letters, and his various schemes, not to perceive that he had clearly recognized and firmly grasped the one principle which, more than all other principles, lies at the heart of social progress. Reformation must begin from within, and in this respect Channing's ideas of social reform are pre-eminently Christian. But it was not less characteristic of Channing's attitude to society as a reformer that in all his ideas his aim was constructive rather than destructive. He recognized in the ascendency of every institution, however evil or objectionable in certain of its features, the outcome of conflicting motives of a complex society. The true policy of reform is to see not how much we can cut away, but how much we can save. To understand the social questions which confront us, we must trace them to their origin. Not only by temperament, but by conviction, Channing was opposed to all indiscriminating attacks upon the evils and errors of society. He knew both the danger and the error of uncritical reform. His social radicalism was deep and fervent; but it was a radicalism which took a wide survey of the conditions of human life, and made large allowance for the infirmities and ignorance of men. In the firmness, yet moderation and breadth, with which he held and expressed his principles, in his clear recognition of the real difficulties at the root of our social troubles and disorders, in his healthy and genuinely Christian trust in the inherent goodness of human nature, in his preference for a moral and religious policy rather than for what is purely political and mechanical, Channing was admirable. He (Mr. Vickery) joined in the praise of Channing that evening, because he was not only an illustrious member of the society of Christ and God, but because throughout his

spotless career he was entirely faithful to that policy of progress which he believed to be the only one which is supremely true and divine.

The Chairman spoke on "Channing's Influence on the Future of Humanity," and said that Thomas Carlyle had given us the hero as divinity, as prophet, as priest, etc., but not the hero as a saint. Amid the struggles, the hopes, and fears of mortal men, there was room for a type of heroism such as that. If by the word "saint" they might mean one who sought to purify the world from its sin and shame, and to make life glorious by truth, devotion, and love, then William Ellery Channing might stand, for them, the hero as a saint. And how did such men influence the world? They did not cause a great and sudden commotion. They did not shake the pillars of an Empire. Their influence was of a gentler kind, rather to be compared to the subtle breath of spring, which calls forth flowers and grass to make joyful the dark, sad, wintry soil. With reference to Channing's influence upon the religious future of humanity, Mr. Walters said that he believed that many had been delivered from a hard, selfish dogmatism, and prejudices had been removed. Channing was a Unitarian; and people who had been trained, as he (Mr. Walters) had, to regard that word with the utmost horror, found when reading Channing's works that a Unitarian might be a sincerely pious and good man, might be a Christian in that very highest sense of the term, which means Christ-like. Things could not remain as they were. People were beginning to ask why theological differences should divide men of earnestness and faith, why the great cause of civilization and progress should be checked by reason of jealousy or suspicion between various men, who, whatever their doctrinal differences might be, were striving to win the world to a nobler and purer life. In

the future, then, the Churches of Christendom would realize that there was something more truly precious than creeds and formularies,—that the distinctions of sect were but mean and paltry in the sight of Him who gathered to his side the beggar and the outcast, and who enunciated in the surprised hearing of a Samaritan woman the grandest principle of religious faith, that the true worshipper should worship the Father in spirit and in truth. The influence of Channing would also save many from drifting away into the extremes of Materialism and Atheism. This service would not be less than the other. Over the stormy seas of controversy, while the waves of sectarian passion roll and break, while theories of extreme partisans dash in vain tumult and perpetual babble, the light of Channing's faith will shine as from the light-house top, will calmly assert, through the dark and stormy night, the perpetual love of God; and, from age to age, many a human soul struggling through life shall be guided to the harbor where every sorrow and every pain shall be hushed in the eternal peace.

Mr. ROBERT ADAMS, flesher, moved a vote of thanks to the lady and gentlemen speakers for their eloquent addresses.

Mr. WILLIAM LINDSAY, in seconding the motion, suggested that they should have a standing committee, that, year after year as the birthday of Channing came round, would enable them to meet and consider and reflect upon the great and glorious work that that great man had done for the world.

The vote was heartily accorded, and the proceedings shortly afterward terminated.

TRIBUTES OF THE EUROPEAN PRESS.

From the London DAILY NEWS.

THE meeting at St. James' Hall last night, to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Dr. Channing, was wisely not limited to those who share his religious views. The founder of New England Unitarianism, like his predecessor and sometime contemporary, Dr. Priestley, was too large and wide a man for his best influence to be limited to any religious sect. He may, perhaps, be longest remembered as the great preacher of doctrines then regarded as new and striking; but his place in the history of the United States is in some degree independent of his position in the history of opinion. The writings on which his theological reputation rests have perhaps a wider fame, and certainly a far larger audience, than his more purely literary efforts; but it is by his moral and social influence that he did most for his country. Dr. Channing was one of the makers of New England. He it was, more perhaps than any other man, who widened and transformed its narrow and provincial life. He found it colonial, and left it national. He not only made Boston the centre of the religious views of which he was the most eloquent exponent, but helped to make it the intellectual capital of the United States. The War of Independence was

brought to an end while he was still a child, and he went as a youth of fourteen to Harvard while Washington was in the second term of his Presidency. Neither the troubles nor the successes of the future Republic had then begun. When Channing went to Boston as a young preacher, in 1803, the opinion of the chief politicians of the young nation was that slavery would die out in the air of freedom. The States of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Vermont had just been added to the Union ; and, in that very year, the country beyond the Mississippi had been added to the territories of the Republic by purchase from France. It was a time of intense mental activity in the newly liberated States. There was a reaction from political anxieties, which seemed to have been set at rest, toward social and theological problems. We may pass over the religious controversies which then raged in New England, though they claim a passing notice, because it was as one of the founders of "the Boston religion," as it was called, that Channing was first known to fame. It was in somewhat later years, after these controversies had settled down, and the Federal Street Church was regarded with pride by men who did not share the religious views inculcated from its pulpit, that Channing's larger influence began. His celebrated Review of the correspondence between President Adams and some supposed opponents of the Federal Union in Massachusetts was published in 1829. It was an eloquent and exhaustive statement of the reasons why the Union should be cherished as the guarantee and the guardian of American freedom. In this striking essay, he foreshadowed in some degree, and probably did much to foster and increase, that devotion to the Union which thirty years after his death took up the Southern challenge and destroyed slavery to save the Federal Government from dissolution.

It was not foreseen in Channing's early days that either

the Union on the one hand, or slavery on the other, would become objects of passionate attachment. Channing's own chief political service to his country arose out of the aggressiveness of slavery rather than from any aggressive attitude on his part toward slavery. He regarded his chief work as lying outside politics; and, though he held and taught anti-slavery doctrines, he did not join the early anti-slavery movement. What Miss Martineau calls the Martyr Age of American freedom does not form part of Channing's life. His doctrine of the dignity of human nature was inconsistent with all slavery, but he was content at first to leave its practical application to that particular evil to the gradual operation of the public sense of right and justice. But slavery soon found that it must have room or die. The early founders of the Republic had been justified in their belief that it would not hold its own in a free State, but they did not know that new lands would open out on all sides over which it might spread. Channing, like many other men of quiet and gentle nature, held aloof from the early denouncers of what Garrison called "the covenant with hell." He seems to have hoped that the South would be more likely to abolish it, if they were reasoned with than if they were denounced. He proved to be wrong, or circumstances disappointed his expectation. But when the slave-owners overflowed into Mexican territory, and it was proposed to steal Texas from that neighboring republic in order to add another slave State to the Union, Channing wrote Mr. Clay a protest against the proposed act of national dishonesty, which postponed, though it could not prevent, the crime. He was dead when the annexation was at last accomplished; but his protests against the threatened war, and the almost prophetic tone of his warning, had already done much to rouse the conscience of the nation. This, indeed, was Channing's great political service to his own and the immediately fol-

lowing times. He made the people feel that a nation could not do injustice without suffering for it, and that the petty cowardice of bullying weak neighbors was utterly unworthy of a free and self-respecting people. If he was late in publicly joining the anti-slavery protest, he, at least, gave it efficient and noble help when at last he was induced to speak ; and he planted in the minds of the people of New England a sense of national responsibility for the wrong-doings of the government, which had much to do with the great national uprising he did not live to see.

Probably some disappointment is now felt by many who come to Channing's writings for the first time, by the absence of anything which at once strikes them as original. It is difficult to realize that political and social views which are now the common possession of mankind can ever have had the charm of novelty. Nor, indeed, was there anything altogether new in Channing's doctrine of the dignity of man as man. It was new to the age to which he taught it; and it was received with so much enthusiasm because the time for it was ripe. It is the appropriate thought of a democratic age. It was Channing's merit, moreover, that he applied it not only to great political questions like that of slavery, but to social difficulties. In the America and in the England of that day, it had scarcely yet occurred to reformers to begin with the habits and homes of the people themselves. The attempts at social reform took the shape of socialistic dreams,— such as those which fascinated Hawthorne and had charmed Channing himself in his earlier days. But it was his great service to give these efforts a severely practical shape. He urged the improvement of the outward circumstances in which the people lived, the bettering of their general condition, and the cleansing and brightening of their homes as a direct object of philanthropic effort. The educational and sanitary movements which

characterize the present century had scarcely begun even in the United States in Channing's boyhood; and they owe much of their impetus, on both sides of the Atlantic, to his teaching. We may say indeed that in his political and social writings there is still much that the Americans especially need to learn. In the essay on the Union, of which we have already spoken, he not only vindicates republican government, but free trade. The essay was written in 1829, and anticipated therefore by many years the adoption of free-trade principles in this country. Even at that early date, he tells his countrymen, not only that "every custom-house should be shut from Maine to Louisiana," which is one of his arguments for the Union, but that "the interests of human labor require that every fetter should be broken from the intercourse of nations, that the most distant nations should exchange all their products, whether of manual or of intellectual labor, as freely as the members of the same community." This is only one illustration of the clearness of his intellectual vision. In this matter, he is still far before the great bulk of his countrymen; and it would be a happy circumstance if the new attention called by this centenary celebration to his writings should induce his own countrymen to learn from the teacher of whom they have such just reason to be proud how, in his own words, "happy it would be for us could tariffs be done away with, for with them would be abolished fruitful causes of national jealousies, of war, of perjury, of smuggling, of innumerable frauds and crimes, and of harassing restraint on that commerce which should be free as the winds."

From the INQUIRER.

Channing was a great and good man, unquestionably; and his labors on behalf of the down-trodden and enslaved will never be forgotten. But he was not a great theologian; and, while he promulgated principles of the highest value, it was left to other more critical minds to develop them according to their logical and inevitable tendencies. Channing began his career as an Arian and a somewhat rigid supernaturalist. Toward the close of his life, his Arianism merged into that larger Humanitarianism which regards "all minds as of one family"; while his supernaturalism, although not absolutely discarded, was entirely subordinated to a deeper faith in the moral and spiritual principles of Christianity.

In the chorus of eulogies on Channing,—all good and true in the main,—it is well that we should bear in mind his limitations as a thinker, and beware of the danger, which he himself would have been the foremost to deprecate, of setting up a "Channing school," or making him an authority to be followed with servile allegiance, even where he is least logical and least self-consistent. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which is nothing if it is not critical, and which although conservative in politics is rationalistic in theology, points out, in an article we have quoted elsewhere, that it can hardly be claimed for Channing that his sincere and steadfast attempts to reconcile the problems of religious philosophy were attended with much success. He eliminated from the popular conception of Christianity everything that offended his reason and moral sense, but he retained those miraculous elements which have formed the chief difficulty of modern criticism. Our Sadducean contemporary remarks, with some truth, that in holding this position he either went too far or did not go far enough. "If we accept a miraculous system,

we are bound to believe that it has been introduced into the world for some adequate reason: it must be associated with a body of doctrine, to which the human mind would not have risen by its own unaided powers. What Channing called Christianity cannot possibly be regarded as a body of doctrine of this nature: it was made up of a few beliefs, which may easily be held without supernatural sanctions. And we may add that it has much less power to move the common mass of men than the so-called orthodox creed in almost any of its shapes. Unitarians dilate in vain on the superiority of a purely spiritual faith; for, although they may appeal with effect to a limited class, ordinary people are untouched by truths which are incapable of sensuous representation."

Grillparzer has said that "religion is the poetry of unpoetical natures." The *Pall Mall Gazette*, without altogether adopting this epigram, maintains that a religion cannot be popular which does not possess poetical qualities, and that there are poetical qualities — of a kind — in the ideas not only of Catholicism, but even of despised Calvinism. Channing's answer would be that these ideas are incredible; but it is an obvious retort, adds our contemporary, that if a man is prepared to accept miracles, he may, without much hesitation, accept a great deal more. "Dans cette voie," says M. Renan, "il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte."

It is no disparagement of Channing's real eminence in another field than that of critical and scientific theology, to say that in dealing with the question of miracles he quite failed to perceive the character which the controversy had assumed even in his day. He knew too little of physical science to understand the full force of the objection drawn from the uniformity of nature; and he did not give sufficient attention to the great critical movement in Germany, which began with Lessing, and found its most important representatives in Strauss and the Tübingen school.

But, as we have often had occasion of late to remark, Channing's work was that of the prophet and social reformer, not that of the critical and scientific theologian. The questions referred to above came to the front in America and England, only among a very limited class of thinkers and students of German theology, toward the close of his career. It was his one conspicuous merit as a divine that he recognized the principle of *growth* in theology as well as in every other department of inquiry. His mind was never closed to new questions; and his attitude was exactly the reverse of that of the conservative old-school theologian, who can recognize truth only when it is clad in its old, well-worn garb.

This largeness and comprehensiveness of Channing's mental position is clearly brought out in a delightful little book which has just been published in Boston, by the Rev. C. T. Brooks, so well known on both sides of the Atlantic as the now venerable "poet-preacher" of America. The book makes no pretensions to a complete biography, but is rather "a Centennial Memory" from the pen of one who, as the minister for forty years of the Unitarian church of Newport, R.I., was brought into close contact with Channing, and has many interesting personal reminiscences to recount, which are not to be found in the more elaborate biographies, whether English or French. Mr. Brooks' little work has the additional charm of several illustrations, including, as the frontispiece, the best photograph of Channing we have ever seen, together with a likeness of Channing as a young student, after a sketch by Malbone; a portrait of his mother, in which we trace a remarkable resemblance to her son; and illustrations of Federal Street Church, Boston,—the scene of his earlier ministry,—and his residences at various periods in Rhode Island. Altogether, it is an invaluable supplement to the more elaborate Memoir by W. H. Channing,

and a delightful introduction to the study of the life and works of the great American divine.

One thing is evident from these reminiscences: that Channing was more of a mystic and a rationalist, in the best sense of both words, than a Unitarian in the old sense of the term. At all times, he disliked controversy, which was forced upon him as a painful necessity, and always protested against sectarian bonds and limitations in any form. His favorite thought is that Christianity is a temper and spirit rather than a doctrine; the life of God in the soul of man rather than a creed or a ceremonial; a principle uprooting every doctrine which dishonors God and man. As Dr. Furness well said, "It was not by doctrinal preaching, but by the precepts of the New Testament, that a great change in opinion was wrought in New England. It was practical preaching that worked a doctrinal change." We find Channing himself complaining, toward the close of the more controversial period of his ministry, that Unitarianism "has suffered from a too exclusive application of its advocates to Biblical criticism and theological controversy, from a too partial culture of the mind." The progress of philosophy had not then widened the great issue in the religious controversy of his time, from the question, *what* God's Word says, to the deeper question of these latter days, *where* God's Word is to be sought. But, practically, as Mr. Brooks testifies, Channing was already for himself answering, "Not in Scripture alone, but in reason and nature." His Arian theories, if not altogether discarded, at least dropped into subordination to more important principles. In a letter to Joanna Baillie, in 1831, he writes: "For years, I have felt a decreasing interest in settling the precise rank of Jesus Christ. The power of his character seems to me to be in his spotless purity, his moral perfection, and not in the time during which he has existed. I have attached less impor-

tance to this point from having learned that *all minds are of one family*,— that the human and the angelic natures are essentially one." As he advanced in years, Channing grew in catholicity. And, when he said that he was "little of a Unitarian," he meant that he was more and more a Christian; in fact, more and more a man, which was earlier and greater than either. As Theodore Parker wrote, in what he modestly styled his "Humble Tribute," "This must be said of Channing: that, if he was slow in coming to the principles and method of a liberal theology, he never forsook them, but went further than his former friends to serve conclusions logically unavoidable, but now [then] vehemently denied." And as Mr. Brooks well adds, with a significant lesson to many who claim to be of "the school of Channing": "If they who have departed from certain of Channing's opinions, who have become more Humanitarian, more of Restorationists, more of Naturalists than he, as regards speculative doctrine, are set down as recreant to Channing Unitarianism, the reproach shows a grievous failure to perceive what were the Unitarian principles dearest to Channing's heart."

Finally, as to the *creed* question, which still unfortunately comes up among Unitarians, who can doubt what Channing's attitude would have been? Mr. Brooks, his intimate friend, and the close companion of his later years, bears uncompromising testimony on this point, in a section which we must give in full as the conclusion of this article:—

"When, a few years ago, that memorable crisis came in the history of our Unitarian fellowship, at which it was thought by some to be high time that we should take a new departure,— that we should give up the good old plan of lengthening the cords of the fellowship, and so strengthening the stakes of faith,— that we should put ourselves into *uniform*, so as to know ourselves and make ourselves known, —in other words, and without a figure, that we should, at

our National Conference, adopt a creed, and make ourselves more distinctively and decidedly a sect,— who can doubt, if Channing had been still among us, what would have been his mind and word in the matter,— what *he* would have thought and said, who, so often and so earnestly, in his last years, and in the growing light of the eternal life, emphasized the superiority of the inward and spiritual *drawing* to any outward and formal *binding*, as means and motives of Christian union; arguing that though in this way the benefit of *authority* might be lost, and the unity of the *sect* threatened, still no unity was 'of any worth, except the attraction subsisting among those who hold, not nominally, but really, not in words, but with profound conviction and love, the same great truths.'"

From the PALL MALL GAZETTE.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Channing will be celebrated this evening in public meetings by a large number of people in the United States, and by a considerable number even in England. Celebrations of this kind are as a rule very unwisely conducted; but, as Channing's admirers belong to a well-educated class, it may be assumed that most of the speeches in his honor will be marked by intelligence and good taste. He is known in this country mainly as the representative of American Unitarianism, but he himself disliked to be closely identified with any particular sect. He was willing to be called a Unitarian, he somewhere says, merely because the name was to some extent one of reproach. One of his leading ideas, indeed, was that sects have, on the whole, exerted a pernicious influence. In nearly all his religious discourses, he gives expression to this

conviction, insisting that his readers must not regard his opinions as more than the conclusions of a solitary thinker, and that, if they wish to arrive at a decision on the questions he discusses, they are bound to investigate the evidence for themselves. And he placed no limits on the freedom of criticism. Every belief, no matter how it might be sanctioned by tradition, was to be examined afresh in the light of modern knowledge, and doctrines for which no adequate foundation could be discovered were to be fearlessly abandoned. In this teaching, Channing was, of course, simply a consistent Protestant, carrying the principles of the Reformation to their legitimate conclusion; but, at the time when he began his public career, it was teaching which had hardly obtained a hearing in the United States. Until about the beginning of the present century, the religion which dominated the American people was the narrowest form of Puritanism. Departure from the system of Calvin was considered to be not so much a mistake as a crime, and heretics were visited with the heaviest social penalties. The inevitable consequence was almost intellectual stagnation. Men of talent were afraid to enter upon inquiries which might lead to inconvenient results, and in every department of thought ignored facts and arguments that seemed, even in a remote degree, to conflict with accepted dogmas. Channing did essential service to his country by casting discredit on this intolerant temper. He was not the first American who spoke clearly and strongly in favor of free investigation, but he was the first to do so in a manner which attracted general attention, and which commanded the respect of the most thoughtful section of the community. He had too little of the historic spirit to understand that every phase of serious religious belief has corresponded to real necessities of human nature at particular stages of development, but his love of liberty made him remarkably fair in his treatment of opinions

with which he himself did not agree. American Protestants were astonished to learn that in his view Catholicism was not simply a monstrous system of superstition. He even insisted that the Catholic Church has a much better right than any Protestant sect to claim infallibility; and in his admirable essay on Fénelon he took occasion to show that, under certain conditions, it is capable of producing very rare and beautiful types of character. There are indications that he could also appreciate some aspects of the great Oriental religions. To Calvinism alone, he was a little unjust; but this was perhaps to be expected from the peculiar nature of what Mr. Spencer would call his "environment."

From statements in the English papers, we suppose there were public meetings in honor of Channing in several cities of the continent, notably at Paris and Florence. At Leipzig, Mr. John Fretwell, Jr., was to deliver an address in German.

Mr. Fretwell has recently sent to *Christian Life* an English paraphrase of a German tribute to Channing, which appeared in 1868 in Nippold's *Kirchengeschichte*. Nippold finds the chief characteristic of Channing's faith to be "the active power of the individual conscience." He clothes the old rationalistic trinity of God, Virtue, and Immortality, with a beauty unknown to the rationalists, and has impressed Unitarianism with gospel freedom as well as Christian piety. His object was to develop self-conscious energy and to win obedience for the inward voice of God. He subordinates the mystical and supernatural to the ethical. Jesus is not for him an object of admiration merely, but an example that we may follow. His death has a practical moral value: he has revealed the fatherly Providence. He seeks the mani-

festation of Christian character not in sect and creed, but in the spirit and life of professors. He hated the spirit of party and of intolerance; he felt the perils of associations, yet acknowledged their proper uses; he honored the quiet influence of home life and natural relations. In seeking to elevate the working classes, he looks first to their moral, next to their material welfare. In all practical questions, he carries out his fundamental principle,— the value of the individual soul. His virtue is not passive, but active. "In spite of all Channing's critical, speculative, and æsthetic deficiencies, he is one of the moral heroes of our century, and deserves to be called 'The Unitarian Saint.' And the Unitarians are worthy of their hero. While Gieseler praises them because they have won back to Christianity many a soul alienated from it by the creeds and superstition of the sects, Wichern has found among the Unitarians some of his most successful and devoted predecessors in the works of practical Christian love. Even Schaff, who regards them as infidels, is obliged to confess that they are as generous as their orthodox neighbors. The great importance of Channing is now recognized in the whole civilized world, after men like Edgar Quinet in France, and Bunsen in Germany, have drawn attention to it."—*Christian Register.*

The one hundredth birthday of Dr. Channing was celebrated at Hildesheim by a crowded public meeting, over which Dr. C. Gotting, member of the Prussian Parliament, presided. Dr. Carl Manchot delivered a masterly address on the life and influence of Channing. He said that many of the older inhabitants of Bremen (where Dr. Manchot is pastor) had lived in New England in Channing's time, and still spoke of the great impression made on them by his

addresses on slavery. On Sunday, April 11, Pastor Manchot preached in the Saint Remberti Church of Bremen, on the life of Dr. Channing. Telegrams of sympathy were sent to the Hildesheim meeting by branches of the German Protestant Association in Berlin, Bremen, and Elberfeld; and a selection from the works of the American Unitarian is to be published shortly in the German language.

A FRENCH CATHOLIC ON CHANNING.*

THE authorship, the contents, and the occasion of this book are alike remarkable. It appears that in the year 1871, just after the close of that war which with terrible sufferings delivered France from the unchristian sway of Louis Napoleon, the Society of Moral and Political Science offered a prize for the best essay on Channing, laying, however, special stress on those aspects of Channing's life and work which would be appropriate to the moral needs of the French people.

Monsieur Jules Simon, president of this society, said: "While no aspect of Channing's work should be altogether neglected, it is not necessary to lay the same emphasis on all. For instance, his controversial and abolitionist writings have little interest for us; while we have to contend with another sort of slavery, which Channing has attacked with incomparable eloquence,—the slavery of ignorance and vice. It is as the adviser of the people that Channing has attained an unprecedented sublimity and efficacy. Supremely devoted to the loftiest interests of the human soul, he proclaims his grand theme in a language full of fire, with a

* Channing : sa Vie et sa Doctrine d'après ses écrits et sa correspondance, par René Lavollée. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie des Sciences morales et politiques. Paris, 1876.

spirituality at once ardent and practical. Time cannot weaken the force of his apostolic teachings, which deserve the attention of all nations."

It is worthy of remark that the author of the prize work, mentioned at the head of this article, is a pious Roman Catholic; and it will interest our readers if we quote some passages in which the sympathy between the Catholic and Unitarian is most strongly expressed.

"Channing's attitude toward Catholicism, if not absolutely sympathetic, is less antagonistic than toward Calvin."

"He had found among the great classics of the seventeenth century a soul as lofty as his own, and the Boston pastor entered into so intimate a spiritual relationship toward the holy Archbishop of Cambrai that he deserves to be called the American Fénelon."

After a few pages, attempting to defend Catholicism against the reproaches of Channing, Lavollée goes on: "He would seem to have delineated the moral portrait of Jesus, as Fra Angelico painted his features on the canvas, in tears and adoration. We seek in vain among the numerous works on Christian doctrine a more lofty inspiration and a more true and profound sentiment of that moral beauty which places Jesus so far above humanity."

The words with which Lavollée closes the only controversial chapter in his volume are no less characteristic:—

"I cannot forget all that separates Channing from the Catholic faith, all that he yet needs to be truly a Christian in belief, as he is undoubtedly one in sentiment. But we cannot afford in these times to quarrel about one or the other article of the *Credo*. 'Without being faithless to our own creed, we can unite with Channing in being Spiritualists against the Materialists, Theists and Christians as against the atheist and the sceptic. Otherwise, we may have to share the fate of the Greeks of the lower empire, who were

discussing theological subtleties, while Mahomet II. was scaling the ramparts of Constantinople.'"

In his chapter on Channing as a social reformer, he says:

"The *Internationale* (French Communism) is no more a birth of yesterday than Prussia itself, and its excesses in June were no more difficult to foresee than the victory of Sadowa. 'But why was the triumph of anarchy so rapid and easy? Because the party of order in France knew as little of its domestic enemies as of its foreign ones, and neglected to disarm them by timely reforms.'"

After applying the social teachings of Channing to the present state of society in France, and comparing them with Monseigneur Mermillod's similar expressions, and those of Guizot, regarding the duty of the Church to the working-men of the nineteenth century, he quotes from M. de Rémusat's *Channing, sa Vie et ses Œuvres*, a letter written in 1832 by Channing to M. de Gerando, on the proper moral influence of France in modern Europe; and speaking of some words written by Channing, a few days later, to the sceptic, M. D. Sismondi, he says: —

"Such are the warnings which Channing addressed to France in the time of her prosperity and grandeur. Shall we neglect them now in the days of our misfortune?"

The fifth chapter contains interesting contrasts between Fénelon, a classic writer in advance of his times, and Channing, the thinker and child of his times; Fénelon, the Catholic and theologian, and Channing, the "almost Christian" moralist. He contrasts the spiritual Channing with the utilitarian Franklin; and, after a quotation from Father Gratry's *La Morale et la Loi de l'Histoire*, he concludes: —

"Are these words the visions of mystics and dreams of the millennium? Is this invincible faith, cherished alike by Channing and by Gratry, in the mercy of God and the progress of humanity, a mere illusion? Are not rather the

terrible convulsions of modern society the birth-pains of a better time? At any rate, *our duty* is clear. We must struggle and keep our hope, which sustains and saves us."

I regret that the necessity of compression has forced me to spoil the eloquence of Lavollée; but I would recommend the book to all disciples of Channing, because it seems to me that this eloquent French Catholic has, more than Laboulaye, Bunsen, Rémusat, Nippold, or any other continental writer known to me, apprehended the true significance of Channing's teaching for our time; and the translation of his little book into the other languages of Europe would secure for Channing a greater influence than ever before.

JOHN FRETWELL.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHANNING IN EUROPE.

TWO LETTERS READ AT THE BROOKLYN CELEBRATION.

LETTER FROM UNITARIANS OF HUNGARY.

(Translated by Miss Mary Lyman.)

To the Pious Believers of the Unitarian Church in Brooklyn:—

Salvation and all good, from the one true God!

We have received the information through the newspapers, and through our dear brother in the faith, John Fretwell, the zealous friend of our schools, that you were making preparations to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Channing, the wisest teacher of humanitarian Christianity in this century. The sympathetic attention of the world therefore rests upon you. It is an undertaking worthy of the free people of North America, a fitting tribute to the great man, and well-pleasing to God. We bow before your greatness of heart, and implore God's blessing on your noble effort. Many thousand Hungarians do this with us. We wish that your project may have brilliant success, and that your holy work may leave behind traces rich in blessing in the life of Christianity.

The recently formed First Hungarian Unitarian Filial Church congregation of Budapest will, as soon as it has obtained the consent of the highest church council, send you and the Unitarian Churches of North America and England an address, in order to give you therein an explanation as to our affairs and efforts, and in fitting manner to ask for your sympathy and brotherly assistance. In the mean time, we obey the impulse of our heart on the occasion of this festival, which has especial interest for us as a new church congregation, and greet you through these lines with the genuine warmth of Christian love and with the brotherly affection of a kindred faith.

William Ellery Channing is your countryman; but his soul, aflame with Christian love, is known to us also. To you belongs only his name: his spirit belongs, in its universal working, to all humanity. We have

also translated his works, and published them by the aid of our North American brothers in the faith. The same are already read in Hungary to-day by thousands in private, as well as in the reading-rooms of the public libraries and universities of the Hungarian youth. The ideas unfolded in them are disseminated in the collected Confessions of Faith belonging to these institutions. The literary circles of Hungary have expressed themselves in the most appreciative manner with regard to the author of these works; and, even in years just elapsed, prominent men of learning and of high social position have gone over to us, and such conversions take place frequently, even now. All this may be ascribed, in a high degree, to the influence and winning power of Channing's Works, and to the free spirit and stand-point of faith of the English-American Unitarians.

These ideas have, among us, fallen upon a well-prepared, deep, and fruitful soil. It is already three hundred years since the Unitarian confession of faith has received legal sanction and equal authority with the opposing creeds in the Siebenburg parts of Hungary, and a well-organized central church government in one of the most cultivated cities in the land, Klausenburg, and numbers in addition thereto the factors and standard-bearers of political freedom and universal culture. The first founder and bishop of our church — who also enjoyed in his time a European reputation, whose three hundredth anniversary we celebrated last year, and whose life, career, and glorious battles for the establishing of the faith, one of the ablest of our fellow-believers, Alexius Jacob, has described — died as a martyr to that teaching whose acceptance your fortunate countryman and apostle of the faith, Channing, so gloriously achieved in this century by the subtlest human thinking.

Honored brothers in the faith, we beg you earnestly to turn your attention to this circumstance: The successful dissemination of Channing's religious ideas opens in our fatherland a wide field, and throughout the south-eastern countries of Europe, those lying on the Danube and even down into Turkey, where Hungary is especially called upon to transplant Western culture. Many Hungarians, also, are to-day living in Constantinople, who have there scientific and literary associations, and who are in constant intercourse with their Hungarian homes. Recently, Gabriel Bálinth has gone there,—a Hungarian scholar, tutor in the Budapest University, a Roman Catholic who became converted to the Unitarian faith, and, commissioned and partly assisted by the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, travelled in the East for several years, and who has now received the appointment to an influential position in the Finance Bureau of Bagdad.

Our English and North American companions in the faith could accomplish successful missionary work in Hungary, and, through Hungary, in the East. Their sacrifices would bear here a rich harvest in the spread of Unitarian Christianity, and of Western, especially English, civilization.

We commend you to the protection of God, and our interests to your hearty sympathy, and remain, with respect and brotherly greetings in the faith, at Budapest, the capital of Hungary, March 20, 1880, your loving brothers, and companions in the faith, in Christ.

(Signed by)

PRINCE ARTHUR ODESCALCHI,
Of Szarém.

Dr. PETER HATALA,
Public and Professor in Ordinary at the Royal Hungarian University in Budapest.

BLASIUS BARON ORBAN,
Member of the Chamber of Deputies in Hungary.

ALEXIUS JAKOB, M.P.R.,
Member of the Hungarian Academy of Savants.

ARON BUZOGANY,
Secretary of the Department of Education and Public Instruction; Secretary of the Unitarian Filial Church Congregation in Budapest.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHANNING'S WRITINGS IN EUROPE.

By JOHN FRETWELL.

LONDON, March 20, 1880.

(1.) *My dear Dr. Putnam,*—Your invitation to address the meeting at Brooklyn on Channing's influence in Europe recalls to me so many inspiring memories that I would gladly cross the Atlantic to be with you on this grand occasion, and listen, as I have often listened in former days with charmed ear, to the eloquence of the speakers who are to address our people in praise of William Ellery Channing.

But I have to speak in Germany on that very day; and, on the whole, I shall be better occupied in trying to spread the influence of Channing in the Old World than in talking about him to those who know his work better than I on the Western Continent.

I gladly accede, however, to your request that I would send you a letter containing some account of the influence exercised by the works of your great countryman, here and on the continent of Europe. While, to procure you still more detailed information, I have asked competent persons in every European country to send you direct reports on the influence exercised by Channing on their respective peoples.

I. Great Britain.

(2.) Here the testimonies are so numerous that my only difficulty is to select a few, while I must necessarily omit a large number of almost equal value. The great Christian philosopher who has contributed most in our time to the development of Unitarian Christianity, Professor James Martineau, has frequently paid tribute to his American forerunner; and I will quote only one expression from his discourse preached before the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, May 19, 1869, wherein, after speaking of the *Religion of Causation*, as taught by Priestley, he goes on to Channing's *Religion of Conscience*, and says:—

"When the tones of the New England prophet reached our ears, why did they so stir our hearts? They brought a new language, they burst into a forgotten chamber of the soul, they recalled natural faiths which had been struck down, they touched the springs of a sleeping enthusiasm, and carried us forward from the outer temple of devout science to the inner shrine of self-denying duty. The very inspiration of the new gospel, in what thought does it lie? The greatness of human capacity for voluntary righteousness, for victory over temptation, for resemblance to God."

(3.) When we listened at Unity Church to these words of James Martineau, we had among us one whom we loved to call the English Channing, Martineau's colleague and friend,—John James Tayler, the Principal of our Divinity School.

Saintly as Channing, he had a wide and thorough knowledge of the tendencies of modern speculative thought and the results of modern Biblical criticism. In that most fascinating of all ecclesiastical histories, his *Retrospect of Religious Life in England* he defends Channing against the reproach of having written no great work, saying of Channing's publications:—

"Addressed to present feelings and interests, and eagerly absorbed by them, they only infused the principles of which they were the vehicle more deeply into the heart of society. Such has ever been the literary character of men who have acted most powerfully on the general mind of their time. It was

that of Wesley; to a large extent, it was that of Baxter and Luther. His function was rather that of the prophet than of the scholar or philosopher."

And again (p. 306, edition of 1876):—

"The earnest and devotional character of his mind was altogether averse to the wild and gratuitous scepticism which has infected so much of the theology of the Germans. He does not appear to have drawn in any instance direct from German stores of erudition and philosophy. Yet his writings—perhaps in America, certainly among the Unitarians of England—have contributed to prepare the public mind for more truly estimating the scholarship and comprehending the intellect of Germany, and furnished a medium of transition from the school of Priestley, which, on nearly every point, is at war with them."

II. IRELAND.

(4.) Turning from England to the sister isle, we find there, in the excellent little book of Rev. John Orr, of Comber, a clear and succinct statement of the services rendered by Channing and his school in "modifying the dominant theology, reconciling the sceptic with religion, and promoting every good form of humanitarian enterprise"; fully indorsing the language used by Starr King, when he calls the "single contribution of Channing's thought and character to the influences that mould our civilization equivalent in value almost to the collective achievements of whole churches."

III. SCOTLAND.

(5.) Having quoted from the printed utterances of three representative theologians, let us now turn to a Scotch farmer, "George Hope, of Fenton Barns." This gentleman was a man of no small influence in Scotland. His essay on the repeal of the Corn Laws was one of the three which were selected as worthy of a prize and of publication, the other two prize essayists being also Unitarians,—Mr. Arthur Morse and the afterwards so celebrated William Rathbone Greg. When the three great "Corn-leaguers"—Cobden, Bright, and Ashworth—went to Scotland to speak in favor of repeal, one of them asked to what religious denomination Hope belonged, and, on hearing that he also was a Unitarian, expressed his surprise that these men *with no religion* should be such philanthropists!

Let us see to whom he owed the inspiration of philanthropy. In a letter addressed to his brother in Canada, he writes:—

"When I first came across Dr. Channing's writings, I was electrified by them. I felt that he gave a clear and articulate expression to the dim thoughts that had previously floated through my own mind. By his assistance, I looked

higher up to the blue vault above us, and obtained a clearer view of the Infinite Father. But it is not alone in religious sentiment, exactly so called, that I have been educated by his instructions. From him I have obtained juster views of the rights and worth of the human race. Who that reads his writings can be insensible to the sin and misery of war, to the great curse of slavery, to the guilt of ambition, which makes murder the trade of thousands, subjugating men's souls, and breaking them to servility as the chief duty of life?"

The man who thus escaped by Channing's aid from the gloomy bondage of Calvinism laid twenty years later the foundation-stone of the Second Unitarian Church in Glasgow. His farm at Fenton Barns became renowned through all England, not merely because from poor beginnings he raised it to a model of successful farming, but also on account of his admirable treatment of his laborers.

IV. Channing Propagandism in Britain.

(6.) The case of George Hope is but one among hundreds of instances of the robust virtue inspired among our people by the direct or indirect influence of Channing's word; and it is not to be wondered at that numbers of our preachers, from Robert Aspland down to John Page Hopps, have used every available opportunity of popularizing his thought, and of bringing his works within the reach of all who were open to their influence. A cheap edition was published by Rev. Mr. Maclellan, of Belfast, in Northern Ireland. Joseph Barker, a preacher of the Methodist New Connection, recommended in his periodical, the *Evangelical Reformer*, the perusal of Channing's works; and after his expulsion, on the ground of heresy, from this Connection, he published, with the aid of money furnished by a Unitarian family in Leeds, a cheap edition of Channing's Works, bringing them within the reach of thousands, who but for him would probably never have seen them. The British and Foreign Unitarian Association has always distributed large quantities of Channing's separate discourses, and, during the secretaryship of the Rev. Robert Spears, sold and gave away twenty-four thousand copies of the complete works, distributing them not in Britain alone, but among readers of English on the continent, in India, and our colonies.

Since his withdrawal from the secretaryship of the Association, Mr. Spears has established a missionary paper, *The Christian Life, a Unitarian Journal*, which distinguishes itself from other papers in our denomination by its making the promulgation of those views taught by Channing its special object. This journal contains also the richest fund of information about the spread of Channing's influence throughout the world, while its zealous editor is now working hard to celebrate the one

hundredth anniversary of Channing's birthday by circulating one hundred thousand copies of the complete works, including the "Perfect Life," at the price of twenty-five cents.

V. Channing's Influence in the Orthodox Churches of Britain.

I. Sam. ii., 36: "And it shall come to pass that every one that is left in thine house shall come and crouch to him for a piece of silver and a morsel of bread, saying, Put me, I pray thee, into one of the priest's offices, that I may eat a piece of bread."

(7.) The prophecy of the man of God to Eli is applicable to so many ministers of the State Church and of the popular theology that it is very difficult to obtain clear statements of the impression made by Channing upon conformists.

The English abolitionists and the leaders of our Peace Society, like Henry Richards, M.P., have of course recognized the immense services done by Channing to their cause.

The Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, most eloquent and enlightened of the Congregationalists, and Thomas Hughes, M.P., Q.C., the pupil of and biographer of the good and great Dr. Arnold of Rugby, shew their admiration of Channing by taking part in our London commemoration.

Other ministers, of kindred spirit to Channing's, like F. W. Robert, son of Brighton, Stopford Brooke of London, and the Rev. F. D. Maurice (himself the son of a Unitarian), have, while bold enough in expressing their sympathy with Channing, probably injured thereby their prospects of advancement; and many who, like Canon Farrar, approach the direction of his teachings on the subject of eternal punishment, ignore him altogether.

In his Bampton lectures on the "Divinity of Jesus Christ," Canon Liddon has made frequent quotations from Dr. Channing, for the purpose of attempting their refutation; and he even uses the brilliant but untenable arguments of Renan in the attempt to show that Channing, if he had lived to-day, would have been either a Trinitarian Christian or not a Christian at all. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the Dean of Westminster, who refused a bishopric, preferring the office of chaplain in ordinary and confidential adviser to our Queen, who has always shown himself brave toward the bishops, though sometimes too deferent to court influence, who called our Priestley "the last of the pilgrim fathers," has several times expressed his admiration of the work done by Dr. Channing.

How many laymen and preachers have been won over to our ranks by the perusal of Channing's works, it is hard for me to say; but I

know the number to be large, and to his writings, more than to those of any other Unitarian, may be applied those words of James Freeman Clarke:—

"Those men we honor here,
Sent to bring back the gospel's blessed youth,—
Who knew no doubt, no fear,
And so renewed man's faith in God and truth:
Far as thought goes, their influence has gone,
Through iron gates and walls of stone
Built around churches to keep out all change
By magnetism strange.
Their simple, honest word has entered in
Unchallenged, passed all creeds;
And now their thought,
Which fifty years ago seemed rankest sin,
Is freely welcomed and around us taught."

VI. The Greatest Tribute of All.

(8.) There was one man in Europe who had more capacity to judge of Channing's true place among the prophets of God in history than almost any other, English or German, theologian or statesman. This was C. Josias von Bunsen. Sent by the King of Prussia in 1834 to Rome, to arrange the differences between the Prussian government and the Pope, and in 1841 to England, to arrange with our government for the establishment of a Protestant Bishopric at Jerusalem, he became the friend of our Queen, of Prince Albert, and of Dean Stanley. Devoted to the very close of his life to the study of the Bible, he was at once a statesman, a scholar, and a liberal though always a Trinitarian theologian; and, striving to enrich English theology, on the one hand, with the results of German scholarship and philosophy, he took to the German Church, on the other, his observations of the practical methods of Christian work, which are peculiar to the voluntary church organizations in England and America.

The unprejudiced opinion of such a man is of more value than that of any one belonging to our own body, however great he may be.

And what does Bunsen say? (See his *God in History*, Book V., p. 268):—

"Now since Channing spent his life in indefatigably and fearlessly inculcating these principles by speech and writing upon his fellow-countrymen, the influence of his personality upon all Christians speaking the English tongue cannot be estimated too highly. And hence we can discern how it came to pass that the man whom the older Unitarians of America and England regarded

with mistrust, and Calvinists and Methodists with abhorrence, while the friends and defenders of slavery at once feared and hated him, no less on account of his classic-eloquence, which reminds us of the most admirable models of antiquity, has already, within a few years after his death, come to be revered in every quarter of his vast fatherland as a grand Christian saint and man of God,— nay, also as a prophet of the Christian consciousness regarding the future; and, without doubt, he is destined to exert a still increasing influence, throughout the United States, on the spiritual conception of Christianity and the practical application of its principles.

"Channing is an antique hero with a Christian heart. He is a man like a Hellene, a citizen like a Roman, a Christian like an apostle. People take him for what he is not when they treat him as a learned and speculative theologian."

He then goes on to suggest that in the latter case Channing might have become in some sort a Trinitarian, quotes from the discourses on "The Means of Promoting Christianity," "Sermon on Spiritual Freedom," "Remarks on Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte," and "Essay on the Duty of the Free States of North America," and continues: —

"If such a man, whose whole life and conversation, in the sight of all his fellow-citizens, stand in absolute correspondence with the earnestness of his Christian language, and are without a spot, be not a prophet of God's presence in humanity, I know of none such."

I have given Bunsen a section to himself, because he of all men is entitled to speak both in the name of England and of Germany. And now let me speak of Germany alone.

VII. Channing's Influence in Germany.

(9.) A translation of Channing's Complete Works, by Sydow and Schulze, was published in Berlin in the year 1850, some years before Bunsen published his *God in History;* and it seems to me, after a careful study of Bunsen's later influence in Germany, that, while he may not be willing to accord to Channing the power to give any "scientific solution of the problem of God in history," this great thinker and his friend Richard Rothe approached in later days more nearly to the Christology of Channing than is shown by the book from which I have quoted.

The publication in 1859 of Bunsen's *Signs of the Times* was the starting-point for a new Protestant movement in Germany, the leaders of which were, among lawyers, Dr. Bluntschli, Baron von Holtzendoff, and Hausser; and, among the theologians, Dr. Daniel Schenkelrdna

Richard Rothe of Heidelberg, and Dr. Carl Schwarz of Gotha, and Baumgarten, Holtzmann, Spaeth, Littel, Krause, Manchot, etc.

While the theological diversities of these men were very great, that *Religion of Conscience*, which as Martineau says sprang to its feet at the bidding of Channing, was the bond of union and the basis of common activity among these men. In 1865, at Eisenach, they constituted the Protestantenverein. Their example was quickly followed by Holland and Hungary; and, at the Conferences of these Associations, delegates from the Church of Channing, both in England and America, have frequently been warmly received and respectfully listened to. While Hase, Gieseler, Pfleiderer, Hagenbach, and many other German writers, have borne their testimony to Channing's influence, we can only let one of them speak here, Nippold, the historian of the Protestantenverein:—

"After Parker, who is widely known by the popular style of his writings,* it is especially Channing who claims our attention. The study of Channing's life shows many points of resemblance between him and the great Protestant heroes of Europe. His chief characteristic is the active power of the individual conscience. Like Vinet and Chalmers, he cannot be called an original thinker; but, like them, he insists on the development of individual religion, emphasizing above all things what is seemingly human and common to all individualities rather than the exceptional endowments of genius.

"In all the fundamentals of Channing's theology, the gospel freedom of the Unitarians is as strongly marked as their Christian piety. His anthropology, like that of the Rationalists, is based on the possibility of repentance and improvement, which, however, is not with him, as with them, a matter of philosophic deduction, but the result of his ethical faith in the dignity of man. The Augustinian pessimism of the old orthodoxy is in his eyes a hinderance to the true spirit of Christianity; and he clothes the old rationalistic Trinity, God, Virtue, and Immortality, with a beauty unknown to the Rationalists. Jesus is not for him merely an object of admiration, but also an example that we may follow, whose death has a practical moral value for us, and who has revealed to us the fatherly providence of God.

"While Channing's Christology was essentially Unitarian, and he was brave enough to bear the social odium attached to this name, he was strongly opposed to sectarianism and the prison walls of creeds; seeking the manifestations of Christian character not in them, but in the spirit and life of its professors. He showed his eminently ethical tendencies by his brave antagonism to all social and religious evils, but especially to the spirit of slavery and persecution. With a sincere love for the republican institutions of his birthland, he warns his countrymen against national pride and prejudice; and his horror for the

* These few words are all that Nippold has to say regarding Parker, while Fock in his *History of Socinianism* has more to say about Parker than about Channing.

excesses of the French Revolution of 1793 is equalled by his benevolent sympathy for the legitimate national aspirations of France, Germany, and Italy. His dislike of party spirit is shown by his repeated warnings against the faults of organizations, while he cordially acknowledges their value within due limits. It was his object not to make men into parts of a machine, but to develop their self-conscious individual energy, not to subject them to external authority, but to win their obedience for the voice of God in conscience. He shows, too, how dangerous the exaggeration of associated action is to the whole community, how far superior are the quiet influences of home life to those of any public institution for children, and how the proper use of natural relations does more to promote Christianity than any official mission. In all these practical questions, he carries out his own fundamental principle, the value of the individual soul; and, just like Vinet, he subordinates to this end all political and ecclesiastical institutions.

"In treating of the elevation of the working classes, he looks, first of all, to their moral, and, secondly, to their material welfare. It is just the same with his care for the prisoners, for the cause of temperance, for seafaring men, and for education. The philanthropist Brownson, Tuckerman, the lover of the lost, Father Taylor, the sailor's evangelist, found in Channing their most ardent sympathizer. No one was more in earnest about keeping holy the Sabbath day than Channing, yet no one was more strongly opposed to the Sabbatarian degradation of Christianity for objects of police than he was.

"Channing has emphasized in America that ethical character of Christianity which has long been insisted on by the noblest minds in Europe. To this the mystical and supernatural aspects of religion are in him subordinate, and its most essential aspect is conscious devotion to what is good. But this devotion must be conscious and self-acting. Channing's virtue is not passive, but active. Patience, humility, self-denial, are inspired by him with robust virility, and suffering is sacred because it is sustained by moral energy. In spite of all Channing's critical, speculative, and æsthetic deficiencies, he is one of the moral heroes of our century, and deserves to be called 'The Unitarian Saint.' And the Unitarians are worthy of their hero. While Gieseler praises them because they have won back to Christianity many a soul alienated from it by the creeds and superstitions of the sects, Wichern has found among the Unitarians some of his most successful and devoted predecessors in the works of practical Christian love. Even Schaff, who regards them as infidels, is obliged to confess that they are as generous as their orthodox neighbors. The great importance of Channing is now recognized in the whole civilized world, after men like Edgar Quinet in France and Bunsen in Germany have drawn attention to it."

(10.) And this influence on Germany has extended far beyond the borders of the Fatherland. Among the Lutheran pastors living far away in Southern Transylvania, among those apostolic laborers who are working

under terrible discouragements to keep alive the flame of evangelical Christianity in the little villages of Austrian Galicia and Silesia, in the Baltic provinces of Russia, and among the preachers and professors of Holland, I have found Sydow's translation of Channing; and its possessors have welcomed me when I spoke of him, and have wanted to know more of his people. To Berne, to Basel, and to Zürich, his thought has also gone in German dress.

VIII. FRANCE.

Channing's own letters, written in 1831 and 1832 to Baron de Gerando and M. de Sismondi, show his intense interest in the state of religion in France. His own sojourn on the continent helped to make his work known there; and when, after the events of 1848, the grave question of pauperism was agitated among the French publicists, one of them, Laboulaye, was delighted to find, in Channing's paper on the ministry to the poor, the solution so much desired. He published a translation under the title, *Channing, Apostolat auprès des Pauvres*, and soon after, *Channing: Œuvres Sociales. Traduction Laboulaye.** After the appearance of W. H. Channing's memoirs of his uncle, there appeared another work, *Channing: Sa Vie et ses Œuvres, par M. de Rémusat.* And so the words of Channing inspired in France that ministry to the poor, which was carried on in Switzerland by Pestalozzi, in Alsace by Pastor Oberlin, and in Hamburg by Madame Sieveking and Dr. Wichern.

In that martyr Church of France,—dear to us for its sufferings, and for those noble souls, like James Martineau, which it has given to humanity,—there have been many who, like the two Coquerels, Reville, Fontanes, Pressensée, Colani, Vincent, Dide, have not only loved and studied Channing, but have carried the influence of his thought to the French part of Switzerland and to the Walloon Churches of Holland. But Laboulaye and Rémusat are peculiarly important, because their enthusiasm for Channing is free from all theological bias.

Another Frenchman whom we cannot neglect in this connection is M. Renan, whose "Channing et le Mouvement Unitaire aux Etats-Unis," published in his *Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*, 1863, does as much justice to Channing and to American and English Unitarianism as his non-Christian and specially anti-Protestant bias will permit. To

* This publication was reviewed in the principal journals of France and Belgium, especially by Renan in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by Leroy in the *Revue de Paris*, and by Pelletan in the *Siècle*; while M. van Niemen in Brussels wrote a study of Channing's Works.

show the spirit of Renan's brilliant essay on Channing the following quotation will suffice: —

"The special character of France prevents us from supposing that Channing's ideas (except under great restrictions) are applicable to it. They aspire to create an enlightened population rather than a grand culture. But France unites two extremes, — a general vulgarity below mediocrity, and an intellectual aristocracy transcending all others in the world. Channing's religious ideas seem to me just as inappropriate to our country. If France were really capable of creating a national religious movement, she would have become Protestant under the favorable conditions of the seventeenth century. But she has rejected Protestantism. She is the most orthodox country in the world, because she is the most indifferent in religious matters."

Such assertions may impose upon careless observers, who are fascinated by Renan's magnificent style. But are they true?

When a Sylvestre de Sacy bears witness to the historic significance of the French Protestant Church, a Charles de Rémusat to its religious value, an Emile Montegut to its moral influence, an Audiganne and a Baudon to the industrial achievements of the French Protestants, we may be justified in supposing that Renan has not seen the whole truth; and, for my own part, I believe that what may have been wanting to make the Unitarianism of Channing a power in France has been supplied by James Martineau. And now I have to call the attention of our American brethren to a French book upon Channing, which seems to me at once the most affecting, the most interesting, and, in its possible effects for the spread of Channing's influence among the Catholic races of Europe, the most important that has yet appeared. It is entitled *Channing: Sa Vie et sa Doctrine, par René Lavollée. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. Paris*, 1876. Renan's essay was the work of the librarian of Louis Napoleon, too courtly to write what might displease the bigoted empress, and flattering imperial vanity before the bubble had burst.

Lavollée's book is that of a pious Catholic, seeing in Channing the American Fénelon, wishing that the Unitarian saint were a Catholic like himself, writing when the imperial bubble has burst, and earnestly trying to learn from the Americans what he and his fellow-countrymen can do to avert the terrible dangers which threaten modern France. I have sent you to-day my review of this book. So I will now only beg you to tell my American brethren that I see the call of God in it to use the means offered us by Lavollée's essay of bringing Channing's noblest inspirations to bear on our Catholic brethren in Canada, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, etc., far more persuasively than without Lavollée's aid we could have done it.

Jules Simon's tribute to Channing, mentioned in the preface to this book, is also a most encouraging evidence that the French republicans of to-day are alive to their real duties to their country, and lead us to hope that those misfortunes of 1793 and 1830, which no one deplored more than Channing, will be averted now.

IX. ITALY.

The most characteristic evidence of Channing's influence in Italy is contained in an article by Professor Sbarbaro, published in the *Rivista Europea* of October, 1879. He relates how in 1863 he met at Leghorn a Jewish lady from Manchester (probably Mrs. Schwabe, the friend of John James Tayler), who first drew his attention to Channing's works. He obtained them in Florence, and says:—

"They were to me a revelation, or rather a reminiscence, of ideas which I had long entertained in my own confused and indistinct thought, and which now came before me in orderly elucidation, like the faces of old friends never forgotten.

"No single writer, since Dante, has ever made so great and so profound an impression on my faculties as Channing."

Sbarbaro shows ground for believing that Channing supplies the very form and spirit of that religion which is needed by the craving heart of thoughtful Italy; and he concludes:—

"In fine, I have made choice of Channing as the most eloquent witness, and an irrefragable proof of the new evolution of Christian thought in the world, and of the reform which is being initiated in human religiousness, because, in the story of his career, and in the fortunes of his books, in the marvel of their rapid and universal diffusion in all corners of the civilized earth, is to be seen the most luminous and triumphant proof of the reality of that movement which is inwardly transforming European society, and bringing it little by little to worship under the roof of a new temple, that church really catholic, whose frontal shall bear, without untruth, the inscription, "TO THE ONE GOD," which Mazzini hailed on the façades of the Unitarian Churches of Hungary."

Another sign of the times in Italy is the appearance of Terenzio Mamiani's *La Religione dell' Avvenire; della Religione Positiva e Perpetua del Genere Umano. Milan*, 1880. Mamiani, who became acquainted with Unitarianism through Professor Bracciforti's translation of Channing, advises his countrymen to develop the movement commenced by Bernardino Occhino, of Sienna, and the two Sozzini.

Several other prominent Italians, as Aurelio Saffi, Luigi Luzzati, and Ruggero Bonghi, will speak at the conference to be held in Italy on the birthday of Channing. But, while welcoming these new laborers in the

vineyard, we must not forget those older Italian expositors of Channing who have borne the heat and burden of the day: the advocate Magnani, who for years conducted Unitarian service at Pisa; Professor Filopanti, the astronomer, who lectured on Channing's idea of duty, in Bologna, Milan, Rome, and Naples; and Ferdinando Bracciforti, the translator of Channing, who has also for years past conducted a Unitarian church in Florence, and another in Reggio.

X. HUNGARY.

While for about three hundred years there has existed in Transylvania an Episcopalian Unitarian Church, the work of Channing was first communicated to the brethren there by Alexander Farkas, a Unitarian from Klausenburg, who visited Massachusetts in 1831, and afterwards published an account of his American travels. In 1848, the young Transylvanian professor, Joseph Jakab, brother of the learned biographer of Francis Davidis, took home with him, on his return from Manchester New College, the works of Channing, intending to circulate them in Hungary, but was prevented by the war and his early death. In 1852, Sydow's German translation was introduced among the Transylvanian Saxons; and in 1861 the *Keresztény Magveti* (Christian Seed-sower) contained translations from Channing's works; while the professors of the college, aided by money from Boston, have now translated the complete work into Magyar, and circulated them among Catholics, Calvinists, Lutherans, and Greeks. Professor Moritz Ballagi, the liberal Calvinist, and Peter Hatala, formerly Professor of Theology in the Roman Catholic Seminary of Budapest, now an eloquent advocate of Unitarianism, have both acknowledged their deep obligation to the works of Channing, which are read by men of all churches in Hungary. It will interest you to know that young Count Gerando, grandson of Channing's correspondent of 1832, has in 1875 publicly notified his conversion from the conventional Catholicism of his family and his entry into the Unitarian Church of Hungary.

XI. SCANDINAVIA.

In Sweden there is published a Unitarian religious paper called *Sanningsökaren* (the Truth-seeker), which has a circulation of about two thousand in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, and Iceland. A recent number, mentioning the enterprise of Mr. Spears, says: "Portions of Channing's works have been translated into Icelandic by M. Jochumson of Reikiavik. A collection of Channing's discourses in a Swedish ver-

ion was issued as early as 1840, by a congenial spirit, Nils Ignell." I may mention that one of our English Unitarian ministers, Rev. Ephraim Turland of Ainsworth, has made the promotion of Channing's influence in Scandinavia his own special object, and I have asked him to write you direct.

XII. Switzerland.

The German cantons of Switzerland have been always in intimate connection with the German admirers of Channing. Nippold, whose eulogy I have quoted, and Schmidt, a former secretary of the Protestantenverein, are now professors of theology at Swiss universities. The French cantons are in just as intimate connection with the liberal Protestants of Paris; and Etienne Chastel, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Geneva, and the friend of John James Tayler, is among Channing's most ardent admirers. But French Switzerland has itself produced two great Unitarians, — Samuel Vincent and Alexander Vinet, — who did for French theology what Channing did for New England. Samuel Vincent, after studying Kant, Schleiermacher, and De Wette, put Christianity, like Channing, into relation with the facts of conscience and the wants of the human soul; while Vinet, making Christ the centre of the gospel, also expresses the idea of the New England saint when he says, 'The great merit of the Reformation was the restoration to the individual of all his responsibility,— to remove him from the convenient government of the faith of authority, and to impose upon him *the most severe of laws, that of liberty*."

XIII. Holland.

Holland, like Switzerland and America, always hospitable to those who were exiles for conscience' sake, has never been wanting in the representatives of a free theology since Erasmus John published his *Antitheses Doctrinæ Christi et Antichristi de uno vero Deo.*

Its older liberal school — of which Van der Palm, Heringa, Muntighe, and Clarisse were the chiefs — arrived at the same results as Channing, and by the same methods, while Clarisse resembled him as a man and as preacher.

In the Walloon Churches of Holland, Coquerel, Reville, and Maronnier have made Channing known; and the latter has translated some of his writings into Dutch.

In a work published in London by Dr. E. J. Diest Lorgion, a member of the Gröningen School, Channing is also quoted as an authority in religion.

The foreign missions of the Dutch Missionary Societies are more wisely conducted than any others known to me.

XIV. Russia.

Of the Baltic provinces of Russia, I have already spoken in connection with Germany; of Finland, in connection with Scandinavia.

Though I have heard that some of Channing's works have been translated into Russian, I have no evidence of the fact. So far as the Catholics of Russian Poland are concerned, their great sympathy with France leads me to believe that René Lavollée's book on Channing would find ready acceptance among them, while I can form no opinion as to the people who are under the tyranny of the Russo-Greek priesthood.

XV. Spain and Portugal and their Colonies.

Here I have not discovered any traces of Channing's influence, and in regard to them I would refer to what I have already said about Lavollée's book.

XVI. Greece, Turkey, Syria, Egypt.

In these countries, the American missions might be used as a means of propagandism. And I think it especially desirable that a selection from Channing should be translated into the language of the Koran.

XVII. In Conclusion.

I have tried in the foregoing report to confine myself as much as possible to the published evidence of other men, carefully keeping my own subjective convictions in the background.

I cannot, however, conclude without expressing my own conviction that we have in the works of Channing an aid to missionary effort, in the circulation of which all schools of Unitarians can unite, and which is likely to be welcomed by people of every church and country. Let us, however, in using it, carefully examine all that has been written about Channing in every country in which his books have been read, and, as far as possible, adapt our selections from Channing to the necessities of time and place.

You in Brooklyn are at the gate of America, and have the best opportunity of influencing those who come from the Old World as immigrants, and who come to the Old World as visitors. And I would earnestly suggest to you the propriety of having selections from Channing in the

chief European languages, or the best essays on Channing existing in these languages,—as Sbarbaro's in Italian, Sydow's or Manchot's in German, Lavollée's in French,—distributed, at the lowest possible price, wherever they can do any good.

Yours very cordially,

JOHN FRETWELL.

AUG 31 1979

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